W Walstenholm

VOL. 2. NO. 4. PRICE, 18¾ CENTS.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

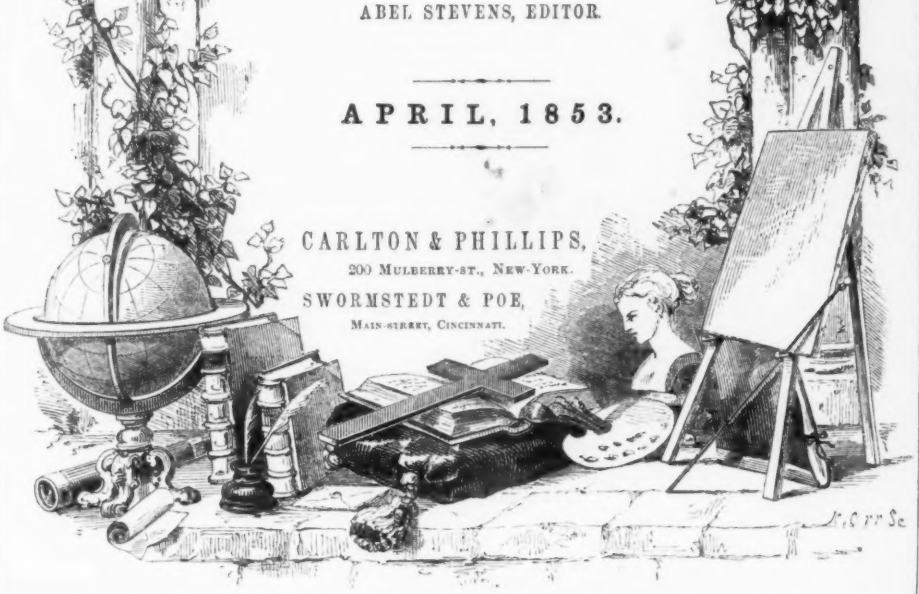
DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Religion.

ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

APRIL, 1853.

CARLTON & PHILLIPS,
200 MULBERRY-ST., NEW-YORK.
SWORMSTEDT & POE,
MAIN-STREET, CINCINNATI.



POSTAGE.—To any part of the United States, two cents per number, payable quarterly in advance.

CONTENTS OF THE APRIL NUMBER.

[FOURTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.]

			Page
BAYARD TAYLOR	(*Portrait*)	*R. H. Stoddard.*	289
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM	(*Engraving*)		295
THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE	(*Five Engravings*)		297
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	(*Three Engravings*)		307
REV. DR. TYNG	(*Portrait*)	*G. B. Newcombe.*	313
POETRY—LADY MARY—A THOUGHT, BY WORDSWORTH.	(*Two Engravings*)		318
RESIGNATION—HERMANN'S STATUE	(*Engraving*)		319
LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON		*Rev. Dr. Curry.*	320
A VISIT TO WINDSOR—QUEEN VICTORIA		*From the Swedish of Miss Bremer.*	332
SENSATIONS IN DROWNING		*Admiral Beaufort.*	335
A TEXT WITH A COMMENT		*Editorial.*	337
SHAKSPEARE'S MELANCHOLY		*British Quarterly.*	340
INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF INSECTS		*London Leisure Hour.*	344
METE FOR METE—EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE		*Rev. Dr. Bangs.*	346
THE EYE		*Dr. Stephenson.*	349
THE LOTTERY TICKET—A TRUE STORY		*Hogg's Ed. Instructor.*	350
CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI SWAMP IN 1818		*Rev. D. Devinne.*	356
EUTHANASY—LAST DAYS OF DR. HAMMOND		*Church of England Magazine.*	358
AN ARTIST IN EARTH—BERNARD PALISSY		*London Leisure Hour.*	361
THE DRAMA IN THE MIDDLE AGES		*Sharpe's Magazine.*	367
THE FIVE POINTS		*Isaogen Mercein.*	370
ENGLISH CRITICS AND AMERICAN AUTHORS		*Editorial.*	375
LETTER FROM REV. DR. DURBIN			376
EDITORIAL NOTES			377

SHORT ARTICLES:—

Steel Pens—Working in Faith and Hope, 294—Sir E. Bulwer's Education, 306—The Curiosity of Children, 312—Self-Knowledge, 343—Result of Chemical Physiology, 345—Activity, 366—Things Wonderful and True, 374.

BOOK NOTICES 378

Webster's Dictionary—American Missionary Memorial—Fabens's "Life on the Isthmus"—Alison's History—Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France—Catharine Sinclair's Beatrice—Mattison's Astronomy—Mullaly's Milk Trade—Wythes's Curiosities of the Microscope—Myrtle's Cap-Sheaf—Brand of Dominic—Guizot's Shakspeare—Stocqueller's Wellington—Pretty Plate—Trench's Proverbs—Smith's Guide to the Lord's Supper—The Horticulturist—Putnam's Hand-Book of Geography—Agnes Strickland's Queens of Scotland—Cabin Book—Cocagne's Autobiographical Sketch.

LITERARY RECORD 380

Wilbraham Academy—Birmingham Literary and Scientific Society—Professor Petermann—Francis Hodgson—Fathers of the Church—Leeds Mechanics' Institution—Dr. Max Muller—Chesterfield's Letters—Walter Scott Lockhart Scott—Church Historians of England—Hebrew Manuscripts—Bengali Books—M. Victor Hugo's Writings—Benedictines of France—Translations in China—Dickinson College—New-York Mercantile Library Association—Howard High School—Union College—New-York Historical Society—New-York Dailies—Rev. William Bishop's Sermon—Taunton Social Library—Oneida Conference Academy—Colleges in the United States—Wisconsin Protestant Episcopal College—Providence Athenæum—Columbia College—Newspapers in the United States—Lima Model School.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY 382

Missions in India and Ceylon—Boston City Missionary Society—Friends in the United States—Grandson of Paley—Missions of the Methodist Church, South—New-York Young Men's Christian Association—Baptists in Pennsylvania—German Methodists—South Carolina Conference—American Protestant Episcopal Churches—George Hadfield's Appropriations—Baptists in Mississippi—Episcopalians in China and Africa—Protestantism in Constantinople—Unitarians—Louisiana Conference—French Methodist Conference—Methodist Episcopal Sunday-School Union—Baptist Mission in India—Mormon Missionaries—Colleges of Methodist Episcopal Church—French Canadian Missionary Society—Methodists in the United States—Cape of Good Hope Reformed Dutch Churches—American Bible Society—Religious Denominations in Novia Scotia—Systematic Benevolence—English Church in Alexandria—Residence for an Anglican Bishop—Evangelical Congregations at Lyons—Jesuit Priests in Oregon—Total of Baptists—Theological Seminaries in the United States—English Baptist Missionary Society—Church of England Reformation—Religious Liberty in Madagascar.

ART INTELLIGENCE 384

Crawford's Washington Monument—Gibson's Statue of Peel—Jackson's Portrait—Francesca di Rimini—Monument in Independence-Square—Photographic Pictures—Clay Monument—Professor Koeppen's Essay—Downing Monument—Statue of Peter the Hermit—Rude's Statue of Joan Dare—Hotel de Ville.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1853.



BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born on the 11th of January, 1825, at Kennett's Square, Pennsylvania, where he resided until his nineteenth year. Who and what his parents were has not transpired, save that they were, and we believe still are, members of the society of Friends. From his earliest years he was fond of writing verses, and of poring over books of travel and adventure; now deep in the antique Munchausenisms of Mandeville and Marco Polo, now with Crusoe and his man Friday on their desert island, and anon in the charmed region of poesy, enraptured with Milton and Wordsworth, (still his prime favorites,) or bewildered in the maze of his own ambitious rhymes. His young life was full of dreams, yet he himself was not a dreamer of the old sort—bright-eyed, but sickly and useless; on the contrary, he was a strong-limbed and active boy, foremost in all athletic exercises and games of strength, and much addicted to long walks. Walking seems never to have tired him, exposure never to have affected his health, he was so stout and hardy. By-and-by he enters the office of a country newspaper, to learn the art and mystery of printing: and now behold him at the "case," with his sleeves rolled up, and his quick-moving fingers dingy with the smut of mysterious bits of lead; now "setting up" a President's Message, or an account of the last mam-

moth turnip; and now some of his own verses, which he palms off on the unsuspecting public as [illegible]. So pass the days and months, and he becomes a printer; but he does not give up his long walks, and his dreams of travel and adventure, nor yet his habit of writing poetry; for now he is becoming known, having scraped acquaintance with Willis and other literati.

About this time—say in '42 or '43—we, as individuals, first heard the name of Bayard Taylor. Youthful ourselves, we were always on the look-out for youthful talent, and the first source to which we used to turn was the "Weekly Mirror," now defunct, but then edited by Willis and Morris. One day we saw a paragraph in it about a young poet in Pennsylvania, accompanied with a poem from his pen. The poet was named Bayard Taylor, and the poem in question was entitled, "To a Friend." From the tenor of it, the "friend" was evidently a lady. The poem is to be found in Bayard Taylor's first volume; the lady only in heaven! (but of that by-and-by.) A year or two later, in 1844, from another source, we came across another paragraph about Bayard Taylor, and a volume of his, which had just appeared,—"Zimenia and other poems." We could not at that time procure it, but we made a note of it for future reference. It lies before us now, a small duodecimo of eighty-four pages. It is cleverly and smoothly versified; imitative, of course; a little remarkable for its fine rhetoric, but not otherwise note-worthy. The usual themes of young poets are treated in their usual manner. The narrative-measure of Scott and Byron is copied in "Zimenia," which, by-the-way, is a Spanish story, and Mrs. Hemans tinges the "other poems." Had Bayard Taylor written nothing else, the world would never have heard of him. The first volumes of poets are not generally interesting, save as incidents in their lives, and as foot-prints by which their progress can be marked. "Zimenia" was of little importance to Bayard Taylor, and he has doubtless forgotten it. Not so his first tour in Europe—that he cannot forget while his memory holds her seat. The importance of that tour in forming his character, and in establishing his literary reputation, must not be overlooked. It was the result of his boyish reading of the old travelers—the realization of all his desires and dreams. But for that he would in all probability be still at the "case." For two years after reading the review of "Zimenia," alluded to above, we heard no more of Bayard Taylor; at the end of that time we saw him announced as among the latest arrivals from Europe, and shortly after that he had a book of travels in the press—"Views a-Foot,"—with a preface by N. P. Willis. We purchased the book in due season, and were delighted with it; and so were the public also, for it jumped at once into popularity, and ran through seven editions in less than two years. Prefixed to Willis's preface was the following letter; in it Bayard Taylor speaks for himself far better than we could speak for him:—

"TO MR. WILLIS.

"My Dear Sir,—Nearly three years ago (or the beginning of 1844) the time for accomplishing my long-cherished desire of visiting Europe seemed to arrive. A cousin, who had long intended going abroad, was to leave in a few months; and, although I was then surrounded by the most unfavorable circumstances, I determined to accompany him at whatever hazard. I had still two years of my apprenticeship to serve out, I was entirely without means, and my project was strongly opposed by my friends as something too visionary to be practicable. A short time before, Mr. Griswold advised me to publish a small volume of youthful effusions, a few of which had appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, which he then edited; the idea struck me that by so doing I might, if they should be favorably noticed, obtain a newspaper correspondence which would enable me to make the start.

"The volume was published; a sufficient number was sold to enable my friends to defray all expenses, and I was charitably noticed by the Philadelphia press. Some literary friends, to whom I confided my design, promised to aid me with their influence. Trusting to this I made arrangements to leave the printing-office, which I succeeded in doing by making a certain compensation for the remainder of my time. I was now fully confident of my success, feeling satisfied that a strong will would always make itself a way. After many applications to different editors, and as many disappointments, I finally succeeded, about two weeks before our departure, in making a partial engagement. Mr. Chandler, of the *United States Gazette*, and Mr. Patterson, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, paid me fifty dollars each, for twelve letters, to be sent from Europe, with the probability of accepting more if these should be satisfactory. This, with a sum which I received from Mr. Graham for poems published in his magazine, put me in possession of about one hundred and forty dollars, with which I determined to start, trusting to future remuneration for letters, or, if that should fail, to my skill as a compositor, for I supposed I could, at the worst, work my

way through Europe like the German handwerker. Thus with another companion we left home, an enthusiastic and hopeful trio.

"I need not trace our wanderings at length. After eight months of suspense, during which time my small means were entirely exhausted, I received a letter from Mr. Patterson, containing the engagement for the remainder of my stay, with a remittance of one hundred dollars from himself and Mr. Graham. Other remittances, received from time to time, enabled me to stay abroad two years, during which I traveled, on foot, upward of three thousand miles in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. I was obliged, however, to use the strictest economy,—to live on pilgrim fare, and do penance in rain and cold. My means several times entirely failed; but I was always relieved from serious difficulty through unlooked-for friends, or some unexpected turn of fortune. At Rome, owing to the expenses and embarrassments of traveling in Italy, I was obliged to give up my original design of proceeding on foot to Naples, and across the peninsula to Otranto, sailing thence to Corfu, and making a pedestrian journey through Albania and Greece. But the main object of my pilgrimage is accomplished; I visited the principal places of interest in Europe, enjoyed her grandest scenery and the marvels of ancient and modern art; became familiar with other languages, other customs, and other institutions; and returned home after two years' absence, willing now, with satisfied curiosity, to resume life in America.

"Yours most sincerely,

"BAYARD TAYLOR."

We quite agree with Willis in his preface, when he calls this "a fine instance of character and energy," and with the public in their appreciation of the "Views a-Foot." Bayard Taylor's method, or rather the method of his poverty, poor fellow, though not exactly *en règle*, is the only method of really becoming acquainted with other lands and nations. Putting up at fashionable hotels in large cities, visiting *cafés* and places of public amusement, hurrying from place to place by coach or diligence, and "doing up" the continent generally in a month or two, is all well enough in its way, though rather expensive; but not the way to study men and manners, and to gain a knowledge of the world. The world, the peculiarities of a nation are to be found elsewhere—in lanes, and courts, and alleys, and above all in the rural districts, among what is commonly considered "low people." It was among these that Shakspeare discovered inexhaustible mines of character in his time; and it is among these that Dickens, the most genial of humorists since Shakspeare, discovers them to-day. Bayard Taylor *traveled* through Europe, while others have only *visited* it. The "Views a-Foot" were literally written during his wanderings, partly by the way-side when resting at mid-day, and partly on the rough tables of pleasant inns, in the stillness of deserted ruins, or amid the sublime solitude of the mountain-tops. At such times, and in such places, were also written many of the poems in "The Rhymes of Travel," published in 1848, Bayard Taylor's next volume; dating respectively from London, Aix-la-Chapelle, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Vienna, Munich, Florence, Rome, Paris, and London. One of the sweetest poems in "The Rhymes of Travel" is headed "In Italy," and addressed to the lady-friend we have already alluded to:—

"IN ITALY.

"Dear Lillian, all I wish'd is won!
I sit beneath Italia's sun,
Where olive orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river.

"Through laurel leaves, the dim green light
Falls on my forehead as I write;
And the sweet chimes of vesper, ringing,
Blend with the contadina's singing.

"Rich is the soil with fancy's gold;
The stirring memories of old
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

"But as the radiant sunsets close
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,
My soul forgets the olden glory,
And deems our love a dearer story.

"Thy words in memory's ear outchime
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;
Thou standest here—the gentle-hearted—
Amid the shades of bards departed!

"Their garlands of immortal bay
I see before thee fade away,
And turn from Petrarch's passion-glances
To my own dearer heart-romances.

"Sad is the opal glow that fires
The midnight of the cypress spires;
And cold the scented wind that closes
The hearts of bright Etruscan roses.

"The fair Italian dream I chased,
A single thought of thee effaced;
For the true clime of song and sun
Lies in the heart which mine hath won!"

After publishing the "Views a-Foot," Bayard Taylor went back home into the country again, and was for a while connected with some newspaper there, either as editor or proprietor. Not succeeding very well, he came to New-York, and eventually became connected with *The Tribune* daily newspaper in the capacity of editor, attending to the city department.

The work of *The Tribune* is not hard, but it is dry and uncongenial, as is that of most newspapers daily or weekly. It required just what Bayard Taylor has—industry and tact; beyond these two qualifications little is necessary; imagination is not wanted—unless at election time, when the party is hard up for facts against their opponents—and taste is utterly thrown away. What taste, for instance, can an editor exhibit in the "city item" business; in a description of the last fire, or a full account of the last rowdy fight; in the launch of a new ship, or the sinking of an old steamer; the last pair of dwarfs, or the expected giant; the happy family, or The Bottle, a drama in three acts; in writing puffs for somebody's hats, somebody else's boots, or somebody else's inimitable cough-candy; not to forget the poetical weather items, the state of the thermometer, whether below or above zero; the density of the clouds of dust, and the refreshing shower which watered the earth just at nightfall? What taste, we repeat, can be shown in these things, not forgetting the political, moneyed, and shipping department, any, or all of which, might fall on Bayard Taylor in the absence of his editorial colleagues? What fine writing can we expect from a man in such a situation? In the end, it is very apt to unfit a man for writing at all; but Bayard Taylor, being a poet, was not to be so undone.

Working on *The Tribune* in the spring of 1849, he departed for California, where he remained eight or nine months, writing letters about men and things in the gold regions. The result of his observations there was embodied in a couple of volumes, entitled, "El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," and published in the spring of 1850. This book was very successful both in this country and England, where it was reprinted in cheap editions; and also in Germany, where it was translated shortly after its appearance in America. Not long ago, a friend of ours saw it in the library of Hans Christian Andersen, who is one of Bayard Taylor's warmest admirers. On his return to the United States, Taylor resumed his desk and duties in *The Tribune* office, where he remained till the summer of 1851. But, in the mean time, a change came over the spirit of his dream; the "friend" of his early poem, the "Lillian" of his Rhymes of Travel, died. Years before, they had betrothed themselves in sincerity and truth; it was their only wish in life to call each other by the endearing names of "wife" and "husband," two of the sweetest and most holy words ever uttered on earth. For years the marriage was deferred, "perhaps," says Dr. Griswold, in an affectionate allusion to the circumstance, "for the poet to make his way in the world; and when he came back from California there was perceived another cause for deferring it—she was in ill health, and all that could be done for her was of no avail; and the suggestion came, the doubt, and finally the terrible conviction, that she had the consumption and was dying. He watched her, suffering day by day, and when hope was quite dead, that he might make little journeys with her, and minister to her gently as none could but one whose light came from her eyes, he married her; while her sun was setting he placed his hand in hers, that he might go with her down into the night. There are not many such marriages; there were never any holier since the Father of mankind looked up into the face of our mother. She lived a few days, a few weeks perhaps, and then he came back to his occupations, and it was never mentioned that there had been any such events in his life." Could the sanctity of private letters be exposed to the public eye, his grief and manliness on the occasion would shed a new luster upon his character; but why allude to these things? It is the old sad story: the beloved have been dying, and the bereaved have been weeping for them, ever since time began.

In the summer of 1851, feeling in need of relaxation from work, and finding his health gradually failing, Bayard Taylor departed for Europe again, intending, before returning, to explore the Mountains of the Moon, where the White Nile is supposed to have its source, to visit Ethiopia and Nineveh, and the untraveled parts of Northern Africa generally. How far this has been accomplished we are not able to say, not having kept the run of the letters in which his journey is chronicled. If we mistake not, however, he visited neither the Mountains of the Moon nor Nineveh, having been recalled to Europe again to join the Expedition to Japan, where, we presume, he is at present, dreaming of his early friends, Mandeville

and Marco Polo! Shortly after his departure for Europe appeared his third volume of poetry, "A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs." It is unquestionably his best book, and contains one or two poems worthy of any poet, living or dead. I am not certain but I would rather be the author of "The Metempsychosis of the Pine" than of any other poem yet written in America. "Mon-da-Min, or the Romance of Maize," "Love and Solitude," "Hylas," "Kubleh," "Ariel in the Cloven Pine," "Manuela," "Serapion," "Sorrowful Music," and the "Ode to Shelley," are all elaborate and beautiful poems.

The poems and prose writings of Bayard Taylor have been widely and thoroughly reviewed, but by no one more appreciatingly than Boker, his associate, and brother in the Muses. We quote a few paragraphs from his review of the "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," partly to refute the prevailing opinion that literary men never speak well of each other, and partly because we agree with them thoroughly:—

"Mr. Taylor's inclinations (says Boker) are for scenes of grandeur. Sublime human actions, nature in her awful revolutionary states, the wild desolation of a mountain peak or a limitless desert, the storm, the earthquake, the cataract, these are the chief inspiration of his powers. Whatever is suggestive of high emotions that act upon his moral nature, and, in turn, are acted upon by it, forms an unconquerable incentive to his poetical exertions. Mere word-painting he has no affection for. A scene of nature, however beautiful, would be poetically valueless to him, unless it moved his feelings past the point of silent contemplation. The first poem in his volume,—'Mon-da-Min, the Romance of Maize,'—affords a striking illustration of his apprehension of intellectual bravery. Through fasting that approaches starvation, unanswered prayers, and repeated discomfitures, the soul of the hero burns undimmed, and his eyes remain steadily fixed on his purpose. Physical suffering only strengthens his resolution, and defeat only nerves him to renewed efforts. Round these ideas the poet lingers with a triumphant emotion that proves his sympathies to be centered less in the outward action of the poem than in the power of the human will—a power which he conceives to be capable of overcoming even the gods themselves. We have before stated that nature, unless suggestive of some intellectual emotion, is nothing to Mr. Taylor. To arouse himself to song he must vitalize the world—must make it live, breathe, and feel—must find books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, or brooks and stones are to him as if they had not been. In 'The Metempsychosis of the Pine,' this characteristic is finely displayed. The poet imagines himself to be a pine, and retraces his experience while in that state of being. The pine becomes a conscious creature, reveling in the joys of its own existence, feeling the sap stir in its veins, and pour through a heart as susceptible as man's. Many poets have recalled the memories which linger around a particular tree, or, apostrophizing it, have bid it relate certain histories; but in Mr. Taylor's poem the tree speaks from within its own nature—not with the feelings of a man, not with what we might suppose would be the feelings of a common tree, but as a pine of many centuries—and no one can mistake its voice. A nobler use of the dramatic faculty in lyrical poetry is not within our recollection.

"As may be supposed, Mr. Taylor's poetry is written under the excitement of passion, and does not proceed from that laborious process of constructing effects to which a large number of poets owe their success. The consequence is, that his language is vividly metaphorical, only dealing in similes when in a comparative repose, and never going out of the way to hunt up one of those eternal *likes* which have emasculated our poetic style, and are fast becoming a leading characteristic of American verse to the destruction of everything like real passion. Mr. Taylor is an instructive study in this respect. He uses ten metaphors to one simile. His ideas come forth clothed in their figurative language, and do not bring it along neatly tied up in a separate bundle. From this cause there is a steady strength and genuine feeling about his poems that more than compensate for the ingenious trinkets which he despises, and leaves for the adornment of those who need them. In him imagination predominates over fancy, and the latter is always sacrificed to the former. We do not intend to say that Mr. Taylor is without fancy. Far from it; he has fancy, but it never leads him to be fanciful. His versification is polished, correct, and various, but more harmonious than melodious; that is to say, the whole rhythmical flow of his verse is more striking than the sweetness of particular lines. Some of the minor poems in his volume border on the sensuous, and in 'Hylas' he has paid a tribute to ancient fable worthy of its refined inventors; but scenes of moral and natural sublimity are those in which he succeeds best, and by them he should be characterized."

The following sonnet, from "The Rhymes of Travel," will give a fair idea of Bayard Taylor's general style. The reader will notice the poet's intense exultation in the thought of such scenes, and the felicity and grandeur of his diction:—

THE MOUNTAINS.

"O deep, exulting freedom of the hills!
O summits vast that to the climbing view,
In naked glory stand against the blue!
O cold and buoyant air, whose crystal fills
Heaven's amethystine bowl! O speeding streams
That foam and thunder from the cliffs below!
O slippery brinks, and solitudes of snow,
And granite bleakness where the vulture screams!

O stormy pines that wrestle with the breath
Of the young tempest, sharp and icy horns,
And hoary glaciers, sparkling in the morns,
And broad, dim wonders of the world beneath!
I summon ye, and, mid the glare that fills
The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills!"

Somewhat different, but equally fine, is this extract from "Love and Solitude:"—

"I see the close defiles unfold
Upon a sloping mead that lies below
A mountain black with pines,
O'er which the barren ridges heave their lines,
And high beyond, the snowy ranges old!
Fed by the plenteous mountain rain,
Southward, a blue lake sparkles, whence outflows
A rivulet's silver vein,
Awhile meandering in fair repose,
Then caught by riven cliffs that guard our home,
And fling upon the outer world in foam!
The sky above, that still retreat,
Through all the year serene and sweet,
Drops dew that finds the daisy's heart,
And keeps the violet's tender lids apart:
All winds that whistle drearily
Around the naked granite, die
With many a long, melodious sigh
Among the pines; and if a tempest seek
The summits cold and bleak, [*peak!*"
He does but sift the snow from shining peak to

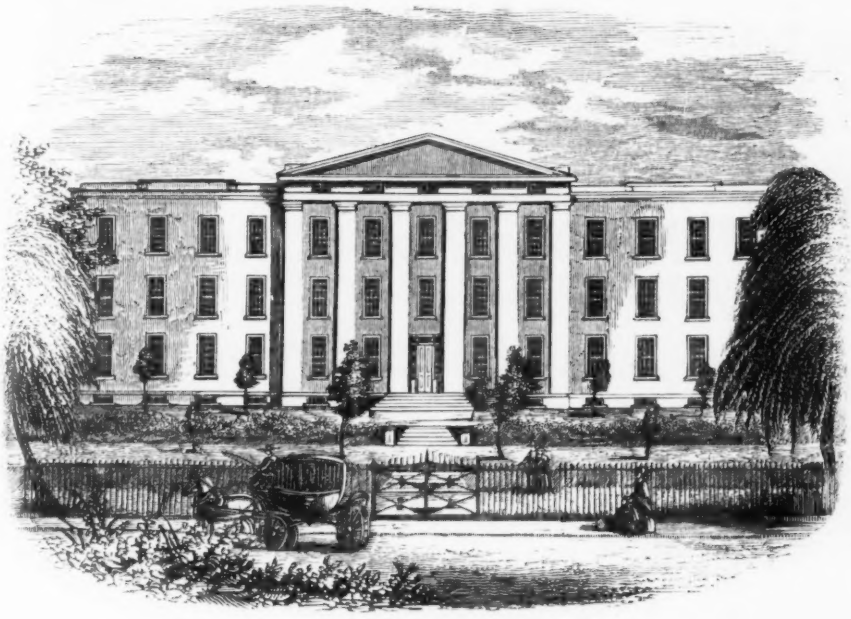
Bayard Taylor's prose is by many preferred to his poetry: it is bare, concise, and direct—bare, almost barren, in its simplicity—almost wholly devoid of imagination, the chief excellence of his verse. A greater contrast than exists between the two can hardly be imagined. If each could borrow the other's strong points it would, perhaps, be better for both; his poetry losing some of its gorgeousness, and his prose some of its naked, sharp detail. In traveling, I should say that Bayard Taylor regards everything in detail, with a view to the putting it in description afterward. He seems to *see* everything, and to *feel* nothing. He presents a landscape, not as it appears to a poet, but a practical man of the world. If it gives him any feeling beyond that of form and color, he does not give the feeling to us; nay, what he must really have felt, to be able to describe it at all, is wanting; we see nothing but the most obvious facts. Had he the glowing outline and the ripe sensation of "Howadji" Curtis, he would be perfect.

What the result of Bayard Taylor's present tour will be, remains to be seen. From the matured power of his last books, and our knowledge of the man, we predict something unusually fine.

STEEL PENS.

ALL the steel pens made in England, and a great many of those sold in France, Germany, and America, whatever names or devices they may bear, are manufactured in Birmingham. In this respect, as in many others of the same nature, the Birmingham manufacturers are very accommodating, and quite prepared to stamp on their productions the American eagle, the cap of liberty, the effigy of Pio Nono or of the Comte de Chambord, if they get the order, the cash, or a good credit. There are eighteen steel pen manufacturers in the Birmingham Directory, and eight penholder makers. Two manufacturers employ about one thousand hands, and the other seventeen about as many more. We can most of us remember when a long hard steel pen, which required the nicest management to make it write, cost a shilling, and was used more as a curiosity, than as a useful, comfortable instrument. About 1820 or 1821 the first gross of three-slit pens was sold wholesale at £7 4*s.* the gross of twelve dozen. A better article is now sold at 6*d.* a gross. The cheapest pens are now sold at 2*d.* a gross; the best at from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; and it has been calculated that Birmingham produces not less than *a thousand million steel pens every year.* America is the best foreign customer, in spite of a duty of twenty-four per cent.; France ranks next, for the French pens are bad and dear.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

Working in Faith and Hope.—We live in a season of fermentation, which some deprecate as change, others hail as progress; but those who venture, as they walk on their path through life, to scatter a few seeds by the wayside in faith and charity, may at least cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down, or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life at least, and of bringing forth fruit, little or much, in due season; for the earth, even by the waysides of common life, is no longer dry and barren and stony hard, but green with promise, grateful for culture; and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.



COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE visitor to the "Reservoir" or the "New-York Crystal Palace" will recognize immediately in their neighborhood the edifice pictured in the above engraving, and, if the day is pleasant, his car as well as his eye will be attracted by the jocund gambols of its little black inmates, amusing themselves with gymnastic pranks in its ample playgrounds. A more interesting charity does not exist among the numerous and truly generous provisions for the afflicted, in our city. We need hardly say that it originated in a Quaker heart. Its foundress was, we believe, Anna H. Shotwell, its present indefatigable advocate and secretary. Associating with herself a few friends, she began its scheme in much feebleness, but has lived to see it become one of the most vigorous charitable institutions of our metropolis. One of its reports details its progress. Anna Shotwell and her associates, it says—

> Soon found the circle of generous sympathy enlarged, new friends gradually were enlisted, and the sum of $2,000 was obtained, mostly by small subscriptions. Near the close of the year 1836 twenty-two managers were elected, some of whom still officiate, and five gentlemen were chosen as an Advisory Committee. A Constitution was adopted, as well as a set of By-Laws, and the managers now began to turn their attention toward hiring and furnishing a suitable house; but after a search of three months, in the spring of the year, when tenements to let were abundant, the pursuit had to be relinquished from the existing prejudice against color—owners resolutely refusing the use of their property on any consideration the managers could offer, preferring their buildings should remain unoccupied rather than be applied to shelter these helpless and afflicted ones. As an only alternative, and by the coöperation of their advisers, a purchase was finally decided upon, of an old but pretty white cottage, shaded by two horse chestnuts, appropriate, as was thought, in size and location, affording a well-spring of enjoyment to cherished hopes. Property at this time was commanding prices far above its intrinsic value, and the enormous sum of $9,000 was required to place the building in the possession of the managers; to effect which, the Trustees of Lindley Murray's Charitable Fund subscribed $1,000, to be added to the amount already obtained, and a mortgage of $6,000 was given on the premises.
>
> A promise of $500 from the Manumission Society towards education authorized the formation of a school, to which neighboring children might be invited. A room was accordingly fitted up, and forty scholars were soon found in attendance, whom the managers instructed by turns.
>
> The utmost caution was used in the admission of orphans, supplies for their table being obtained from interested friends. One little girl of four years old was at first intro-

duced, others soon followed, and, as their numbers increased, the managers discovered that the means of support were proportionably provided; and up to this time it may truly be said, 'The barrel of meal has not wasted, nor the cruse of oil failed.' At the close of their financial year, being seven months from the opening of the house, with a family of twenty-three children, their current expenses were found to have been $234 03. On visiting the Alms House at Bellevue about this period, the colored children were found collected in a cellar, under the care of a man of intemperate habits, who was also at intervals deranged. At other times they were crowded together with degraded adults, in a miserable building, but illy adapted to promote health, comfort, or enjoyment. Under these circumstances the managers selected seven of these, for whom they provided a happy home; but most of them were subsequently found to be incurably diseased.

An Act to incorporate the Society was obtained from the Legislature in 1838.

Ascertaining that William Turpin, of this city, had left in charge of two trustees the sum of $6,000 for the support and maintenance of colored persons; that several years had elasped since the death of the testator; and that no appropriation was decided upon, the infant Asylum presented its claims through their friends and advisers, William F. Mott and Robert C. Cornell, (the latter since deceased,) and although several other applicants came forward, a final decision was made in its favor.

Applications were made to the Common Council, several successive years, for a grant of land on which to erect a new building. To the persevering efforts of their advisers, William F. Mott and William Kelly, the managers are mainly indebted for the valuable site now in their possession, consisting of twenty lots of ground on Fifth-avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth-streets. After carefully digesting their plans for a building of one hundred and forty feet front, varying from forty-two to fifty feet in depth, arrangements were speedily entered into for its erection. A gift of $5,000 from a friend of the Institution, $6,000 from the Manumission Society, $1,000 from the Murray Fund, $1,000 from John Horsburgh, and many smaller donations, amounting to $7,000, covered the original cost of the building and expenses on the grounds. In the spring of 1843 the children were removed to their new home, and the Report of this year is expressive of gratitude and praise for the seal of His blessing, which a kind Providence has set upon this work of faith.

During the winter of 1847 fifty-six children were visited by measles; and although the disease was subdued, with but one exception, yet many of those who were attacked, being of scrofulous habit, were peculiarly susceptible to pulmonary diseases, to which a number of them fell victims. During this calamity, the managers felt required to exclude from admission scrofulous patients, which at times was peculiarly trying. The beseeching look of one little girl, who, with her brother, was denied admission, led to efforts for the establishment of the Hospital, which now holds a conspicuous position in the establishment, being appropriately fitted up, and well adapted to the comfort and restoration of the sick. Thus, amid trials and vicissitudes, have the managers been enabled firmly to rely on Him who, with an unerring eye, discerns the end from the beginning.

John Horsburgh left, in 1849, a legacy of $5,000 to the Institution, and had given at various times during his life about the same amount. This legacy was appropriated toward the erection of the Hospital.

Since the establishment of the Hospital, children are admitted who are not likely to become permanent inmates and have no contagious disease. This increases the list of deaths, but smooths the pillow of many a little sufferer.

The following are the statistics of the Institution for the last year, as stated in its Fifteenth Annual Report:—

Admitted since the opening of the Asylum,	574
Number of children at date of last Report,	176
Admitted during the present year, boys 38, girls 27, ...	65
Under care during the year, ...	241
Present number, boys 120, girls 81, . .	201

Number of children in the Asylum under eight years of age, eighty.

The Colored Orphan Asylum may be considered a counterpart to the Nursery at Randall's Island, and our city government has recently made an appropriation for it. No colored children are, we believe, found now at the Island. Visitors to both of these interesting institutions will, we think, be inclined to consider the former as in all respects the most satisfactory. Its inmates appear happier than the poor little creatures at the Nursery. The latter are gathered from a wider field of degradation perhaps; they look degraded and battered, as if they had once been the sport of demons. If you look at them, as they stand in rows in their schools, you will observe that at least every alternate one has either some disease, or distortion about the eyes or forehead. They have everything good in most comfortable abundance, and they seem to try—God pity them—to make themselves happy in their school exercises, military drills, &c.; but there appears to be an indelible stamp of degraded remembrance on their very brows. The little urchins at the Asylum, on the contrary, retain the light-heartedness of their race, and its good-heartedness too. If there are happy children anywhere, they are there.

Go and see them, if you wish a pleasant sight.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.*

THE personal character and career of one man are so intimately connected with the great scheme of the years 1719 and 1720, that a history of the Mississippi madness can have no fitter introduction than a sketch of the life of its great author, John Law.

John Law was born in Edinburgh in the year 1671. His father was the younger son of an ancient family in Fife, and carried on the business of a goldsmith and banker. John was received into his father's counting-house at the age of fourteen, and for three years labored hard to acquire an insight into the principles of banking as then carried on in Scotland. He had always manifested great love for the study of numbers, and his proficiency in mathematics was considered extraordinary in one of his tender years. At the age of seventeen he was tall, strong, and well made; and his face, although deeply scarred with the small-pox, was agreeable in its expression, and full of intelligence. At this time he began to neglect his business, and, becoming vain of his person, indulged in considerable extravagance of attire. He was a great favorite with the ladies, by whom he was called Beau Law; while the other sex, despising his foppery, nicknamed him Jessamy John. At the death of his father, which happened in 1688, he withdrew entirely from the desk, which had become so irksome, and being possessed of the revenues of the paternal estate of Lauriston, he proceeded to London, to see the world.



JOHN LAW.

He was now very young, very vain, good-looking, tolerably rich, and quite uncontrolled. It is no wonder that, on his arrival in the capital, he should launch out into extravagance. He soon became a regular frequenter of the gaming-houses, and by pursuing a certain plan, based upon some abstruse calculation of chances, he contrived to gain considerable sums. After he had been for nine years exposed to the dangerous attractions of the gay life he was leading, he became an irrecoverable gambler. As his love of play increased in violence it diminished in prudence. Great losses were only to be repaired by still greater ventures, and one unhappy day he lost more than he could repay without mortgaging his family estate. To that step he was driven at last. At the same time his gallantry brought him into trouble. A love affair, or slight flirtation with a lady of the name of Villiers,* exposed him to the resentment of a Mr. Wilson, by whom he was challenged to fight a duel. Law accepted, and shot his antagonist dead upon the spot. He was arrested the same day, and

* Condensed from Mackay's Popular Delusions.

* Miss Elizabeth Villiers, afterward Countess of Orkney.

brought to trial for murder by the relatives of Mr. Wilson. He was afterward found guilty, and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to a fine, upon the ground that the offense only amounted to manslaughter. An appeal being lodged by a brother of the deceased, Law was detained in the King's Bench, whence, by some means or other, which he never explained, he contrived to escape; and an action being instituted against the sheriffs, he was advertised in the *Gazette*, and a reward offered for his apprehension. He was described as "Captain John Law, a Scotchman, aged twenty-six; a very tall, black, lean man; well shaped, above six feet high, with large pock-holes in his face; big-nosed, and speaking broad and loud." As this was rather a caricature than a description of him, it has been supposed that it was drawn up with a view to favor his escape. He succeeded in reaching the Continent, where he traveled for three years, and devoted much of his attention to the monetary and banking affairs of the countries through which he passed. He stayed a few months in Amsterdam, and speculated to some extent in the funds. His mornings were devoted to the study of finance and the principles of trade, and his evenings to the gaming-house. It is generally believed that he returned to Edinburgh in the year 1700. It is certain that he published in that city his *Proposals and Reasons for constituting a Council of Trade*. This pamphlet did not excite much attention.

In a short time afterward he published a project for establishing what he called a Land-bank,* the notes issued by which were never to exceed the value of the entire lands of the state, upon ordinary interest, or were to be equal in value to the land, with the right to enter into possession at a certain time. The project excited a good deal of discussion in the Scottish Parliament, and a motion for the establishment of such a bank was brought forward by a neutral party, called the Squadrone, whom Law had interested in his favor. The Parliament ultimately passed a resolution to the effect, that, to establish any kind of paper credit, so as to force it to pass, was an improper expedient for the nation.

* The wits of the day called it a *sand-bank*, which would wreck the vessel of the state.

Upon the failure of this project, and of his efforts to procure a pardon for the murder of Mr. Wilson, Law withdrew to the Continent, and resumed his old habits of gaming. For fourteen years he continued to roam about, in Flanders, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and France. He soon became intimately acquainted with the extent of the trade and resources of each, and daily more confirmed in his opinion that no country could prosper without a paper currency. During the whole of this time he appears to have chiefly supported himself by successful play. At every gambling-house of note in the capitals of Europe he was known and appreciated as one better skilled in the intricacies of chance than any other man of the day. It is stated in the *Biographie Universelle* that he was expelled, first from Venice, and afterward from Genoa, by the magistrates, who thought him a visitor too dangerous for the youth of those cities. During his residence in Paris he rendered himself obnoxious to D'Argenson, the lieutenant-general of the police, by whom he was ordered to quit the capital. This did not take place, however, before he had made the acquaintance, in the saloons, of the Duke de Vendôme, the Prince de Conti, and of the gay Duke of Orleans, the latter of whom was destined afterward to exercise so much influence over his fate. The Duke of Orleans was pleased with the vivacity and good sense of the Scottish adventurer, while the latter was no less pleased with the wit and amiability of a prince who promised to become his patron. They were often thrown into each other's society, and Law seized every opportunity to instill his financial doctrines into the mind of one whose proximity to the throne pointed him out as destined, at no very distant date, to play an important part in the government.

Louis XIV. died in 1715, and the heir to the throne being an infant only seven years of age, the Duke of Orleans assumed the reins of government, as regent, during his minority. Law now found himself in a more favorable position. The tide in his affairs had come, which, taken at the flood, was to waft him on to fortune. The regent was his friend, already acquainted with his theory and pretensions, and inclined, moreover, to aid him in any efforts to restore the wounded credit of



DUKE OF ORLEANS.

France, bowed down to the earth by the extravagance of the long reign of Louis XIV. The finances of the country were in a state of the utmost disorder. The national debt amounted to three thousand millions of livres, the revenue to one hundred and forty-five millions, and the expenses of government to one hundred and forty-two millions per annum; leaving only three millions to pay the interest upon three thousand millions. The first care of the regent was to discover a remedy for an evil of such magnitude. The measures adopted, though they promised fair, only aggravated the evil. The first and most dishonest measure was of no advantage to the state. A recoinage was ordered, by which the currency was depreciated one-fifth; those who took a thousand pieces of gold or silver to the mint received back an amount of coin of the same nominal value, but only four-fifths of the weight of metal. By this contrivance the treasury gained seventy-two millions of livres, and all the commercial operations of the country were disordered.

A Chamber of Justice was next instituted to inquire into the malversations of the loan-contractors and the farmers of the revenues. Tax-collectors are never very popular in any country, but those of France at this period deserved all the odium with which they were loaded. As soon as these farmers-general, with all their hosts of subordinate agents, called *maltôtiers*,* were called to account for their misdeeds, the most extravagant joy took possession of the nation. The Chamber of Justice, instituted chiefly for this purpose, was endowed with very extensive powers. It was composed of the presidents and councils of the parliament, the judges of the Courts of Aid and of Requests, and the officers of the Chamber of Account, under the general presidence of the minister of finance. Informers were encouraged to give evidence against the offenders by the promise of one-fifth part of the fines and confiscations. A tenth of all concealed effects belonging to the guilty was promised to such as should furnish the means of discovering them.

The promulgation of the edict constituting this court caused a degree of consternation among those principally concerned, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that their peculation had been enormous. But they met with no sympathy. The proceedings against them justified their terror. The Bastille was soon unable to contain the prisoners that were sent to it, and the jails all over the country teemed with guilty or suspected persons. An order was issued to all innkeepers and postmasters to refuse horses to such as endeavored to seek safety in flight; and all persons were forbidden, under heavy fines, to harbor them or favor their evasion. Some were condemned to the pillory, others to the galleys, and the least guilty to fine and imprisonment. One only, Samuel Bernard, a rich banker and farmer-general of a province remote from the capital, was sentenced to death. So great had been the illegal profits of this man—looked upon as a tyrant and oppressor of his district—that he offered six millions of livres, or $1,250,000, to be allowed to escape.

His bribe was refused, and he suffered the penalty of death. Others, perhaps more guilty, were more fortunate. Confiscation, owing to the concealment of their treasures by the delinquents, often produced less money than a fine. The severity of the government relaxed, and fines, under the denomination of taxes, were indiscriminately levied upon all offenders; but so corrupt was every department of the administration, that the country benefited but little by the sums which thus flowed into the treasury. Courtiers and courtiers' wives and mistresses came in for the chief share of the spoils. One contractor had been taxed, in proportion to his wealth and guilt, at the sum of twelve millions of livres.

* From *maltôte*, an oppressive tax.

About a hundred and eighty millions of livres were levied in this manner, of which eighty were applied in payment of the debts contracted by the government. The remainder found its way into the pockets of the courtiers.

The people, who after the first burst of their resentment is over, generally express a sympathy for the weak, were indignant that so much severity should be used to so little purpose. They did not see the justice of robbing one set of rogues to fatten another. In a few months all the more guilty had been brought to punishment, and the Chamber of Justice looked for victims in the humbler walks of life. Charges of fraud and extortion were brought against tradesmen of good character in consequence of the great inducements held out to common informers. They were compelled to lay open their affairs before this tribunal in order to establish their innocence. The voice of complaint resounded from every side; and at the expiration of a year the government found it advisable to discontinue further proceedings. The Chamber of Justice was suppressed, and a general amnesty granted to all against whom no charges had yet been preferred.

In the midst of this financial confusion Law appeared upon the scene.

When Law presented himself at court he was most cordially received. He offered two memorials to the regent, in which he set forth the evils that had befallen France, owing to an insufficient currency, at different times depreciated. He asserted that a metallic currency, unaided by a paper money, was wholly inadequate to the wants of a commercial country; and particularly cited the examples of Great Britain and Holland to show the advantages of paper. He used many sound arguments on the subject of credit, and proposed as a means of restoring that of France, then at so low an ebb among the nations, that he should be allowed to set up a bank, which should have the management of the royal revenues, and issue notes both on that and on landed security. He further proposed that this bank should be administered in the king's name, but subject to the control of commissioners to be named by the States-General.

While these memorials were under consideration, Law translated into French his essay on money and trade, and used every means to extend through the nation his renown as a financier. He soon became talked of. The confidants of the regent spread abroad his praise, and every one expected great things of Monsieur Lass.*

On the 5th of May, 1716, a royal edict was published, by which Law was authorised, in conjunction with his brother, to establish a bank under the name of Law and Company, the notes of which should be received in payment of the taxes. The capital was fixed at six millions of livres, in twelve thousand shares of five hundred livres each, purchasable one-fourth in specie, and the remainder in *billets d'état*. It was not thought expedient to grant him the whole of the privileges prayed for in his memorials until experience should have shown their safety and advantage.

Law was now on the high road to fortune. The study of thirty years was brought to guide him in the management of his bank. He made all his notes payable at sight, and in the coin current at the time they were issued. This last was a master-stroke of policy, and immediately rendered his notes more valuable than the precious metals. The latter were constantly liable to depreciation by the unwise tampering of the government. A thousand livres of silver might be worth their nominal value one day, and be reduced one-sixth the next; but a note of Law's bank retained its original value. He publicly declared at the same time, that a banker deserved death if he made issues without having sufficient security to answer all demands. The consequence was, that his notes advanced rapidly in public estimation, and were received at one per cent. more than specie. It was not long before the trade of the country felt the benefit. Languishing commerce began to lift up her head; the taxes were paid with greater regularity and less murmuring, and a degree of confidence was established, that could not fail, if it continued, to become still more advantageous. In the course of a year Law's notes rose to fifteen per cent. premium, while the

* The French pronounced his name in this manner to avoid the ungallic sound, *aw*. After the failure of his scheme, the wags said the nation was *lasse de lui*, and proposed that he should in future be known by the name of Monsieur H*elas*!

billets d'état, or notes issued by the government as security for the debts contracted by the extravagant Louis XIV., were at a discount of no less than seventy-eight and a half per cent. The comparison was too great in favor of Law not to attract the attention of the whole kingdom, and his credit extended itself day by day. Branches of his bank were almost simultaneously established at Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens, and Orleans.

The regent appears to have been utterly astonished at his success, and gradually to have conceived the idea that paper, which could so aid a metallic currency, could entirely supersede it. Upon this fundamental error he afterward acted. In the meantime, Law commenced the famous project which has handed his name down to posterity. He proposed to the regent (who could refuse him nothing) to establish a company that should have the exclusive privilege of trading to the great river Mississippi and the province of Louisiana, on its western bank. The country was supposed to abound in the precious metals; and the company, supported by the profits of their exclusive commerce, were to be the sole farmers of the taxes and sole coiners of money. Letters patent were issued, incorporating the company, in August 1717. The capital was divided into two hundred thousand shares of five hundred livres each, the whole of which might be paid in *billets d'état*, at their nominal value, although worth no more than a hundred and sixty livres in the market.

It was now that the frenzy of speculating began to seize upon the nation. Law's bank had effected so much good, that any promises for the future which he thought proper to make were readily believed. The regent every day conferred new privileges upon the fortunate projector. The bank obtained the monopoly of the sale of tobacco, the sole right of refinage of gold and silver, and was finally erected into the Royal Bank of France. Amid the intoxication of success, both Law and the regent forgot the maxim so loudly proclaimed by the former, that a banker deserved death who made issues of paper without the necessary funds to provide for them. As soon as the bank, from a private, became a public institution, the regent caused a fabrication of notes to the amount of one thousand millions of livres. This was the first departure from sound principles, and one for which Law is not justly blamable. While the affairs of the bank were under his control the issues had never exceeded sixty millions. Whether Law opposed the inordinate increase is not known; but as it took place as soon as the bank was made a royal establishment, it is but fair to lay the blame of the change of system upon the regent.

Law found that he lived under a despotic government; but he was not yet aware of the pernicious influence which such a government could exercise upon so delicate a framework as that of credit. He discovered it afterward to his cost; but in the meantime suffered himself to be impelled by the regent into courses which his own reason must have disapproved. With a weakness most culpable, he lent his aid in inundating the country with paper-money, which, based upon no solid foundation, was sure to fall, sooner or later. The extraordinary present fortune dazzled his eyes, and prevented him from seeing the evil day that would burst over his head, when once, from any cause or other, the alarm was sounded. The parliament were from the first jealous of his influence as a foreigner, and had, besides, their misgivings as to the safety of his projects. As his influence extended, their animosity increased. D'Aguesseau, the chancellor, was unceremoniously dismissed by the regent for his opposition to the vast increase of paper money, and the constant depreciation of the gold and silver coin of the realm. This only served to augment the enmity of the parliament, and when D'Argenson, a man devoted to the interests of the regent, was appointed to the vacant chancellorship, and made at the same time minister of finance, they became more violent than ever. The first measure of the new minister caused a further depreciation of the coin. In order to extinguish the *billets d'état*, it was ordered that persons bringing to the mint four thousand livres in specie and one thousand livres in *billets d'état*, should receive back coin to the amount of five thousand livres. D'Argenson plumed himself mightily upon thus creating five thousand new and smaller livres out of the four thousand old and larger ones, being too ignorant of the true principles of trade and credit to be aware of the immense injury he was inflicting upon both.

The parliament saw at once the im-

policy and danger of such a system, and made repeated remonstrances to the regent. The latter refused to entertain their petitions, when the parliament, by a bold and very unusual stretch of authority, commanded that no money should be received in payment but that of the old standard. The regent summoned a *lit de justice*, and annulled the decree. The parliament resisted, and issued another. Again the regent exercised his privilege, and annulled it, till the parliament, stung to fiercer opposition, passed another decree, dated August 12th, 1718, by which they forbade the bank of Law to have any concern, either direct or indirect, in the administration of the revenue; and prohibited all foreigners, under heavy penalties, from interfering, either in their own names, or in that of others, in the management of the finances of the state. The parliament considered Law to be the author of all the evil, and some of the councillors, in the virulence of their enmity, proposed that he should be brought to trial, and, if found guilty, be hung at the gates of the Palais de Justice.



LAW'S HOUSE, RUE DE QUINCAMPOIX.

Law, in great alarm, fled to the Palais Royal, and threw himself on the protection of the regent, praying that measures might be taken to reduce the parliament to obedience. The regent had nothing so much at heart, both on that account and because of the disputes that had arisen relative to the legitimation of the Duke of Maine, and the Count of Thoulouse, the sons of the late king. The parliament was ultimately overawed by the arrest of their president and two of the councillors, who were sent to distant prisons.

Thus the first cloud upon Law's prospects blew over: freed from apprehension of personal danger, he devoted his attention to his famous Mississippi project, the shares of which were rapidly rising, in spite of the parliament. At the commencement of the year 1719, an edict was published, granting to the Mississippi Company the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, and to all the possessions of the French East India Company, established by Colbert. The Company, in consequence of this great increase of their business, assumed, as more appropriate, the title of Company of the Indies, and created fifty thousand new shares. The prospects now held out by Law were most magnificent. He promised a yearly dividend of two hundred livres upon each share of five hundred, which, as the shares were paid for in *billets d'état*, at their nominal value, but worth only one hundred livres, was at the rate of about one hundred and twenty per cent. profit.

The public enthusiasm, which had been so long rising, could not resist a vision so splendid. At least three hundred thousand applications were made for the fifty thousand new shares, and Law's house in the Rue de Quincampoix was beset from morning to night by the eager applicants. As it was impossible to satisfy them all, it was several weeks before a list of the fortunate new stockholders could be made out, during which time the public impatience rose to a pitch of frenzy. Dukes, marquises, counts, with their duchesses, marchion-

esses, and countesses, waited in the streets for hours every day before Mr. Law's door to know the result. At last, to avoid the jostling of the plebeian crowd, which, to the number of thousands, filled the whole thoroughfare, they took apartments in the adjoining houses, that they might be continually near the temple whence the new Plutus was diffusing wealth. Every day the value of the old shares increased, and the fresh applications, induced by the golden dreams of the whole nation, became so numerous, that it was deemed advisable to create no less than three hundred thousand new shares, at five thousand livres each, in order that the regent might take advantage of the popular enthusiasm to pay off the national debt. For this purpose the sum of fifteen hundred millions of livres was necessary. Such was the eagerness of the nation, that thrice the sum would have been subscribed if the government had authorized it.



THE HUNCHBACK.

Law was now at the zenith of his prosperity, and the people were rapidly approaching the zenith of their infatuation. The highest and the lowest classes were alike filled with a vision of boundless wealth. There was not a person of note among the aristocracy, with the exception of the Duke of St. Simon and Marshal Villars, who was not engaged in buying or selling stock. People of every age, and sex, and condition in life, speculated in the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The Rue de Quincampoix was the grand resort of the jobbers; and it being a narrow, inconvenient street, accidents continually occurred in it, from the tremendous pressure of the crowd. Houses in it, worth, in ordinary times, a thousand livres of yearly rent, yielded as much as twelve or sixteen thousand. A cobbler, who had a stall in it, gained about two hundred livres a day by letting it out, and furnishing writing materials to brokers and their clients. The story goes, that a hunchbacked man who stood in the street gained considerable sums by lending his hump as a writing-desk to the eager speculators! The great concourse of persons who assembled to do business brought a still greater concourse of spectators. These, again, drew all the thieves and immoral characters of Paris to the spot, and constant riots and disturbances took place. At nightfall, it was often found necessary to send a troop of soldiers to clear the street.

Law, finding the inconvenience of his residence, removed to the Place Vendôme, whither the crowd of *agioteurs* followed him. That spacious square soon became as thronged as the Rue de Quincampoix: from morning to night it presented the appearance of a fair. Booths and tents were erected for the transaction of business and the sale of refreshments; and gamblers with their roulette tables stationed themselves in the very middle of the place, and reaped a golden, or rather a paper, harvest from the throng. The boulevards and public gardens were

forsaken; parties of pleasure took their walks in preference in the Place Vendôme, which became the fashionable lounge of the idle, as well as the general rendezvous of the busy. The noise was so great all day, that the chancellor, whose court was situated in the square, complained to the regent and the municipality that he could not hear the advocates. Law, when applied to, expressed his willingness to aid in the removal of the nuisance, and for this purpose entered into a treaty with the Prince de Carignan for the Hôtel de Soissons, which had a garden of several acres in the rear. A bargain was concluded, by which Law became the purchaser of the hotel at an enormous price, the prince reserving to himself the magnificent gardens as a new source of profit. They contained some fine statues and several fountains, and were altogether laid out with much taste. As soon as Law was installed in his new abode, an edict was published, forbidding all persons to buy or sell stock anywhere but in the gardens of the Hôtel de Soissons. In the midst, among the trees, about five hundred small tents and pavilions were erected, for the convenience of the stock-jobbers. Their various colors, the gay ribbons and banners which floated from them, the busy crowds which passed continually in and out, the incessant hum of voices, the noise, the music, and the strange mixture of business and pleasure on the countenances of the throng, all combined to give the place an air of enchantment that quite enraptured the Parisians. The Prince de Carignan made enormous profits while the delusion lasted. Each tent was let at the rate of five hundred livres a month; and, as there were at least five hundred of them, his monthly revenue from this source alone must have amounted to 250,000 livres, or upward of $50,000.

The honest old soldier, Marshal Villars, was so vexed to see the folly which had smitten his countrymen, that he never could speak with temper on the subject. Passing one day through the Place Vendôme in his carriage, the choleric gentleman was so annoyed at the infatuation of the people, that he abruptly ordered his coachman to stop, and, putting his head out of the carriage window, harangued them for full half an hour on their "disgusting avarice." This was not a very wise proceeding on his part. Hisses and shouts of laughter resounded from every side, and jokes without number were aimed at him. There being at last strong symptoms that something more tangible was flying through the air in the direction of his head, the marshal was glad to drive on. He never again repeated the experiment.

Two sober, quiet, and philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terrason, congratulated each other that they, at least, were free from this strange infatuation. A few days afterward, as the worthy abbé was coming out of the Hôtel de Soissons, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi, whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose. "Ha!" said the abbé smiling, "is that *you?*" "Yes," said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able; "and can that be *you?*" The next time the two scholars met, they talked of philosophy, of science, and of religion, but neither had courage for a long time to breathe one syllable about the Mississippi. At last, when it was mentioned, they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which even a wise man was not capable.

During this time, Law, the new Plutus, had become all at once the most important personage of the state. The ante-chambers of the regent were forsaken by the courtiers. Peers, judges, and bishops thronged to the Hôtel de Soissons; officers of the army and navy, ladies of title and fashion, and every one to whom hereditary rank or public employ gave a claim to precedence, were to be found waiting in his ante-chambers to beg for a portion of his India stock. Law was so pestered that he was unable to see one-tenth part of the applicants, and every manœuver that ingenuity could suggest was employed to gain access to him. Peers, whose dignity would have been outraged if the regent had made them wait half an hour for an interview, were content to wait six hours for the chance of seeing Monsieur Law.

Enormous fees were paid to his servants, if they would merely announce their names. Ladies of rank employed the blandishments of their smiles for the same object; but many of them came day after day for a fortnight before they could obtain an audience. When Law accepted an invitation, he was sometimes so surrounded

by ladies, all asking to have their names put down in his lists as shareholders in the new stock, that, in spite of his well-known and habitual gallantry, he was obliged to tear himself away *par force*. The most ludicrous stratagems were employed to have an opportunity of speaking to him. One lady, who had striven in vain during several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house, but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post and upset her. The coachman promised obedience; and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and, pulling the string, called out to the coachman, "Upset us now! upset us now!" The



LAW ASSISTING A LADY FROM A COACH.

coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the *accident*, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hôtel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologizing to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as the purchaser of a quantity of India stock. Another story is told of a Madame de Boucha, who, knowing that Mr. Law was at dinner at a certain house, proceeded thither in her carriage, and gave the alarm of fire. The company started from table, and Law among the rest; but, seeing one lady making all haste into the house toward him, while everybody else was scampering away, he suspected the trick, and ran off in another direction.

Many other anecdotes are related, which, even though they may be a little exaggerated, are nevertheless worth preserving, as showing the spirit of that singular period.

The regent was one day mentioning, in the presence of D'Argenson, the Abbé Dubois, and some other persons, that he was desirous of deputing some lady, of the rank at least of a duchess, to attend upon his daughter at Modena; "but," added he, "I do not exactly know where to find one." "No!" replied one, in affected surprise; "I can tell you where to find every duchess in France; you have only to go to Mr. Law's; you will see them every one in his antechamber."

M. de Chirac, a celebrated physician, had bought stock at an unlucky period, and was very anxious to sell out. Stock, however, continued to fall for two or three days, much to his alarm. His mind was filled with the subject, when he was suddenly called upon to attend a lady who imagined herself unwell. He arrived, was shown up-stairs, and felt the lady's pulse. "It falls! it falls! good God! it falls continually!" said he musingly, while the lady looked up in his face all anxiety for his opinion. "O, M. de Chirac!" said she, starting to her feet and ringing the bell for assistance; "I am dying! I am dying! it falls! it falls! it falls!"

"What falls?" inquired the doctor in amazement. "My pulse! my pulse!" said the lady; "I must be dying." "Calm your apprehensions, my dear madam," said M. de Chirac; "I was speaking of the stocks. The truth is, I have been a great loser, and my mind is so disturbed, I hardly know what I have been saying."

The price of shares sometimes rose ten or twenty per cent. in the course of a few hours, and many persons in the humbler walks of life, who had risen poor in the morning, went to bed in affluence. An extensive holder of stock, being taken ill, sent his servant to sell two hundred and fifty shares, at eight thousand livres each, the price at which they were then quoted. The servant went, and, on his arrival in the Jardin de Soissons, found that in the interval the price had risen to ten thousand livres. The difference of two thousand livres on the two hundred and fifty shares, amounting to 500,000 livres, or about 100,000 dollars, he very coolly transferred to his own use; and, giving the remainder to his master, set out the same evening for another country. Law's coachman in a very short time made money enough to set up a carriage of his own, and requested permission to leave his service. Law, who esteemed the man, begged of him as a favor that he would endeavor before he went to find a substitute as good as himself. The coachman consented, and in the evening brought two of his former comrades, telling Mr. Law to choose between them, and he would take the other. Cookmaids and footmen were now and then as lucky, and, in the full-blown pride of their easily-acquired wealth, made the most ridiculous mistakes. Preserving the language and manners of their old, with the finery of their new station, they afforded continual subjects for the pity of the sensible, the contempt of the sober, and the laughter of everybody. But the folly and meanness of the higher ranks of society were still more disgusting. One instance alone, related by the Duke de St. Simon, will show the unworthy avarice which infected the whole of society. A man of the name of André, without character or education, had, by a series of well-timed speculations in Mississippi bonds, gained enormous wealth in an incredibly short space of time. As St. Simon expresses it, "he had amassed mountains of gold." As he became rich, he grew ashamed of the lowness of his birth, and anxious above all things to be allied to nobility. He had a daughter, an infant only three years of age, and he opened a negotiation with the aristocratic and needy family of D'Oyse, that this child should, upon certain conditions, marry a member of that house. The Marquis D'Oyse, to his shame, consented, and promised to marry her himself on her attaining the age of twelve, if the father would pay him down the sum of a hundred thousand crowns, and twenty thousand livres every year until the celebration of the marriage. The marquis was himself in his thirty-third year. This scandalous bargain was duly signed and sealed, the stock-jobber furthermore agreeing to settle upon his daughter, on the marriage-day, a fortune of several millions. The Duke of Brancas, the head of the family, was present throughout the negotiation, and shared in all the profits. St. Simon, who treats the matter with the levity becoming what he thought so good a joke, adds, "that people did not spare their animadversions on this beautiful marriage;" and further informs us, "that the project fell to the ground some months afterward by the overthrow of Law, and the ruin of the ambitious Monsieur André." It would appear, however, that the noble family never had the honesty to return the hundred thousand crowns.

Sir E. Bulwer's Early Education.—I was smart, and was in the head class when I left ———. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, without an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones with it. I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period, of everything which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left ——— in the profoundest ignorance.



WATERLOO.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE weather, which, during the 17th of June, 1815, was unsettled and stormy, grew worse as darkness set in. The rain fell incessantly, sometimes in torrents, and was accompanied by loud peals of thunder and almost a hurricane of wind. It continued cloudy the whole of the next day, but the rain ceased with the darkness. At dawn the soldiers started from their cheerless bivouac, and made ready for the battle; and when the trumpets and drums sounded and beat to arms, the whole of the forces sprang to their posts with the utmost alacrity and zeal. Of the 18th of June it is needless to give many particulars; for there are few that have not read the story of that "day of battles," and fewer still from whose memory the details have escaped. The effective strength of the allied army, according to Captain Siborne, was as follows:—Infantry, 49,608; cavalry, 12,402; artillery, 5,645: total, 67,655 men and 156 guns. The French army comprised: — Infantry, 48,950; cavalry, 15,765; artillery, 7,232: total, 71,947 men and 246 guns. Other accounts raise the allies to 74,000 men, and the French to 90,000 and 296 guns. Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Napoleon and his generals at the allied movement of the 17th, which, attributing it to any cause but the right one, they tortured into evidence of defeat. Soult sent a dispatch to Davoust, the Minister of War, in which he fairly out-Soulted Soult. He announced that Wellington and Blucher had been separated, and had only "saved themselves with difficulty." "The effect," he said, "was theatrical. In an instant the enemy was routed in all directions." Another account in the *Moniteur* naively remarked that a whole Scotch division of five or six thousand men had been cut to pieces, for they had not "seen any of them prisoners!" A third narrative concluded by stating that they would not hear of the Prussians again for some time, even if they should be able to rally. The two rival armies had bivouacked, on the night of the 17th, within three-quarters of a mile, and in some places at even less than that from each other; and Napoleon expected the next day to resume his pursuit. He was, therefore, much pleased at discovering the allies setting their battle in array; and, turning to one of his staff, he exclaimed, "*Ah! je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!*" (Ah, I have got them then, these English!) He is also reported to have praised the soldierly manner in which the army took up their ground, adding, that "they must run." Soult, who, notwithstanding his Munchausenic dispatches, thoroughly appreciated British prowess, expressed some doubts, and Napoleon

turning quickly round, asked him, "Why?" The curt reply was, "Because they will be cut to pieces first."

The positions of the two armies were both masterly, and the manœuvring took up a considerable portion of the morning. Napoleon's first thought was to attack the center; but he postponed his assault on that part of the allied lines, and ordered his brother Jerome to advance with the second corps, consisting of thirty thousand men, against the farm of Hougoumont. About half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven o'clock, Sir George Wood, by the Duke's direction, caused the first gun to be fired at an advancing column of the enemy. The discharge killed six or eight, and was soon followed by a general cannonade in support of the attack, and one in reply from the British batteries. The enemy succeeded in carrying the wood, but against the buildings they could effect nothing. On the contrary, as they confidently rushed toward the garden wall, they were received with a tremendous volley that prostrated the leading files, and this was supported by a fusilade so telling that they quickly began to give way. The guards sallied and cleared part of the wood; and the Duke, justly relying on the skill of his artillery, then ordered Major Bull to open his howitzer batteries upon the remainder. In ten minutes the whole was abandoned by the French.

Napoleon now commenced a tremendous cannonade throughout the line, which was promptly returned by the English guns—every piece that could be brought to bear on both sides being vigorously employed. Large masses of cavalry were observed concentrating on the French side of the field, and it was apparent that some new attack was intended. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, formed his centre divisions into squares, and withdrew them behind the ridge, so as to shelter them



HOUGOUMONT.

from the storm of cannon balls. Meanwhile Jerome had reinforced his troops, and returned with still greater fury to the attack on Hougoumont. The guards outside the farm made a gallant resistance, and when driven back retired to the cover of a haystack, from which they kept up the fight till it was set on fire. Finding themselves also outflanked, and in danger of being cut off, they retired hastily into the farm-yard, the gate of which they strove to barricade with ladders, posts, barrows, or anything they could lay hands upon. All was in vain; the gate was forced open, and a few Frenchmen rushed into the yard. The defenders instantly



LA HAYE SAINTE.

ran to the nearest cover, and opened such a fire as soon checked their advance, and then made a fierce attack in return, and after an intrepid struggle on both sides, Colonel Macdonnell, Captain Wyndham, Lieutenants Gooch and Harvey, and Serjeant Graham, contrived, by the exercise of great daring and personal strength, to close the door, while the intruders paid the penalty of their rashness. The attempt, so nearly successful, thus entirely failed.

Napoleon had now determined to make his left and center attack on the British lines, intending thereby to turn the former and force the latter; and, by possessing himself of La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, to cut off the Duke's communications by the main road with Brussels, as well as to sever the allied from the Prussian army. For that important enterprise he had selected the whole of Drouet's corps, amounting to eighteen thousand infantry, in four columns, in addition to Roussel's cavalry division. To support this imposing force, he had placed ten batteries, containing seventy-four guns, with ranges of from six to eight hundred yards of the English line. Between half-past one and two the advance commenced, the French guns gradually becoming silent as the columns approached the English lines. On they came, shouting, "*En avant!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" till, driving back a Belgian brigade, they reached a broken hedge, behind which Picton was posted with the fifth division. The columns halted, and began to deploy; and while so engaged, a tremendous volley, at less than forty yards, threw them into confusion. Picton thundered the words, "Charge, charge! hurrah!" and fell from his horse, pierced in the right temple by a musket shot. His death was revenged; for the fifth, struggling through the hedge, fell upon the enemy and routed them with great slaughter. The second Cavalry Brigade, numbering thirteen hundred men, and consisting of the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, led by the Earl of Uxbridge, fell on the discomfited troops with terrific violence, and covered the ground with slain. In vain did the Cuirassiers and Lancers, who had been drawn up to charge the fifth in flank, seek to oppose them; they were swept away with the rest, and two eagles, as well as two thousand prisoners, were taken. The English cavalry, in fact, succeeded in completely destroying a division five thousand strong, and cut the traces of all Drouet's cannons, which were thus rendered useless for the remainder of the day.

These successes, however, were purchased at a considerable cost. While the victorious troops were disorganized by their pursuit, they were charged in their turn and repulsed, scarcely a fifth of their gross number returning from the conflict. Sir

William Ponsonby was overtaken by a troop of Polish Lancers in a newly plowed field, in which his horse stuck fast, and, together with his aid-de-camp, was speared as he was giving the latter his watch and his lady's picture to deliver to her in case he should escape. Sir William's death also was terribly avenged; for his brigade, falling in with the Polish Lancers again, scarcely left one alive.

At this time Hougoumont continued to be a principal point of attack. Foiled in every attempt to carry it by storm, Napoleon had at last ordered it to be bombarded, and by this means it was set on fire. The chapel was burnt down, and many of the wounded of both sides perished in the flames. Still the blazing ruins were as obstinately held as ever; and though ten thousand Frenchmen were killed and wounded in the numberless attacks upon it, the old chateau was never for an instant in the hands of the enemy. Another and more desperate assault than ever was made about this period upon the devoted building; but its defenders having been reinforced by Byng's brigade, the attempt failed as signally as its predecessors. The farm of La Haye Sainte, which stood about two hundred and fifty yards in advance of the allied line, and formed an important outpost, did not fare so well. Three attacks were made upon it, and all of them were gallantly beaten off. Twice a barn, or outhouse, close to the main building, was fired, and twice the flames were extinguished; but when the operations against it had continued about two hours, the ammunition of the defenders began to fall short, and unhappily the communications with the main body were all cut off. The little garrison, overpowered, but fearless still, husbanded well each shot, and when it was all gone, they made a desperate defense with their bayonets. They were, of course, forced to yield, and, it is said, were all sacrificed to the rage of their captors. The enemy could make but little use, after all, of this dearly-acquired conquest, as the ruined house was opposed to the destructive and incessant fire of the guns on an adjacent ridge.

One of the most furious cannonades on record was now turned upon the English center, and formed the overture to Napoleon's last and most desperate attack. Before, however, describing the concluding scene of this bloody day, it is necessary to digress for a few moments to narrate the state of affairs at Wavre. The Duke, in giving battle, had calculated on receiving Blucher's aid at two or three o'clock; but the badness of the roads, occasioned by the rain of the previous night, rendered it impossible for it to come until nearly four hours later; and the allied resources had thus been taxed to support the contest for that long period beyond what their commander had intended. This is a point which, in estimating the merits of victory, ought not to be overlooked; for, to have held the position a single hour against the terrible cannonade which Napoleon's enormous park enabled him to pour upon the allied troops, was a task that would have severely tried the mettle of the best disciplined and most experienced troops. In a letter the Duke wrote to Lord Beresford from Paris, he said: "Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns—and was driven off in the old style. I never saw British infantry behave so well." The routine was, in every instance, nearly the same. The British were mostly in square. The French cannonaded them for some time, and then ceased firing; the cavalry rushed on them; fell upon an immovable rock; retired, and were charged by the allied cavalry in return. This was repeated innumerable times. Occasionally the French would concentrate their fire on some devoted regiment, which, to avoid the iron hail, would lie down; but as soon as the cannonade ceased, would rise and repulse the cavalry attack, with the calm steadiness which all the British regiments showed throughout the day. The loss, however, was awful. The twenty-seventh regiment had four hundred killed in square, without returning a shot; the ninety-second, though reduced to less than two hundred, undauntedly charged, pierced, and routed a whole French column; the officer commanding the thirty-third sent to beg for support, and the only answer that could be given him was, that he must stand or fall where he was. The English guns were many times taken and retaken.

It was with an anxious eye that the great Duke, all of whose reserves had been

gradually sent into action, watched the battle. Often was he seen to glance at his watch; and once he was heard to exclaim, "Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" Still he kept a composed countenance, and, regardless of danger, rode about in the thickest of the fire, seeing that all went well, and giving his men the encouragement they so much needed; for it is an admitted fact that the intrepidity which enables a soldier to stand still is of a much higher description than that required to make a charge, in which excitement often supplies the place of valor.

At a little before five, Bulow, with a portion of his corps, arrived, and commenced his attack; the cannon balls of his artillery reaching as far as the Charleroi-road. Napoleon immediately dispatched part of his reserves, under Count Lobau, against him. These troops soon repulsed Bulow, and separated him from the English army. A report in the meantime was spread along the French line that the fire proceeded from Grouchy's guns, and victory now seemed certain. At half-past six, Pirch's corps, reinforcing the Prussians to forty-six thousand men, began to show themselves, and Napoleon, still full of confidence as to the result, made his grand attack on the left center. Throwing back half his right wing to hold the Prussians in check, he collected the reserve of his Imperial Guards, amounting to fifteen thousand men, and ordered their attack to be supported by the simultaneous advance of the whole front line. Having led the Guards to the bottom of the hill, he pointed to the English lines and said, "There, gentlemen, is the way to Brussels!" The response was a hearty "Vive l'Empereur!" and the attack was handed over to Ney. The French marched proudly on to the encounter, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, who, carrying on a smart battle with the light troops to the left, rapidly advanced to cover with the smoke of their pieces the movement of the Guards, and to drive the men from the English guns, which were making frightful havoc with the approaching colums. At last the leading one reached the crest of the hill, behind which the Duke of Wellington had made the Foot Guards lie down to avoid the tremendous fire which we have said formed a preliminary to the attack. To the surprise of the French in the front ranks, there appeared no obstacle except a few mounted officers, whom they could just discern through the smoke from Napier's battery, which the minute before had been engaged in driving back the skirmishers by a shower of canister, grape, and shrapnel shells. One of these officers was the Duke himself, who shouted, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Instantly they sprang up in a compact line of four deep, and at fifty paces poured into the column a volley that fairly staggered it. The Imperial Guards attempted to deploy; but the rapid and telling fire which was kept upon them rendered the movement a failure, and the Duke ordered Maitland to charge. A tremendous cheer was the reply. Guard met Guard for the first time, and in an instant the French were fleeing before the English. The second column now came on with imposing steadiness, disregarding the fire of Napier's battery, and returning with effect the musketry with which it was received. Sir John Colborne, who had been anxiously watching its advance, suddenly wheeled the fifty-second, so as to bring its fire on the left flank of the column, the front of which was exposed to that of Maitland's Guards. The Duke, whose intentions Sir John had anticipated, instantly supported him with the seventy-first, and two companies of the third battalion of the ninety-fifth. The cross fire, added to the cannonade, soon broke the Imperials, and the English regiments giving three cheers, charged on both faces, and routed them. The Duke, as they ran in confusion down the hill, launched Vivian and Vandeleur's cavalry upon the flying mass, and rendered a rally impossible. Meanwhile Druet's corps had been desperately engaging Alten's division, and the fugitives to whom the flank charge had given a sidelong impulse, rushed against it, and communicated the panic to their comrades, so that they also broke and fled. Fresh cavalry now advanced to keep back the French horse; and the Duke, perceiving that the Prussians were at hand, closed his telescope with the exclamation, "The hour is come!" and ordered the whole line to charge. Just at this moment the sun, as if to light the English troops to victory, burst forth for the first time on that eventful day, and the lurid glare struggling through the battle smoke produced the strangest effect perhaps ever beheld. It did not, however,

last long. The "regent of the skies" set to rise on the morrow; but the sun of Napoleon's fame, as bright and fleeting as these last rays, had sunk forever! The desperate determination to stand or die, which, up to this period, had sustained the allies, now gave way to an indescribable tide of emotions. The conviction rushed with irresistible force into every mind, that the same judgment which had caused their illustrious commander to turn so long a deaf ear to their demands to be led on, could not be at fault when he now bade them to advance. Every one, therefore, felt that victory was certain. Then the presentiment that the field they were now contesting would be the most glorious in the world's history, begot in each soldier's breast a fervent desire to distinguish himself; and, lastly, there was not a regiment that had not some beloved officer, for whose death they had to exact a terrible reckoning—not a man that had not some brother, some friend, some comrade to avenge. Thus it was that the Duke's command was received with a thrilling cheer; and, forming one long and splendid line, the infantry hurry on to certain conquest. Every man is a hero. No troops can resist such a host, for "Victory sits upon their helms."

The French flee at their approach—the horse artillery open on the panic-stricken mass—the cavalry thunder upon their broken ranks. "*Sauve qui peut!*" becomes the cry—order, discipline, courage, are forgotten, and in a few short moments one of the bloodiest and most complete routs ever experienced by an army has taken place. Three squares of the Old Guards attempted to stand; but the Duke ordered Adams' brigade to charge, and as it approached they faced about, and began to retire. This movement soon degenerated into a confused flight, and, with scarcely an attempt to rally, the French army was a total wreck. The portion of the right wing opposed to Blucher being unsupported, collapsed before the Prussians, who took Planchenoit with little trouble, and cut off all chance of an orderly retreat.

The news of Waterloo reached England on the twentieth, by Mr. Sutton, the proprietor of a number of vessels plying between Colchester and Ostend, who made the voyage at his private cost for that special purpose. The Duke's dispatches arrived two days later, and were immediately conveyed to the two Houses of Parliament. They produced the most rapturous expressions of joy. A vote of thanks to the Duke and his army was carried by acclamation in the Lords, on the motion of the Earl Bathurst; and in the Commons the minister (Lord Castlereagh) brought a message from the Prince Regent, in consequence of which an additional grant of $1,000,000, accompanied by the most flattering encomiums, was made, to purchase a mansion and estate for His Grace. Illuminations were general throughout the country, and almost every steeple rang out its merriest peals. A prayer of thanksgiving was said in the churches on Sunday, the ninth of July, and a subscription, amounting to upward of $500,000 was made for the widows and orphans of the slain.

All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "Waterloo" on their banners; and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.

THE curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate somewhat of so sweeping a generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon—a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind. Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood-side and river-bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such a one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does nothing but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.



STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

PROMINENT among the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and occupying a no less conspicuous position among the pulpit orators of our country, stands the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New-York. He is, intellectually, a great man—great in the pulpit, as great on the platform, and one who would attain the same eminence in any other direction in which he should choose to exert the energies of his mind. This is the *vox populi*—the general verdict—and is amply sustained by a more careful investigation of the character and abilities of the man. No person can listen to one of Dr. Tyng's extempore addresses at the anniversaries of our Benevolent Societies, without being convinced that a mind of no common order has been unfolding itself before him.

The particulars which we have been able to obtain of the early history of the subject of our sketch, although meager and few, must be interesting to many readers as connected with one with whom the Christian public have been so long and so favorably acquainted. Dr. Tyng was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 1st of March, 1800. His father was a lawyer of distinction, Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng; and his maternal grandfather, the Hon. Stephen Higginson, of Boston, a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. Young Tyng prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, which has helped to train more great men for active life than any similar institution in America. An incident of his residence at this academy Dr. Tyng incorporated, in his own felicitous manner, in an address made by him at the annual meeting of the Tract Society in May last. "Forty years ago, on a fast-day, six young men, preparing for college at Andover, retired to the woods, and met around an old stump for prayer. "Of those six," said the speaker, "Samuel Green found an early entrance into heaven, from successful labors in Boston. Daniel Temple went up to his reward, after a quarter of a century of usefulness in Syria. Asa Cummings is still living, the editor of a widely useful religious paper. Alva Wood was the honored president of a western college.

William Goodell, who has spent more than a quarter of a century in Turkey, meets us here to-day; and your humble brother, the speaker, is the sixth." From such associates the youth parted, to enter Harvard College, at the early age of thirteen. He graduated at seventeen, and evincing no decided taste for any professional occupation, he entered upon mercantile business with the prospect of great success. But he was still young, and two years afterward the providence of God seemed to call him to the ministry. He commenced his theological studies under the supervision of Bishop Griswold, at Bristol, Rhode Island. During his residence there a most remarkable religious interest extended through the whole town, commencing with the congregation of St. Michael's. Here he was ordained a deacon on the 4th of March, 1821.

Mr. Tyng then removed to the South, and was settled a few months after as the pastor of St. John's Church, Georgetown, District of Columbia, where he labored for two years with activity, zeal, and success. Opportunities of more extended usefulness led the young minister to accept, at the expiration of that time, the charge of Queen Anne Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland. Here he had access to the best of society, some leisure for study, which he eagerly improved, and a wide field for missionary operations. There were then large tracts of country in that region in which the population was so scattered that public worship was seldom enjoyed by many. In addition to his regular duties, Mr. Tyng undertook to supply this destitution by making preaching tours in all directions; and during one of these tours preached seventeen times, and traveled four hundred and fifty miles, on horseback, in fourteen days.

After six years of labor in this field, he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, in May, 1829. During the three years which he spent here, Dr. Tyng's audience was the largest in the city. Three times each Sabbath he addressed a congregation which thronged the church to its utmost capacity, besides holding a daily morning meeting at six o'clock, preparing a weekly lecture, and delivering numerous addresses before benevolent societies of every description. At the general commencement of Jefferson College in 1832, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him. "Whatever mistakes have been made by our literary institutions, of late years, in the lavish conferring of this degree, if sound learning, accurate scholarship, extensive theological acquirements, vigorous intellect, and very superior pulpit powers, with great devotion to his professional work, constitute legitimate grounds for the bestowment of this honor, it was not injudiciously bestowed in the present instance."

In the fall of 1833, Dr. Tyng was elected rector of the Church of the Epiphany. His ministry at St. Paul's had been wonderfully successful, as will be evident from the fact that during the four years of his connection with that Church two hundred and fifty persons had been admitted to its communion, and these were but a portion of the fruits of his labor during that period.

On the death of the venerable and universally lamented Dr. Milnor, in 1845, Dr. Tyng was called to supply his honored place as rector of St. George's Church, New-York. This church was originally located in Beekman-street; but, after Dr. Tyng became its pastor, it was removed to Sixteenth-street, where a fine edifice has been erected, fronting on one of the beautiful parks which abound in the upper part of the city. At the time of Dr. Tyng's installation there were four hundred and fifty members in communion; the present number we have not been able to learn. St. George's Church, however, receives a crowded congregation every Sabbath, and the Sabbath-school connected with the Church numbers one thousand teachers and pupils.

Dr. Tyng's appearance, at present, is that of a man in the prime of life, possessing much physical as well as mental energy. He is rather above the average height, or his erect and dignified bearing gives that impression. He is calm and dignified upon the platform. In the pulpit he wears the robes of his office with an ease and grace which serves to heighten the dignity of his general appearance. His countenance, not untruthfully, bespeaks the diligent and laborious student—a strong mind, thoroughly disciplined and developed. The forehead is high and broad, affording a fine study for the physiognomist. The eyebrows are dark and heavy, concealing an orb which is

wont to animate, with its flashing glance, the souls of assembled thousands. The eye has been said to be the orator's magnet; and certainly we know of no one who uses it with more magnetic power than Dr. Tyng. The contour of the lips denotes a strong and determined will, which is fully verified in the actual character of the man. Though his head has become slightly bald, and his locks are beginning to silver, none other of the monitions of age are apparent; his voice is still as clear and full, and his step, apparently, as vigorous as ever.

Dr. Tyng is an accomplished elocutionist. Nature has given him a well-toned and powerful voice, which cultivation has, it is evident, greatly improved. It seems to be as fully at his command as an instrument in the hands of a skillful performer. Every word is distinctly articulated; the emphasis is marked and frequent, but always, even in extempore speaking, given with admirable propriety. His manner in public addresses has been remarked to resemble that of an accused person defending his own cause. This remark may more justly refer to certain occasions, perhaps, than to his usual performances. The prominent features of his mind—accuracy, boldness, energy, and independence—are as visible in the manner as in the matter of Dr. Tyng's public speaking. The individuality of the speaker, also, is rarely lost in the consideration of the subject in hand. This does not amount to egotism, or any disagreeable or excessive prominence of self; but he is not in the habit of dodging the personal pronoun, and his listeners are generally little less impressed with the magnitude of the man than with the importance of the subject. But Dr. Tyng uses the forms of his Church without being formal; for he breathes into them a living spirit and a freshness which makes the prescribed ritual appear the spontaneous and heartfelt expression of his own emotions.

A fervent spirit enlivens the performance of all his public duties, which is the key to his popularity and success. A man who acts on the wise admonition of Solomon, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," can hardly fail to succeed in whatever direction he may choose to exert himself.

But Dr. Tyng refuses to be confined entirely and invariably to the Book of Prayer. He came to New-York a leading member of the Low Church party, and took charge of a congregation thoroughly Low Church, and at an early opportunity avowed his belief on the subject of extempore prayer. He declared that he considered such prayer as a duty and a privilege, and should not hesitate to employ it at discretion. In a published work of Dr. Tyng's, ("Recollections of England,") he says:—

"Wherever in England I met with faithful, pious men, I found them men of prayer. The prayers, on all these occasions, were uniformly extemporaneous."

Again he says:—

"How destructive to the influence of true piety among us, and to the actual increase of the power of the gospel, would be the success of their endeavors, who would shut out from us the use of extemporaneous prayer! The converted soul must pray; and although our liturgy, for the purposes of strictly public worship, for which it is designed, is unrivaled, and all that we want, it does not, and cannot, answer the purpose of many other occasions, when we need prayers most special and adapted. The attempt to make it the only vehicle of united prayers is the inevitable result of a formal spirit, and the parent of this spirit in others."

In the defense of this, his belief, he is earnest, bold, and independent—so much so as to become, perhaps, rather obnoxious to those who hold a different opinion. This position he did not hesitate to indorse on the trial of Bishop Onderdonk, and other occasions. Notwithstanding his habitual use of the prescribed forms, Dr. Tyng often makes very felicitous original prayers. An instance occurred, at one of the late anniversaries, where he offered a prayer, expressed almost entirely in Scripture language, and a performance of remarkable beauty.

His matter and manner are entirely his own. As eccentricity appears to be a distant relation of originality, many young aspirants for fame assume the one in order to obtain the reputation of possessing the other, and sometimes succeed, in part. But Dr. Tyng's originality is not protruded; it is impossible for him to be otherwise than original. He borrows nothing from another, for the simple reason that he has abundance in his own coffers. Nature has given him a mind of uncommon depth, and long and severe study has made it equal to the performance of any duty depending solely upon its own resources. Hence the most ordi-

nary subject reveals, under his treatment, new and unsuspected beauties, and the barren waste blossoms beneath the rays of his genial intellect.

It has been previously remarked that Dr. Tyng possesses an eminently well-disciplined mind. Like his voice, it is entirely under control; and in this respect he presents a most striking contrast to a celebrated minister of a neighboring city, whose discursive genius gathers gems from distant rivulets—who possesses a mind of a very singular construction—a kind of composite or mosaic, yet withal a most brilliant intellect. Dr. Tyng's mind, on the contrary, resembles in its operations a well-trained pointer, who follows one scent through briar and bush, seeking it out with unerring certainty from a hundred others; but this power of concentration is not the gift of genius—long years of laborious study have produced it. To years of such study Dr. Tyng's personal appearance bears witness, and still greater testimony is the abundant furniture of his mind on every subject, the closeness of his style, and the number of his sermons. During one winter, of which we happen to have special knowledge, he preached three times each Sabbath, and during Lent six times a week.

His style is close, as being free from any superfluity of expression, but by no means meager or confined. His sentences are well constructed, rounded, and rolled out in Ciceronian completeness. In attacking error he deals with the understanding as well as the feelings, and brings to bear upon his opponent solid argument rather than empty declamation. What has been said of the great man lately departed might be repeated with considerable truth of Dr. Tyng. Mr. Webster always treated his hearers with great respect; he never attempted to impose his *dicta* upon his hearers, in the manner of a political pedagogue, but spoke as to an assembly possessed of understandings equal to his own, and only to be convinced by sound and weighty reasoning.

A strong man in the pulpit, Dr. Tyng is still greater upon the platform. Here his command of language, discipline of mind, and oratorical talent become strikingly manifest. His extempore speeches, on most occasions, wear the aspect of most finished and elaborate productions. The same symmetry, force, and completeness is evident in these fifteen-minute efforts which characterize his sermons and written addresses. The whole English vocabulary seems to lie within his reach, and in the heat of emotion the proper words flow into their proper places in an unfailing stream. His reputation as a speaker is firmly established; he is one whose name upon a programme is a guarantee for at least one excellent treat in the entertainment. To a stranger, hearing Dr. Tyng for the first time in these extempore efforts, it appears scarcely credible that there has been no preparation—but so it is. This readiness and fullness is the result of a preparation which began in the academy, was continued in the college, and which is going on now. It is a great pleasure to listen to such a speaker. You feel confident that he is a man well fortified on every point—one who can meet any subject, and hold your attention unflagging to the close. He is, emphatically, a *master* of the art of extemporaneous speaking. We extract the following description of one of his efforts of this kind from a defunct periodical:—

"Perhaps he was never more eloquent and impressive in his life, never clothed his thoughts in more beautiful or forcible language, than on the occasion of a temperance anniversary at the Broadway Tabernacle, when he was called on to speak until another gentleman, appointed for the occasion, should arrive. He spoke ten minutes superbly, fully developed the thought he had presented, and would have sat down; but the expected speaker had not arrived; the audience insisted on his proceeding; and another ten minutes he poured out a strain of still more impassioned eloquence. Still there was no arrival; cries of 'go on,' 'go on,' again prevailed, and he started forward on the third heat, bearing away the hearts of all in their admiration of his burning words; eclipsing in his last effort all previous displays, and accomplishing in that most difficult task of 'speaking against time,' the most superb feat of platform oratory."

He has a large fund of anecdote, which he uses abundantly and with great effect in his speeches. He also abounds in metaphor and happy illustrations, and many a gem falls from his lips endowed with a peculiar beauty which the reporter's pen must fail to secure. Many of these happy hits are well worthy of more durable record than the memories of his hearers at the Tabernacle. We recollect a passage of a speech of Dr. Tyng's before the Tract Society in May of last year. In speaking of the advantages of the colporteur sys-

tem above those which could be attained by the separate Church action of denominations, he said—

"For us to enter upon this field is to enter upon our appropriate work. These five millions of emigrants, who have already passed over the ocean, and those who are coming still, need a *saddle-bags* ministry. Before I can go home and put on my gown, a thousand of them are gone by; and, before our doctors can get out with their written sermons, they are away over the hills! Now, unless we can get out an artillery that can shoot them flying, we can do nothing with them. And this is just what the colporteurs are doing."

We extract the following paragraph from a speech of Dr. Tyng's, at a meeting of the New-York Bible Society, held not long since in the Tabernacle:—

"William Tyndal, who commenced the translation of the Bible after it had been buried in the darkness of centuries, compared it to Isaac's opening the wells which his father Abraham had dug, and which the Philistines, in their hatred, had stopped. When they found a well of springing water the Philistines strove for it, and he called it 'Esek,' i. e., contention. And they digged another, and they strove for that also, and he called it 'Sitnah,' hatred. And they digged another, and for that they strove not, and therefore he called it 'Rehoboth,' room. And so it has always been in our attempts to open the well of God's word. It has produced hatred and strife, and we have not yet come to 'Rehoboth,' the broad 'Rehoboth,' where we may go on diffusing these waters of life without molestation."

Dr. Tyng's movements are those of a self-reliant and well-girded warrior, ready to do instant battle in the cause of truth, even though unassisted and alone. He is one of those who abhor neutrality, whose name is no dead-letter when enlisted on either side of a question. Such men are they who are found the ruling spirits when the masses rise for the destruction of tyranny; such men are foremost in the bloody charge of battle—the first to storm the breach and plant the banner; such men lead senates, and stand in the prominent places of the earth.

Dr. Tyng is somewhat impulsive, which indeed is to be expected in a man of such strong feelings; and this leads him sometimes, in the heat of public speaking, and excited by popular applause, to say things which his calmer judgment might not wholly approve. This is a common peccadillo among our distinguished platform orators—one which it is, perhaps, hardly fair to notice, as perfect caution and entire accuracy can scarcely be demanded in rapid and unpremeditated discourse, when the "demonstration of power," rather than of logic, is sought.

Dr. Tyng's bump of combativeness appears to be largely developed, although this impression may have been received from the fact of his having been so frequently compelled to act on the defensive. The necessity may, however, have been provoked, in part, by the trait of character mentioned above, but especially by the stand which he has taken in the controversy between the two parties of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Yet this combative disposition, when confined within proper limits, is not objectionable; combative error demands combative opponents, and there is an inspired exhortation to the Christian minister to be "a good soldier" of Christ. Luther, the mightiest champion of truth that this earth ever bore on her bosom, was of a disposition pugnacious to the last degree—almost quarrelsome. He often assumed a rude and bitter manner to his adversaries, in which respect, we are happy to say, Dr. Tyng is far from resembling that great man.

He is living a life of great results; he has accomplished much thus far, and appears still active, earnest, and vigorous enough to do much more. In New-York, he has done and is still doing a great work. His preaching evinces remarkable analytical powers. He seizes upon the strong points of a subject and treats them with a master's hand. The Scriptures seem to have received no small share of his attention and laborious investigation. This is evident in the lucid manner with which he evolves the meaning of a text, seldom failing to convey new and luminous ideas to the hearer during the exposition. The person, work, and character of Christ, appears to be his favorite subject of discourse, and he is never more animated than on days of communion, when the theme becomes peculiar to the occasion.

Dr. Tyng does not, usually, employ a manuscript, and in extemporaneous discourse he appears to possess no less accuracy of expression, readiness of utterance, and richness of style than in his written productions. He has published several works on religious subjects, and "Recollections of England."

He is now in the richest maturity of his faculties, and will evidently be a man of mark for years to come.

LADY MARY.

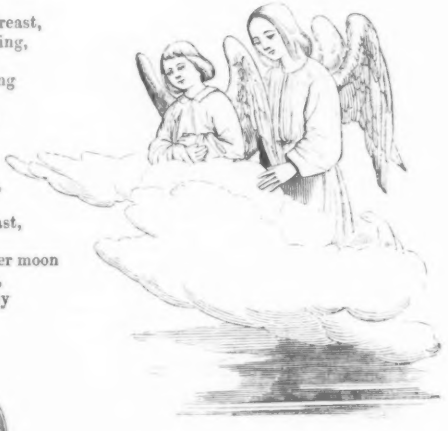
BY THE REV. H. ALFORD.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun:
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun:
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying,
At thine hour of rest:
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone:
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest:
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the Sun that shineth there.





We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel,
In the presence of the throne;
We shall see thee when the light divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

A THOUGHT.

And 'tis known
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbow'd by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities;
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness; whence the being moves
In beauty through the world, and all who see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighborhood.

Wordsworth.



RESIGNATION.

THE above graceful engraving is an exact representation of Hermann's much-admired statue. A late number of *L'Illustration*, a French popular periodical, says "he has not his equal in the world" in the execution of drapery. "This able production," adds *L'Illustration*, "will be appreciated by artists and amateurs; the attitude is touching, the lines are pure; the author has, above all, succeeded in the drapery." The picture expresses its own lesson better than could pages of homiletics.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

JOHNSON did not abandon all other literary pursuits while he was prosecuting his great philological task. At first he continued his occasional issues of pieces of moderate extent, and afterward for more than two years he devoted himself, with wonderful steadiness and with a rare fecundity of mental resource, to the production of a work upon whose merits his reputation is chiefly built. In the *Magazine* for May (1748) appeared his life of Roscommon, the same that now, improved and somewhat enlarged, makes one of the "Lives of the English Poets." The same year Dodsley brought out his "Preceptor," a compilation of choice pieces, designed for the instruction of young persons. To this work Johnson wrote the preface, in which each piece is noticed, and its excellences pointed out. In this volume also appeared an original allegory, from the pen of the future moralist, which, had he written nothing else, would have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his race. That piece was the "Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe." It is exceedingly doubtful whether any other human production embodies in the same space so much deep and yet practical Christian philosophy as does this brief allegory. It is, in fact, a practical system of the moral and religious philosophy of life, clothed in the beautiful language of the imagination, and expressed in a style at once forcible and felicitous. Johnson himself esteemed it the best thing he ever wrote; and yet it was begun and finished in a single night.

To this year, also, belongs his second and best poetical production, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal—though it was not published till after the beginning of the next. Like "London," it seems to have cost its author no great amount of labor, as it is stated, on good authority, that he composed seventy lines in one day, and that without putting one of them on paper till all were completed. The poem was issued by Dodsley, and the author received fifteen guineas for it, reserving to himself, as in all similar cases, the right of printing one edition. This new effusion of his muse was well received by Johnson's literary friends, and the verdict of posterity has assigned to it a high place among moral and didactic poems.

The remarks of Boswell upon this production, quite unlike most of his criticisms, are singularly just and appreciative. "It has," he remarks, "less of common life, but more of a philosophic dignity, than his 'London.' More readers, therefore, will be delighted with the pointed spirit of 'London' than with the profound reflection of the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' It is, in the opinion of the best judges, as high an effort of ethic poetry as any language can show. The instances and variety of disappointment are chosen so judiciously, and painted so strongly, that, the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind. That of the warrior, Charles of Sweden, is as highly-finished a picture as can possibly be conceived. That of the scholar [his own experience no doubt] must have depressed the too sanguine expectation of many an ambitious student. But were all the other excellences of this poem annihilated, it must ever have our grateful reverence for its noble conclusion, in which we are consoled with the assurance that happiness may be attained if we apply our hearts to piety."

The last four years of Johnson's history constitute a part of the most important and fruitful period of his whole life. During this period we have to contemplate him steadily and vigorously employed in scaling the rugged steep that lay between the low condition that he had so long held, and the elevated level which he subsequently attained. In this ascent he exhibited at once, and in harmonious coöperation, the distinct characteristics of genius and application, so happily illustrated by a kindred spirit in the allegory of the "Hill of Science." No slave at the oar ever bent himself more lustily to toil than did he, and the steadiness of his devotion to labor was such that had he been wholly without genius he could not have more fully availed himself of the aid of plodding application; and yet the evidences of transcendent genius were never more clearly and forcibly given than by the results of some of his efforts during this period of fruitful industry. The accumulation of that period purchased, with an ample price, the reputation, and the grosser, but not less essential rewards of labor, that sustained him during his later life.

Twelve years had now passed since Johnson first came to London, a forlorn adventurer, without friends, or fortune,

or reputation, and even without the mental culture and development necessary to insure success in the calling to which he had devoted himself. The interval had been passed in toil, obscurity, and want; by which his heart had been trained to endure, and his hands to act, while his genius had risen with the occasion, and his powers acquired facility by their unremitted exercise. The results were now manifesting themselves. He began gradually to emerge from his obscurity, and to rise to a more conspicuous position in society. The great world had not only heard his name, but had received assurances of his powers. He was now rapidly advancing to the position of the first of living authors, and had also the proud satisfaction of knowing that his acquisitions were all made by his own energies, and that he owed very little to friends or patrons. He was still, however, in the midst of the conflict, and much yet remained to be done before he could remit his painful and protracted labor to enjoy its full recompense. His recently-published works had won for him an invaluable reputation in the learned circles of London, and also raised him above the distressing poverty that had hitherto rested upon him with the weight of a millstone; and the published "Plan" of his Dictionary had excited public expectation, and fixed upon him the interested gaze of all who were capable of appreciating the value of such a production. Another portion of this period of Herculean labor is therefore to be traversed by his biographer, but one greatly relieved from the painful depression of former times.

More than once in the preceding pages reference has been made to an original tragedy undertaken by Johnson while residing near Lichfield, just before his first coming to London. The period of the growth of that production, unlike most of the works of its author, was somewhat protracted, reaching over a space of nearly three years; and the writer's estimate of its value seems to have been in some degree regulated by the labor it cost him. But an author's partialities are not always coincident with the judgment of the public, and Johnson's estimate of *Irene* was seconded by but few of his friends who had seen it, or heard it read. For twelve years it had been upon his hands, an unsuccessful suitor for an introduction to the public on the metropolitan stage. At length this long night of disappointment gave place to hope's dawning.

David Garrick, the early associate and fellow-adventurer of Johnson, and also his steady companion and faithful friend, had early taken to the stage, where his success as an actor had been highly flattering. He had steadily gone forward in his profession, till now, by common consent, he stood at its head. This unusual success had been achieved by the joint influence of his unequaled abilities as an actor, and the comparative excellence of his moral character, united to no small share of shrewdness as a man of business. His recompense was both early and abundant. Two years before he had become joint lessee, and the principal manager of the Theater Royal of Drury Lane. Two years of successful management had sufficed to make him the sole dictator of the London stage. The set time for the production of *Irene* seemed now to have arrived, and Garrick, with characteristic generosity, undertook to bring it out. But this was a more difficult undertaking than might at first be apprehended. *Irene*, with all its excellences, and notwithstanding its elaborate finish, was found to be not well adapted to the stage. The preparations of the closet are often unsuited to the circumstances of a public exhibition, and the author whose imagination does not *realize* the state of things for which his production is designed cannot expect to succeed as a dramatic writer. That Johnson, who at the time of writing his tragedy had never witnessed a theatrical performance, and with whom the imagination was at no time the predominating faculty, should have failed in these things, can surprise no one. It was found necessary to make very considerable changes to adapt the piece to the stage, to which however Johnson, with whom *Irene* was a great favorite, strenuously objected. But the manager knew his business—and, being convinced that what the writer esteemed real excellences, because of their literary and didactic properties, were incompatible with theatrical effect—he insisted on the required changes. He especially objected to the staid rigidity of the enamored Sultan, at the catastrophe of the plot, as unsuitable to the occasion, and desired that there should be a greater exhibition of passion. To this Johnson objected

vociferously: "The fellow," said he, "wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his head and kicking his heels." So strong was Johnson's repugnance to the proposed emendations, that it was not until induced to do so by the entreaties of a mutual friend that he assented that they should be made.

The conduct of Garrick in this whole affair was most generous. The best performers were selected for the several parts; all the usual arts for raising public expectation were employed, and every advantage of dress and decoration made available. But all these combined did not avail. The success of *Irene* on the stage was only partial, and for this partial success it was probably quite as largely indebted to the circumstances of its production as to its own intrinsic merits. It was acted for nine successive nights to considerably large and highly respectable audiences, who received this new production with a good degree of favor. On the first night, when, according to the original plan of the play, to which Garrick had made no objection, the bow-string was put around the neck of the Grecian princess, by which she was to be strangled on the stage, the spectators raised the cry of murder, and the fair victim was carried off alive. The play was afterward so altered that this part should take place behind the scene; for an English audience would not tolerate a form of execution so unfashionable among them, though in other forms equally revolting spectacles were witnessed without complaint. The profits to Johnson from these performances amounted to about two hundred pounds; and the copyright, which was immediately bought by Dodsley, brought another hundred pounds,—making altogether a greater sum than Johnson had been accustomed to have in hand at one time.

The merits of *Irene* have been very differently estimated. Its dramatic character is not of the highest order. It lacks the vivacity, the keenness, and especially the dramatic illusion by which apparent reality is given to the scene and its actions. The speakers are mere speakers, impassive and unimpassioned; and though they declare themselves to be bursting with emotion, they seem rather to be acting their assumed parts than expressing their own heart-felt sentiments. For these reasons it is not calculated to awaken strong emotions in the minds of the spectators; for why should they be moved when the actors themselves are not? The play of the passions is also prevented by the many and apt philosophical suggestions of the speakers; for reflection and emotion are not often consentaneous—and Johnson's characters are all philosophers. Garrick, whose judgment in such matters is worthy of much respect, declared that Johnson had neither the power to produce the impressions of tragedy, nor the sensibility to perceive them. It is probable that he discovered this himself, for few men have been better acquainted with their own powers and susceptibilities; and therefore he never made a second attempt to write for the stage.

Considered however apart from its dramatic character, as a poem to be read in the closet, or to a private circle, *Irene* has many excellences. Its language is pure, dignified, and simple; its imagery is pleasing but not gorgeous; its sentiments are noble and its philosophy profound. It may be read with both pleasure and profit by all who are delighted with elevated moral sentiments expressed in affluent and nervous language; and who choose to view things in their truthful reality rather than in the deceptive imagery of fancy or passion. But such are not the characters that make up the assemblage of the playhouse. Men go to the theater to be amused rather than to be profited, and require that their passions shall be aroused rather than their understanding enlightened or their consciences rectified. For this cause, as a judicious critic has remarked, "*Irene* may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theater but continue to please in the closet."

The production of *Irene* was neither a successful *hit* nor yet a failure. Johnson, no doubt, was disappointed; but as it brought him a considerable sum of money, and was commended by the judicious few whose good opinion he especially prized, he might patiently forego the popular applause; at least it was wise in him to bow uncomplainingly to the decree of the public judgment, and submit to his fate without irritation or despondency.

In pursuing the personal history of Johnson, long intervals must sometimes

be passed over in silence, because they afford nothing that deserves to be recorded. Such a chasm extends over the year 1749, from the beginning of March to about the same period of the next year. As yet he was known to the public only by his works; and only as from time to time he issued one or another of the productions of his pen does his history present any notable points. It is easy to presume that, what with his Dictionary, which was then in full progress, and such miscellaneous pieces as he contributed to the magazines, he wanted neither employment nor its recompense. When wearied with his protracted labors he found rest and relaxation at the Ivy Lane Club, while diligent application to business and improved financial resources in a good degree mitigated his constitutional melancholy, and fitted him to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse. He was also at that time meditating, and probably to some extent preparing for another great work, which was soon after undertaken and successfully carried forward to its completion—a work upon which, more than upon any other, rests his reputation as an author.

Johnson was always more a student of men and principles than of books. He had accumulated knowledge from whatever had come under his observation, which his unequaled reflective powers had thoroughly digested and reduced to elementary rules of life and manners. But he lacked the method and arrangement that was needed to enable him to form his knowledge into systems, and to embody it in treatises. The rambling manner of the periodical essayists of the age of Queen Anne seemed especially adapted to the structure and habitudes of his mind. But the essay had had its day; and after declining from the elevation that it maintained when employed by Addison and Steele, into a vehicle of commonplace thoughts and stale witticisms, it had more recently been almost wholly disused. This long interval of its suspension, Johnson hoped had somewhat prepared the public mind to welcome its revival in its original energy and purity; and when it was known that he had undertaken the work of restoring it, his reputation, both as a man and a writer, was considered a sufficient pledge that the work would not be permitted to languish.

Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, March 20th, 1750, appeared in the shops of the London booksellers a small folio sheet, headed, "The Rambler," whose contents consisted chiefly of an elaborate preliminary essay, designed to introduce a series of miscellaneous articles, which it promised for each succeeding Saturday and Tuesday. The new periodical was thus fairly begun before the public had been informed that it was even thought of, the author proudly refusing to court that favor which he knew himself to be worthy to command; and as it came forth unheralded, so its appearance made no great stir in the metropolis. But as sheet followed sheet, with the regularity of the calendar, and each new paper seemed to be an improvement upon its predecessor, public attention was drawn to it, and its varied contents were eagerly read and highly commended by those who could appreciate its worth. Still, during its periodical progress, it did not become popular—it was too full of thought for that—and its circulation seldom exceeded five hundred copies. Its authorship was not publicly acknowledged, but it could not be concealed; and though the name of Johnson at first gave strength and stability to the *Rambler*, yet in turn this debt was more than canceled, for the *errant* sheet bore the mental image of its author to many who had not hitherto heard his name. For two whole years the semi-weekly issues continued to appear, without a single omission, while the tone and spirit of the essays did not deteriorate to the last number—which is an admirable conclusion to the series, and a most dignified valedictory of the author to his readers.

In projecting and carrying forward this design, Johnson had neither counselors nor assistants; he consulted only his own judgment in the matter, and relied solely on his own resources and industry for its execution. Of the two hundred and eight papers that make up the series, all but eight were the product of his own unaided pen; and of these, four were partly written by himself. From the beginning he seems to have considered it the great work of his life, upon which his future reputation would depend, and by which his relation to mankind, as a benefactor or otherwise, would be determined. He therefore evoked to its performance the best resources of his well-stored intellect, and aroused for it all the energies of his soul. Deeply impressed with a conviction of the re-

sponsibility that such a work would devolve upon him in his relations to his fellow-men, he turned his heart to the only sure source of wisdom and strength, and, according to his custom on all great occasions, composed a prayer adapted to the case, in which, after confessing that, without divine help and grace, "all labor is ineffectual, and all wisdom is folly," he prayed that in this undertaking the Holy Spirit might not be withheld from him, but that he might [in it] promote the divine glory and the salvation of both himself and others. In the same spirit the work was prosecuted to the end, as all who have read it will be able to declare.

The title assumed for this series of essays has been thought not happily chosen, and some have censured it as especially inappropriate. But the work has given meaning to the name, and its inappropriateness is no longer felt. The author's account of the selection of this title is this:—"When I was to begin that paper, I was at a loss how to name it; I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. *The Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it." No doubt there were sufficient reasons present to his mind why that name "seemed best," and that it was especially designed to indicate the miscellaneous character of the essays—in which, probably, greater variety was anticipated than was realized. Nor is there any great force in the objections that have been urged against it by certain hypercritical writers. What if it was rendered in Italian, *Il Vagabondo?* A literal translation out of one language into another will almost always destroy the sense of the discourse and present grotesque absurdities, and he must be very keen of perception that could see in a literary *Rambler* any likeness to a *vagrant*.

The history of literature affords very few instances of such tireless assiduity as was evinced in the production of *The Rambler*. There is reason to believe that when the first number issued from the press, not one of its successors was completed; and, of the two hundred essays thus written by the same hand, not more than thirty were from materials previously arranged. Thus, with the steadiness of the sun, during two whole years, at each successive period of three days—he never wrote on Sundays—did Johnson compose from the stores of his own mind one of those essays which remain, and are destined to remain, the delight and admiration of the wise and good, while virtue and taste are found among men. Such a work would seem a great one had it been the sole occupation of its author for the time being; but during this entire period his chief occupation was with his Dictionary, which was steadily carried forward toward completion. It will be readily believed, therefore, that many of these papers were written hastily, and under the pressure of circumstances. A summons from the press sometimes found the work of preparation to be commenced; but the summons was always responded to in time to meet the appointed day of publication. This was literally true of the valuable paper on "Procrastination," (No. 134,) which was written in Sir Joshua Reynolds's parlor, while the boy waited to carry the copy to the printer. The materials that make up *The Rambler*, though not written, were very fully elaborated before its first number was published, and it was only necessary for its author to arouse himself, to enable him to draw upon those vast resources for the required measure of wisdom, wit, or philosophy. His mind was, during this period of his life, wonderfully vigorous and prolific, and its accumulated stores were thrown off with great facility, and in exhaustless profusion. So completely had he yoked his understanding to his pen, and disciplined both to a steady and regulated movement, that with him writing and thinking were equally natural and agreeable exercises.

It should not be supposed, however, that *The Rambler*, as we now have it, is in all particulars the same that appeared in the original sheets. The author continued to polish and correct it down to the fourth edition, and so extensive were the emendations in some instances as to amount to a reconstruction of the original pieces. No other method is so favorable to the attainment of high literary excellence as this frequent revisal of one's works after their publication; but it is now seldom practicable, on account of the extensive application of the art of stereotyping. To such frequent and thorough revisals, as well as to the extensive knowledge and great mental energy shown in their composition, are we indebted for the unparalleled excellence of these noble essays.

Though the author of *The Rambler* found cause, at the close of the series, to acknowledge that he "had never been much of a favorite with the public," yet his works did not, even in that period, fail to elicit the commendation of many of those whose good opinions he most highly valued. The better part of the literary press spoke of *The Rambler* in high terms of praise; and frequent allusions to *The Spectator*, when its merits were discussed, showed that a higher note had been struck than had sounded in English ears since the days of Addison. But above all was Johnson gratified by the commendations of his wife, in whose judgment he had great confidence, and who, after a few numbers of *The Rambler* had come out, said to him, "I thought very well of you before, but I did not imagine that you could have written anything equal to this." This is a form of praise, says Boswell, "that comes home to a man's bosom."

Among the early indications of the public estimation of these essays was their serial reproduction at Edinburgh as they came forth from the London press. Mr. James Elphinstone, the master of a grammar-school near that city, having become acquainted with the earlier numbers of *The Rambler*, was so well pleased with them that he persuaded a bookseller at the Scotch capital to reprint them. They were accordingly issued in a beautiful duodecimo edition, elegantly printed on writing paper, and scrupulously copied from the London sheets. In this edition, Mr. Elphinstone inserted versified translations of the classical mottoes placed at the head of each paper, in which he was followed by Johnson himself in the subsequent editions of *The Rambler;* and so well was he pleased with Elphinstone's translations that he retained many of them in preference to those of the great poets who had rendered the authors from which they were taken into English verse. Johnson was greatly pleased with so decided an evidence that his labors were appreciated, and, in a letter to Mr. Elphinstone, heartily thanked him for the interest he had manifested in the work.

This first reprint of *The Rambler* was completed in eight volumes, but, as the impression was a small one, copies of it have become scarce, and command large prices as literary curiosities. Though it was often commended for its accuracy, it differs largely from the later editions issued by the author, owing to the extensive emendations found in these impressions. Before the periodical issues had terminated, four volumes of the essays had been reissued by the original publisher, and two more, with indexes and translations of the mottoes, followed soon after the close of the work. Ten large editions were published during the author's lifetime, besides those issued in Scotland and Ireland.

Like most works designed to illustrate human character, and to act directly upon public manners, *The Rambler* contains allusions to cotemporaneous facts, and some of its ideal images were, in their day, thought to be life-pictures of well-known characters. Of the former class is the seventh paper, treating of the necessity and value of religious meditation; it was written during Passion-week, and not improbably on Good Friday—a day that the writer regarded with much solemnity. That on "Procrastination," we have seen, was suggested by his own neglect to make timely preparations for the required publication of the essay. Of his sketches of characters, that of *Prospero* (No. 200) was assigned to Garrick. Those of *Gelidus* and *Eupheus*, (No. 24,) respectively to Professor Coulson, the mathematician, and Lord Chesterfield. But in this last case the reference is exceedingly doubtful, since it has been assigned to two others, both very unlike the great "king among wits," and equally unlike each other. Nor is it at all certain that Johnson had Coulson in his mind when he drew the character of *Gelidus;* and one would gladly be persuaded that *Prospero* was not intended for Garrick. In this case there is, however, but little room for doubt. It was immediately recognized by its subject, and by many of the mutual friends of the parties; and Johnson did not deny the correctness of the application. Satire is always a dangerous weapon, especially so because he who uses it is apt so much to delight in the displays of his cruel power that he employs it almost indiscriminately against friends and enemies. Johnson had much cause to regard Garrick kindly, and there is no doubt that he did; but seeing him becoming elated by prosperity, *and knowing his tender spots*, the temptation to sting him with grave ridicule was too strong to be resisted. It is said that Garrick, who had patiently sub-

mitted to many a hard thrust from his old instructor, writhed grievously under this infliction, and never entirely forgave it.

Among the distinguishing properties of *The Rambler*, the knowledge of human character that it displays is especially remarkable. In no other work may be found so great a variety of sententious aphorisms relating to the original properties and operations of the mind. Psychological axioms, which in treatises on mental philosophy are elaborated with voluble diffuseness, here stand out stated in direct terms, and commended to universal favor by their obvious fitness. The author's views of life are, indeed, generally sombre, but their rigid truthfulness is not therefore the less probable. A teacher of morals is almost necessarily a censor; and Johnson had too much sympathy with human misery to allow him to laugh at the follies that produce it. No doubt his constitutional melancholy had something to do with his writings, but it may be questioned whether this did more to obscure the aspects of life, or to dispel the illusion that too commonly rests upon it. He had already attempted to illustrate "the vanity of human wishes;" the theme, however, was not exhausted, but required to be viewed in all its aspects, and to be discussed in the familiar style of the essayist. Nevertheless, the tendency of *The Rambler* is not to create a moping sadness and fruitless despondency. Hope is everywhere its pervading spirit; but the objects which it sets before hope are not airy castles based upon emptiness, nor is the way to their attainment over flowery plains and along the banks of gently-flowing streams. Labor, study, and effort are constantly insisted upon as the indispensable price of improvement, and true greatness is everywhere shown to be the result of virtuous self-control. A system of practical morals more pure and elevated cannot be found outside of the New Testament, while the motives by which they are urged in opposition to the indiscretion of youth and the selfishness of maturer life are at once wholesome and strongly impulsive. The author was too much in earnest in this business to treat it otherwise than seriously and zealously. He would, indeed, at times unbend himself to play with fictions, and to amuse his readers with allegories; but the great purpose for which he wrote was never lost sight of.

One feature of *The Rambler* has not been sufficiently noticed by those who have attempted to estimate its worth—the decidedly evangelical character of its religious teachings. It was not the design of the work to present a system of theological doctrines, nor yet to employ the hortatory style that befits the pulpit; yet have we here an exhibition of the fundamental practical truths of Christianity, and the motives to repentance, and the obedience of faith presented in a style and manner scarcely less direct and earnest than may be found in the exercises of the pulpit itself. Too often nominally Christian writers, when treating of religious matters, studiously avoid the peculiarities of the Christian system—those sublime verities of revelation, in which not only the chief excellence, but the very essence of Christianity consists. But it was not so with Johnson. Seldom does one find a more Scriptural statement of the nature of repentance and forgiveness of sins than that given in the one hundred and tenth *Rambler*. Like praise may be bestowed on the seventh, relative to religious meditation; and also on the fifty-fourth, as a contemplation on death, of almost unrivaled excellence. So much does this wear the appearance of reality that it was presumed to have been written under the influence of a personal contact with the scenes and circumstances that are depicted so truthfully, till the author himself declared that such was not the case. Those eminent Christian duties—the forgiveness of injuries, forbearance toward the erring, patience under sufferings, purity of life, and the government of the imagination and thoughts are all frequently and earnestly inculcated—but not in the spirit of a selfish philosophy which commends virtue chiefly because it is temporally profitable, but by the authority and motives that arise from the revelation of holiness and immortality. The standpoint of *The Rambler* is that of the moralist rather than that of the divine; but its morality is that of the Bible, and for both its impelling spirit and directing wisdom, as well as for its great and final recompense, it is indebted to revelation—an indebtedness that is always cheerfully acknowledged.

But though *The Rambler* is always serious and in earnest in its purposes, yet it not unfrequently descends to the famil-

iarities of companionship, and regales its readers with the elegances of figures and the pleasantries of humor. Some of its fancy sketches of character are equal to anything of the kind in the whole range of letters, displaying at once a deep insight into human nature and a genial sympathy with the miseries of human life. As an example, let the hundred and sixty-fifth be consulted—the story of the man who late in life returns to receive the honors of his native country, and meets with only mortification instead of respect; or, for an illustration of the burden of a great reputation, the sixteenth may be read, detailing, half in earnest and half in irony, the misery into which an author had plunged himself by the publication of his works, arousing by his suddenly-attained distinction all the malignity of his enemies, and frightening his friends into an unapproachable distance from him, and giving such importance to whatever he uttered that he feared to speak at all, lest he should mislead. Its oriental tales and allegories are especially brilliant, and, by reason of the gorgeousness of their language and imagery, exceedingly life-like. The whole work abounds in classical quotations and allusions, and also in references to the best modern writers, evincing great intellectual resources, acquired by reading and study, as well as by observation and reflection.

The style of *The Rambler* has been very generally censured as wanting the simplicity and naturalness that distinguish that of the "Spectator." By some, indeed, it has been strongly condemned as turgid, involved, and deformed with unusual and high-sounding words. The justice of these complaints, at least in a mitigated degree, will not be denied by any intelligent reader. But the style is Johnson's own; and though somewhat stiff and pompous, it is not affected. Every original thinker has his own way of clothing his thoughts, and the differences may generally be traced to constitutional differences of mind. Accidental causes frequently modify these natural tendencies; but only feeble writers can be conformed in style to a foreign model. There is a good degree of agreement between the thoughts of *The Rambler* and its language and manner, and in many instances the words seem to labor under the excessive weight of meaning that is laid upon them. Still, an easier mode of expression would have been preferable, and especially a less proportion of naturalized classical terms would have been more pleasing. But many of the censures against the style of *The Rambler* are quite unreasonable, and a great proportion of the terms whose use was at first condemned as intolerable and ridiculous, have since come into general vogue, both in writing and conversation. The writers of the age of Queen Anne did much to simplify, but very little to strengthen, the language; but this deficiency was abundantly supplied by the swelling periods and gorgeous diction of *The Rambler* and other works of its author. The union of these extremes by later writers has raised our language to its present state of fullness and elegance, and proved that strength and simplicity are not incompatible.

It was wisely managed that this great work should not be permitted to decline from the high level at which it had been begun and continued, and that when its course had been sufficiently protracted it should cease while in its full strength. Its later numbers show, as we have said, no declension from the vigor and sprightliness of the earlier ones, and the final one is a noble effort of self-possessed genius, reviewing its own works and justly estimating their value.

On Saturday morning, March 14th, 1752, the day that brought *The Rambler* to the end of its second year, the regular semi-weekly essay opened with the announcement, that "Time, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labors of *The Rambler*." No reason is assigned for its cessation, but the cool reflection, that as few had taken much interest in its progress, so probably its close would cause but little inquiry. This, however, was not the language of disappointed hopes, nor of voluntary self-depreciation. With just self-respect the writer proceeds: "But I have no design to gratify pride by submission, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect from those whose regard I never solicited. If I have not been distinguished by the distributors of literary honors, I have seldom descended to the arts by which favor is obtained . . . . . In my papers no man could look for censures of his enemies or praises of himself; and they

only were expected to peruse them whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity." This was worthy of the retiring *Rambler*—a noble exemplification of his own precepts. His greeting to the critics, to whom he was now committing his perfected series of essays, is in much the same spirit. Like the prologue to *Irene*, it rather defies than deprecates criticism; and, proudly conscious of the value of the work his unaided powers had originated, the author now declined to divide the honor with another. "The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him for a moment from oblivion; and though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dullness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at last violate it by the confession of terrors that I do not feel; having labored to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of a dedication." And, at last, considering the probable influence of his work upon the moral and eternal destinies of men, with that consolation of a good conscience, which is the exclusive privilege of real virtue, he adds: "I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honors which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth." So ended *The Rambler*, like the swan of classic fable, giving forth its richest notes with its expiring breath. In a subsequent edition, while looking forward for an infinitely better recompense than any of those that he had cast aside, though usually most earnestly coveted, he added a Greek motto, expressive of his expectation of a reward from Heaven.

For the purpose of saying all that needed to be said of *The Rambler* in one place, the whole period of its issue, extending over two whole years, has been considered together. Several cotemporary affairs, however, require to be noticed. It might seem that, between *The Rambler* and the Dictionary, Johnson would have found but little time for any other literary undertaking; still others, though generally of comparatively little importance, were undertaken. In 1751 he wrote the "Life of Cheynel," which was first published in a miscellany, called *The Student*. About this time he also became engaged in an affair of a strange and almost unaccountable character. Between Johnson and Milton were many strong points of resemblance, though often their common characteristic traits were arrayed in antagonistic positions. This was especially the case as to political opinions and affinities; Milton was a partisan republican, and Johnson, with even greater violence, was a high-toned monarchist. The character and genius of Milton could not be wholly separated in Johnson's mind from his hated political creed; and, as he was greatly the subject of his own prejudices, it is not strange that his admiration for genius yielded to his hatred of republicanism. Johnson was quite incapable of doing justice even to the genius of Milton, to say nothing of his personal and political character; and while he yielded just praise to his one great work, he was quick to detect and inexorable in condemning any real or imaginary fault in his minor poems. A striking example of this is seen in his criticism on Samson Agonistes in the *Rambler;* a more palpable case was given in an affair that occurred about this time. But first we must observe him doing homage to the genius of the author of "Paradise Lost."

There was then residing at London a granddaughter of the great poet, in deep penury, for whose benefit a project was set on foot to have the *Comus* of Milton acted in Drury-Lane Theater. The affair was adapted to awaken a lively interest in the heart of the great moralist, who adored genius as far as he could get the better of his prejudices, and was always ready to do good to distressed merit. He therefore entered into the affair with characteristic impetuosity, and wrote the Prologue for the occasion, spoken by Garrick, in which the genius of Milton is confessed, and his claims on the admiration of the nation are set forth in decided but not extravagant terms. Not content with this, on the day before the performance he addressed a letter to the public through the *General Advertiser*, stating the object of the proposed exhibition, and soliciting their patronage, as a worthy token of gratitude to exalted genius, as well as of kindness to distressed worth. In all this the kindness of a genial nature was predominant, while for the time

the demon of prejudice was effectually exorcised.

Not long afterward, however, the scene was reversed, and the partisan was raised above both the scholar and the man. The affair in which he now became engaged, and in which he was more sinned against than a sinner, forms a curious page in the history of literature, and some of its passages are still vailed in hopeless obscurity. One Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, with a strange mixture of impudence and perverted ingenuity, attempted to convict the author of "Paradise Lost" of wholesale plagiarism, in stealing from a great number of modern Latin poets the principal parts of that admired production. Lauder's pretended disclosures were at first given out by littles, through the periodical press, and afterward collected together with additional matter in a pamphlet; and to this odd production Johnson was by some means induced to furnish a Preface and a Postscript, and thus in some degree to indorse the whole production. Boswell, who seems extremely anxious to exonerate his friend from the odium of an affair so discreditable, casts the whole blame of the transaction on Lauder, (who was indeed a chief sinner in the affair,) and pleads in Johnson's favor the interest he was at that very time manifesting for Milton's granddaughter. But Sir John Hawkins being less tender of Johnson's reputation, and also having much better opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the matter than Boswell, speaks unhesitatingly of Johnson's enmity toward Milton as well-known and undisputed, and to this he ascribes the course pursued in the present case. After stating the facts as to Lauder, much as Boswell did after him, he remarks: "While the book [Lauder's Pamphlet] was in press the proof-sheets were submitted to the inspection of our club by a member of it, who had an interest in its publication; and I could all along observe that Johnson seemed to approve not only of the design but of the argument, and seemed to exult in a persuasion that the reputation of Milton was likely to suffer by the discovery. That he was not privy to the imposture I am well persuaded, but that he wished well to the argument must be inferred from the preface." The reply of Johnson's friend to Sir John's free criticism of the strange course pursued by him in this matter fails to entirely exculpate him. It is not enough to show that about the same time Johnson was speaking highly of Milton's genius, and exerting himself in behalf of his impoverished granddaughter. Consistency was not among the distinguishing traits of Johnson's mind; and it is not incredible that he should nearly at the same time praise the poetical excellence of Milton, and also half-unconsciously exult in the thought that the fame of the arch-republican was likely to be somewhat abated. If, as his apologists contend, he was actuated "by an ardent love of truth," how did it happen that he who had once proposed to write a history of modern Latin poetry made no attempt to verify the pretended quotations of Lauder before he lent to them the influence of his pen? That Johnson expected less from these pretended discoveries than Lauder seemed to, is very probable; nor can we suppose that he anticipated the overthrow of Milton's reputation as a thing either possible or to be desired—though it is said that that reputation was for a while evidently sinking in the public estimation—but it is quite evident that Milton's politics had something to do with the course that Johnson took in the case.

But the whole affair was presently brought to the light, and the intended disgrace made to recoil upon the guilty author of the libelous criticism; nor did his abettors wholly escape some share of the discredit of so base a transaction—though Johnson was treated very tenderly by the defenders of Milton's injured reputation. Dr. John Douglass, a clergyman of great moral worth, and a ripe scholar, having had his attention directed to the subject, as a matter of critical interest, set about verifying Lauder's quotations, when he discovered that the principal part of them were forgeries, or else quotations from Hogg's Latin version of "Paradise Lost," credited to other authors, and produced as instances of Milton's plagiarisms. These discoveries were, of course, immediately made public, and were at once fatal to the base designs of the author of the fraud.

Lauder was first called to account by his publisher, to whom he impudently acknowledged the fraud, and expressed no little surprise at the "folly of mankind in making such a route about eighteen or twenty lines." Johnson was deeply morti-

fied when he came to see the position into which Lauder's baseness and his own indiscretion had brought him, and immediately adopted the most effectual means for his own vindication. He wrote, in the name of the libeler, a full and explicit confession of the imposition he had practiced, detailing all its principal features, and this he compelled Lauder to sign and lay before the public. Thus disgraced, it might have been expected that the miserable wretch would have hidden himself in friendly obscurity from the scorn of an insulted community; but his insolence was equal to his meanness. He presently recalled the confession he had made through fear rather than shame, and, by a new array of pretended evidence, renewed his attacks upon Milton. But a self-convicted libeler is not a formidable antagonist, especially as to the credibility of the statement adduced by the disputants, and, despite of the pertinacious efforts of insane malevolence, aided by falsehood and impudence, the reputation of the great English epic escaped without loss. Lauder, seeing the futility of his labors, and meeting everywhere the contempt he merited, soon after emigrated to Barbadoes, where, a few years later, he died in poverty and disgrace.

As a relief from the grave and earnest pursuits in which Johnson was principally occupied, the following account of a scene of conviviality, held in the Spring of 1751, is introduced from Hawkins:—

"Mrs. Lenox, a lady since well-known to the literary world, had just written her first work, which was about to be issued from the press. Johnson proposed that the club should celebrate the event by spending a whole night in festivity. Accordingly about twenty persons, mostly members of the club, and their lady-friends, with Mrs. Lenox and her husband, assembled at a tavern, where the festivities had been provided for. The supper was a sumptuous one, and Johnson had directed that among the good things of the table should be a magnificent apple-pie, stuck full of bay-leaves, in honor of the prospective authoress. He had also prepared a laurel crown, with which, after appropriately invoking the Muses and performing certain rites invented for the occasion, he encircled her brows. The night was passed in lively conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at intervals with refreshments of coffee and tea." About five in the morning, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade; but most of the company were so exhausted that they were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day dawned!"

This account very faithfully illustrates Johnson's manner as a convivialist. He rigidly abstained from intoxicating drinks, though he did not hesitate to provide them for others, and he delighted in the boisterous glee and unrestrained liberty of such assemblies, while it seemed rather a relief than a labor for him to turn the night into day.

Early in the Spring of 1752 a dark shadow was thrown over Johnson's otherwise brightening affairs. Mrs. Johnson's health, which had been unsteady for two or three years previous, during the preceding winter had been much worse, and, declining rapidly toward the approach of Spring, on the seventeenth of March she expired. Nothwithstanding the disparity of their years, which, however, was steadily becoming relatively less, it is evident that the passionate affection with which their union began was perpetuated on his part, or changed into a settled esteem by the excellences of character which he gladly recognized in her. Of this he gave sufficient evidence during her lifetime; and had there before been a doubt on the subject, his conduct on the occasion of her death would have removed it. Her death took place at an early hour in the morning, and immediately a messenger was dispatched by the bereaved husband to Rev. Dr. Taylor, with whom he was then on terms of intimacy, and whom he seems to have recognized as his spiritual assistant, with a note announcing the sad event, and breathing the deepest sorrow. Taylor was at Westminster, where the intelligence reached him at three o'clock in the morning, and, agreeable to the request contained in the note, hastened at once to the house of mourning. He there found Johnson completely overwhelmed with sorrow, and terribly agitated both in mind and body. After an interview of a few moments Johnson proposed prayer, in which Taylor first led in an *extempore* petition adapted to the occasion, and Johnson followed, praying in the same manner, his supplications being mingled with deep groanings and subdued sobbings. His grief was somewhat allayed by these exercises and the presence of a sympathizing friend, so that he presently regained his self-control. As the morning advanced Taylor returned home, but after a short time he received a second note from Johnson, saying, "Let me have your company and instruction.

Do not live away from me. My distress is great. . . . Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the hope of man."

The sorrow that so overwhelmed his spirit while the sensible form of death was before him, was not wholly assuaged by its removal. The shock was terrible upon his morbidly susceptible system, and, co-operating with the constitutional tendencies of his mind, affected him for a long time, and most painfully. All the events of his life since his marriage were passed in review; and though he probably had as little cause as most men to reproach himself on account of neglects of his domestic duties, yet, with deep self-abasement, he confessed his faults and earnestly sought the forgiveness of Heaven.

His prayers and meditations, published since his death, disclose the depth and permanence of his sorrow, and also indicate the tendency of his mind in these afflicting circumstances. Believing as he did most implicitly the great Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of the conscious activity of disembodied spirits, he contemplated his departed wife as not dead, but withdrawn from his sensible perception, though not certainly from his presence. He accordingly desired and prayed that, if such might be the will of Heaven, he might be favored with the guardianship of her spirit, and also with intimations of her presence, "by appearances, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to the divine government." In this matter probably his feelings did not differ very widely in kind, though in degree they were doubtless unusually intense, from those of many others who have been called to give up by death those to whom their hearts' affections were closely united.* One year after his bereavement he wrote in his diary: "I kept this day as the anniversary of my wife's death, with prayers and tears in the morning. In the evening I prayed for her *conditionally—if it were lawful*." At another time he composed a prayer, in which were these petitions, "And, O Lord, *so far as it may be lawful in me*, I commend to thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; beseeching thee to grant her whatsoever is best in her present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness." It is certainly no dishonor to our nature, that the affections which linger with such intense interest around the memories of departed friends, should also follow them into the spirit-world, with some portion of the solicitude that we bore for them while on earth. And though we may be fully assured that Infinite Goodness will do all things well, still our yearning sympathies impel us to ask what we so strongly desire, though our judgment reprove us for our want of faith. Johnson no doubt, in common with the great mass of the Christian world, believed in the reality of an intermediate state of departed spirits, and anticipated the resurrection and general judgment as the beginning of the final recompense. It was therefore perfectly consistent with orthodox propriety for him to speak of her being received to *eternal* happiness as something yet in the future, though not therefore certainly contingent.

Mrs. Johnson was buried in the church of Bromley, in Kent, the residence of Dr. Hawkesworth, with whom Johnson was on terms of intimacy. Her funeral-sermon he wrote himself, in the interval between her death and burial, intending that it should be delivered by Dr. Taylor on that melancholy occasion; but, for sufficient temporary reasons, it was not. It has since, however, been given to the public, with other sermons from his pen; and when we consider at once its character, and the circumstances in which it was composed, it cannot fail to excite our admiration. As a perpetual remembrance of his departed wife, Johnson preserved her wedding-ring as long as he lived, carefully deposited in a little box, on the bottom of which was written her name, with the dates of her marriage and death, and certain significant indications of grief for her loss.

* In this, Johnson seems to have realized in his own heart what he had long before expressed with great force and elegance, in the Apostrophe of Demetrius to the soul of Aspasia:—

> From those bright regions of eternal day,
> Where now thou shinest among thy fellow-saints,
> Array'd in purest light, look down on me
> In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams.
> O! sooth my soul and teach me how to lose thee.
> *Irene.*

IDLENESS is the Dead Sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulcher of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

A VISIT TO WINDSOR—QUEEN VICTORIA.

ONE day, one of my beautiful days at ——, we drove—my amiable hostess and myself—to Windsor, where Queen Victoria was then residing with her family. The castle and its neighborhood are among the most noble and most magnificent in England, and deserve to be visited for their own sake. Nevertheless, it is possible that the chance which was thus afforded me of seeing England's Queen was the attractive power in my case. I had been assured that I might easily be presented; but there was not attractive power enough to draw me to the Queen on those terms, as then various requirements of the toilet would have had to be taken into consideration. Yet surely, for such a woman, and for such a Queen, I might very willingly take a deal of trouble, and put on my best clothes—merely for the pleasure of looking into her eyes and touching her hand.

Lightly rolled our easy little carriage on our way to Windsor. The day was mild, but cloudy; we had both umbrellas and parasols with us, that we might be prepared either for rain or sunshine. We drove along a garden-like, cultivated country, here and there scattered over with peasants' cottages and pretty country residences. After an agreeable drive of two hours, we reached the park of Windsor, which appeared to me extensive and rich in noble trees, while it lacked the romantic beauty and picturesque character of the royal parks of Sweden, as Djurgärden, Haga, and Rosenborg.

From the commencement of the magnificent avenue, commanded by the equestrian statue of George III. on a rock, the Castle of Windsor presents itself in magnificent perspective, with its battlemented walls and tower, and its fluttering banner, reposing firmly and quietly on its height, with a background of ethereal space.

The Normans first erected the castle. William the Conqueror, charmed by the glorious prospect from this height, fortified the castle here by his own strong hand. And all the English monarchs who have resided there have left some memorial of their love for that proud and beautiful abode. The noble, magnanimous Edward III., born at Windsor, built nearly the whole of the castle. The tyrannical, sensual Henry VIII., the husband and murderer of many wives, built the gate which still bears his name. Bloody Queen Mary celebrated here her honeymoon with the husband so worthy of her, Philip II. Queen Elizabeth built the most magnificent of the terraces. Charles I. lived here, first as king, and afterward as prisoner. Charles II. left here traces of his love for pomp and luxury of all kinds. William III. and Queen Anne beautified the park by planting avenues of elm and beech. George III., who lived almost entirely at Windsor, restored the antique beauty of the castle. Windsor was his favorite residence. There he abode in his youthful days, and during his whole life, abounding in storms and victories; here he was confined when the eyeballs of mind and body became darkened; here he might be seen wandering about in dressing-gown and long white beard, the blind eyes rolling restlessly, now and then striking on the piano a few notes, a few accords of his favorite Handel, but deaf to the sound of the bell which tolled for the burial of his granddaughter, the heir of his crown, the beloved of his people—deaf to the rolling wheels of the funeral procession which conducted her to the grave, which seemed as if it would not open for him.

Next came George the Fourth, lavishing gold and finery upon Windsor, to make it a suitable home for pleasure and dissipation more heathenish than Christian, and shrinking from the public eye, and thus he was compelled to purchase, at a great cost, a lofty tower, which a curious subject had built close beside the park, for the opportunity of seeing what went forward there, especially in the neighborhood of the charming Virginia Water, where the monarch was accustomed to row about in a little boat ornamented with Mohammedan symbols.

George the Fourth left at Windsor many portraits and statues of himself, but not a single noble memory.

But that did William the Fourth, the sailor-king, as he is called, and the good Queen Adelaide. They made Windsor a favorite place of resort for the people, whose eyes they did not shun, but whom they loved to see around them, as parents do their children.

Under Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is Windsor less than ever a home of

pomp and festivity? No! but more and more is it the home of human virtues, both public and private. People do not talk of the pleasures of the royal pair, but they speak of their excellent schools for poor children, and their excellent institutions for old servants. People do not build inquisitive towers in the enchanting neighborhood of Virginia Water, that they may spy out the secret pleasures of royalty, but they drive thither to see the beautiful farms which Prince Albert has designed, where happy human beings live and children play.

We drove through avenues three English miles long on each side the park, composed of beautiful trees, elms and beeches. The view of the castle the whole way, with its round tower and fluttering banner, is really magnificent. We drove through the little town of Windsor, and then up to the castle. We first visited the chapel, a beautiful antique building, which powerfully moves the excited mind to devotion, and then, while waiting for admission into the castle, walked to and fro upon the terrace—Queen Elizabeth's work and place of exercise; in truth, a promenade fit for a proud queenly spirit. The view from this point is so extensive and free that one seems to behold half the globe at one's feet. Through the vast expanse of meadow, the royal Thames meanders, gleaming forth like silver, while the spires of Eton College raise themselves commandingly above a multitude of lesser towers, country churches, villages, and towns, till at length, in the blue distance the horizon incloses the rich and immense landscape in a half-circle. How Queen Elizabeth must have felt as she gazed on this picture!

Elizabeth Tudor! I love her not, for she was not a noble woman, however grand she might be as a sovereign; but I love her picture in history, love it for the contrasts which it presents. The proud queen on the terrace at Windsor, with half the world at her feet; and then later, during the last days of her life, heart-broken by the treachery of Essex and his death on the scaffold, sitting silent, with eyes riveted on one spot, the finger pressed upon the closed lips, refusing medicine, wishing for death, deaf to all words, excepting those of prayer. How unlike are the pictures! I think that I love her best in the last, because she died with a yet warm heart.

This Elizabeth stands, nevertheless, with a rare glory in history, alone in more than one way. Happiness and misery, love and hate, victories and the scaffold; the utmost splendor of noon-day, the deepest darkness of night; and amid all these a will, an intellect, which knew how to govern, to govern itself as well as others—an extraordinary human life!

Beside this stands Queen Victoria, as a sunbright idyl.

We went into the apartments of the castle; I shall not say much of their magnificence or of their paintings. I was more struck with what I saw in Warwick Castle; besides, as the queen was now residing at Windsor, the most beautiful rooms and the best pictures were not shown. Of the latter, none made a deeper impression on my memory than the excellent portraits of Pope Pius VII., and of Cardinal Gonsalvi, perhaps in some degree from the remarkable contrast, in form and character, which these presented with those of the English statesmen, on the opposite side of the gallery. The most refined and the highest degree of intellectual character is expressed in these beautiful Italian forms, speaks in their penetrating eyes, seems to exist in the very touch of the tips of their fingers: one might say that the noblest Italian wine flowed in their veins.

Will Queen Victoria drive out to-day? we inquired from some of the castle attendants. No one could say positively: the queen had gone out on horseback several times last week, perhaps also to-day she might ride out in the afternoon.

We had already been two hours at Windsor, it was now past three in the afternoon, and as we wished to reach home before dusk, and as we saw no signs of a royal cavalcade, we determined to wait no longer, but to set out on our homeward way. We went down to the carriage which had drawn up below, outside the iron gates, the nearest approach to the castle. Here we found about a hundred persons assembled, mostly of the lower class, although well dressed, who appeared to be waiting for something that was to come from the castle, toward which they looked up.

We had just taken our seats in the carriage when we heard it said, "The queen is coming."

So it was! Queen Victoria with Prince

Albert, and their attendants, came riding down from the castle, and on toward the iron gates, which opened for them. We drew up our carriage in order to see the queen as perfectly as possible; and that was not difficult, for she came on slowly, and looked quietly around her. She was dressed in a black, closely-fitting riding habit, a black riding hat, without vail or ornament, and rode upon a brown horse. To the left of the queen rode Prince Albert, on her right an elderly gentleman, who looked like a German. After the queen, upon a pony, rode her eldest son, the young Prince of Wales, no one on either side; after him came a stately lady and two gentlemen, with three servants following. All were dressed in black, all rode upon brown horses; the whole cavalcade looked as simple and unpretending as possible. I had my eyes riveted upon the queen. She seemed to me, between the two tall gentlemen, almost like a little girl. I remembered the imposing figure and glance of our Northern Queen. I could not judge of the much-praised and beautiful form of the head on account of the riding hat, which also concealed the upper part of the forehead. However, the small figure appeared to me remarkably well proportioned and elegant, and she sate her horse, which seemed to carry her as if in sport, gracefully and well.

She looked at us, and saluted us with a short nod of the head. There was more of kindness, however, in Prince Albert's glance and bow. Then came the little Prince with his hat lifted from his head, and the light locks raised by the wind, a delicate-looking boy, but with eyes and an expression from which an angel seemed to glance, so grave and gentle did he look, that lovely nine years' old boy! The sight of him affected me greatly, and I could not help saying in Swedish, "God bless thee, thou beautiful child!"

Some over-loyal little boys waved their hats so zealously that the queen said to them "Put on your hats! you frighten the horses!" And, turning at the same moment toward where we were, I saw an expression on her pouting under-lip of which I would willingly have seen more, because there was in it suppressed merry laughter.

But they rode on, the cavalcade turned to the left into a by-road of the woods, and vanished among the green trees. I said farewell to the hope of ever seeing more of Queen Victoria; yet, nevertheless, I did see more of her, thanks be to fate and to my old Swedish umbrella, which for the last time in foreign parts did me now good service. Mrs. ——'s coachman, one of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects, who had, during our drive to Windsor, been especially desirous of avoiding a certain heavy and sandy road, now found reason for not avoiding it, probably because he had seen the queen take the same road; and hence it was that, to our surprise, we found ourselves, after half an hour's ploughing of the sand, close upon Queen Victoria's train. After we had driven slowly for a few minutes, the queen turned round and motioned with her hand for our coachman to drive past them. He obeyed, and just as we came past the Queen, he dashed forward in order to clear the way for Her Majesty. We had not gone fifty yards, when, in consequence of the rapid movement of the carriage, one of the doors flew open, and all the umbrellas and parasols flew up to cast themselves on the ground at the feet of Queen Victoria. I caught at them, but too late to save my Swedish umbrella, which resolutely seemed to fling itself out of the carriage upon the road. My Swedish umbrella! my faithful companion during a three years' travel—my traveling companion in America and the West Indies—no! I could not leave it here to be trampled upon by the feet of Queen Victoria's horse. I must pick it up even if from beneath that very horse's feet.

"We must stop! I must get out!" said I to my irresolute friend; "I must have my umbrella again!"

Mrs. —— called to her coachman to stop, and I alighted from the carriage. At the same moment up galloped the queen and Prince Albert, laughing and nodding kindly to me, who could not help laughing myself. Then they rode past us, one of the gentlemen indicating to us that the umbrella had been picked up and restored to the hands of the coachman. I was glad to have recovered my faithful traveling companion, and almost equally glad that, by means of its self-sacrificing interposition, I had received an impression of Queen Victoria which could scarcely have been improved.

There are countenances which we may see for whole days, and yet not understand

them until one has seen a tear in the eye. Other countenances there are which are unexplained enigmas, until a smile, or a good hearty fit of laughter lights them up. And thus was it, when Queen Victoria, laughing and nodding to me, flew past me light and airy as a fairy queen. I at once understood the magic power of her person; for, like sunlight breaking through the cloud, like a flower bursting from its bud, was the laughter in the queen's countenance. There was in it a high degree of natural life, freshness, vivacity, good humor, and a good deal of peculiar character. After this, I can easily comprehend what a noble lady, who often sees the Queen, said on one occasion, in reply to my remark, "What a little queen you have!" "Yes, she is a little queen, but on a large scale! She seems to me always like a human being such as God made her, while the greater number of human beings seem to be such as God did not make them!"

A human being such as God made her, natural, true in everything! What a beautiful idea. And the "greater number of human beings such as God did *not* make them"—how true!

Alas! educators, establishments for education, books, the world—they take care that we shall not be that which God created us, and that it shall sometimes require half a life, nay, that we shall not succeed sometimes through the whole of life, in discovering what the Creator really intended us to be.

It is easy to see what a power of fascination a queen, perfectly natural in manner, and who possesses so much that is naturally noble and good in character, may exercise over the human mind in this artificial world.

On our return from Windsor we passed Runnymede, so remarkable in English history, which lies on a little island in the Thames, where Magna Charta was signed by King John. The sweet idyllian landscape, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun, scarcely recalled the gloomy times, and the bitter contests between the people and the kingly power, which led to the concluding of the contract between the two, and which thus made the place remarkable.

When at home, once more in that kind, beautiful home, at ———, I wrote that which it and its possessors made me feel:—

"From a good home it is not far to heaven!"

And if I carry with me, to my beloved home in Sweden, no other knowledge than that of the many good and beautiful homes on earth, it is no small gain for my long wanderings.

SENSATIONS IN DROWNING.

THE following letter, addressed by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. W. H. Wollaston, giving an account of the feelings of the former when apparently on the very point of death from drowning, was originally published in the Life of the late Sir John Barrow. It will repay the reader's perusal.

"The following circumstances which attended my being drowned have been drawn up at your desire: they had not struck me as being so curious as you consider them, because from two or three persons, who, like myself, have been recovered from a similar state, I have heard a detail of their feelings, which resemble mine as nearly as was consistent with our different constitutions and dispositions.

"Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his majesty's ships in Portsmouth Harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttlerings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and, not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them. With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggle, and before any relief reached me, I had sunk below the surface;—all hopes had fled—all exertion ceased—and I *felt* that I was drowning.

"So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued: my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable, and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous

resignation—for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind: its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace; the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. Then they took a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus traveling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity. May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable; the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past. The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elasped from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

"The strength of the flood-tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the account of the lookers-on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

"My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind; instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it, a helpless anxiety—a kind of continuous nightmare—seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least, in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and, after lying on the deck at night for some hours bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state.

"If these *involuntary experiments* on the operation of death afford any satisfaction or interest to you, they will not have been suffered quite in vain by

"Yours very truly,

"F. Beaufort."

"This letter of Admiral Beaufort, (observes Sir John Barrow,) must give rise to various suggestions. It proves that the spirit of man may retain its full activity when freed from the trammels of the flesh; at least, when all the functions of the body are deprived of animal power, and the spirit has become something like the type and shadow of that which we are taught to believe concerning the immortality of the soul."

It is seldom that we meet with the experience of an individual so near the confines of the eternal world as was the one in the case now before us. If all the acts of transgression, all the deeds done in the body, can thus in a moment be brought back by memory to view, does it not seem to give a foreshadowing of that period when man is to stand at the solemn tribunal of his Creator? How unspeakably important, on such a contemplation, must it be to have an interest by faith in the blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin—not a mere head-faith, but one which shows its genuineness by loving God and, in the strength of the Holy Spirit, keeping his commandments.

A TEXT WITH A COMMENT.

"THE present life is sleeping and waking; is good night on going to bed, and good morning on getting up; it is to wonder what the day will bring forth; it is sunshine and gloominess; it is rain on the window, as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flowers open and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from East, West, North and South; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sunday; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea; it is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be one in a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children, grandchildren, and many friends."

So writes Mountford, in his delightful book "Euthanasy." A pleasant picture of ordinary tranquil life is this, and not untruthful as far as it goes. But this is not all of life. There is something still better and as common in our common pilgrimage: it is to suffer, and to grow strong and pure by suffering—to conquer by sore conflict our formidable selves, fighting down old prejudices and passions, breaking away from old and fetter-like habits, binding ourselves, in spite of our natural selfishness, to the altar of self-sacrifice; it is forbearing with weakness, forgiving wrongs, enduring evil, standing indomitable amidst calamities, and "having done all, still to stand" at our post with brave heart and calm brow, though everything dear lies in wreck around us. This is life often, and the nobler life—the life that grows in strength and prepares for eternal life. It may not be "happiness," but it is "blessedness;" and more ordinary in our average life are these conditions—conditions of self-development and purification—than the pleasant ones in Mountford's pleasant picture. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Lift up thy head then, O sufferer, though no other sorrow seems like thine. Think not that life is vain because to thee it is only suffering. The more real, the more holy, and therefore the more noble will it be for that suffering, if rightly sustained. Press on then in thy night-journey, the morning is at hand; streaks of the aurora occasionally cheer thee, and the full day, with its blessed light on hill and dale, its bland airs, and the singing of birds, will yet come. Lift up thy head and journey onward.

This is not rhapsody, it is the true logic of life. But, dropping its poetic tone, let us look more soberly at the subject.

To *endure* then, to suffer, is to live; but there is more in life. To *do* is preëminently to live. "Action, action, action," was the reply of Demosthenes to the question, "What is eloquence?" It is a befitting answer to the question, What is life? the most if not the whole of life. Activity is not only the law of life, but especially the law of the *happiness* of life. Here it is that men, even good and thoughtful men, blunder, some of them practically, most of them theoretically. They long for "retirement." The success which will enable them to retreat from the active pursuits of life is the goal of their endeavors. A shrewder thinker than Mountford, Dr. Chalmers, when entering his sixtieth year, had a beautiful fancy of this kind:—

"It is a favorite speculation of mine," he says, "that if spared to sixty, we then enter on the seventh decade of human life; and that this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent Sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above—the tabernacle in heaven. What enamors me all the more of this idea is the retrospect of my mother's widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age as she enjoyed," &c.

A fine but thorough fallacy this. Chalmers' instincts were truer than his imagination respecting it. He was in a maelstrom of agitation and labor when he uttered it, and went on, brave man as he was, striking right and left at every evil within his reach, until, going to bed one night, after a wearisome day, he woke up within the gates of heaven. There he found his Sabbatic life in its appropriate place. What sort of a close to such a life as his would that Sabbatic decade he longed for have been? One of downright wretchedness. Can the old war-steed browse calmly in the shade of a tree while the trumpets and the "shoutings of the captains" startle the air from the neighboring battle-field?

Not only does an original instinct of our constitution require that we should be active, but habit—especially the habit of a long life—renders this instinct inexorable. The only right rule for the *old* workman

is to work on, work on manfully, slackening his work only as his faculties slacken, and the instinct which always corresponds with them abates. Fight your way right onward to the very gates of death, and drop not the weapon from your hand till death, "the last enemy," drops under its blow. Then come rest and the "crown of glory."

Thus much for the general law; but there are modifications of it—secondary laws—which should be borne in mind.

One of these is that *the activity of life should be sustained by an engrossing purpose*—a purpose high enough to give life a tendency above its ordinary level, and continuous enough to keep up this tendency uniformly. This was Goethe's great maxim, his summary philosophy of life. It sustained him through eighty-three serene, healthful, and successful years. He needed higher moral support to render him fully happy, but the engrossing pursuit of literature and fame sustained his life in spite of this want. His poetic sensibilities exposed him to the usual sufferings of intellectual men, and at one time in early life he tells us he did actually fall into "hypochondria;" but he threw it off by a manly resolution, and kept it off by the maxim we have quoted. Never be without something to do—not merely something ordinary (this you cannot easily escape), but something that would be extraordinary to most men, but which habit will render ordinary to you. And when one such achievement is done, find another and a still nobler one. The difficulty will be not the scarcity, but the multitude of opportunities.

Further. *The activity of life must be varied.* Monotony of life is like the stagnation of water. It breeds perversions—narrow views, the prejudices of an exclusive line of thought, petulant whims, morose views, and sometimes outright madness come of it.

With an engrossing aim, forget not to vary life by frequent *relaxations*; such as shall allow the tasked faculties to recruit themselves for their wonted labor. Bushnell (whatever his imputed heresies in other respects) presented the orthodox postulate under the title of "Work and Play" to the pale-faced Phi Beta Kappa brotherhood of old Harvard. *Work and Play*; yes, play that you may work; the instinct that will not let you rest if you will not work, will not let you work if you will not play.

Go forth, then, at goodly intervals from your study, O grave man of books; walk among the cheery breezes and the genial sunlight; behold how all nature around you is playing as well as working. The stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy. Escape to the vale or the mountain height; take to the oar, on the laughing waters; or to good old Izaak Walton's "Contemplative Man's Recreation," the angle on the banks of the shaded stream; you will think nobler thoughts for it in your cloister.

Turn often away from the mart or the counting-room, O man of mammon; look up and around you at God's blessed works; they have none of your keen and selfish intensity; they move on joyously and gently, though mightily. Look into good books. Is not knowledge gain as well as golden dust? Enjoy the bounties of God at your table in the midst of your household; eat not as if eating even were a part of your impetuous, never-abating task; and remember that you have an epigastrium, and that hell on earth sometimes finds a lodgment there. He that makes haste to eat, as well as he that "makes haste to be rich, shall not be innocent," or rather "impoverished," as saith the marginal reading. Play, man, play; and work will go the better with thee for it.

And thou, O man of God! come thou also out from even thy closet, at right times, into this every-day world of thy Master. Thy God himself will make thy very closet a mad-house instead of a sanctuary, if thou heedest not the laws of thy body in the study of those of thy soul. The first insane hospital that history records was for religious recluses.* Come down, then, seasonably from the solemn mount of vision, not to join the dance around the golden calf, but to walk with thy God "in the garden in the cool of the day." Cast from thee the "*odium theologicum*;" narrow not thy purified vision to sectarian lines of thought. Work as well as think, and "play" a little along with both. Regale thyself at times with joyous books, even if they bear not the imprint of Oxford or Rome, of Cambridge or New-Haven. Recall thy childhood amidst thy children. They play, tumble, romp, laugh, and yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven"—play, romp, laugh thou

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii, cap. 37.

with them; thou wilt say thy prayers the better for it, and come to feel that thy heavenly Father has not only prepared a desirable heaven for thee hereafter, but a quite desirable home for thee here beforehand.

Again and lastly, (for we are becoming too Essayish,) the activity of life *must have a moral value* in order to have harmony and happiness. We have no preachment for you here, good reader, but a few words of practical common sense. Time and eternity are but complements of the one grand life of man. What, then, in the name of common sense, can be the consciousness of life in a man who habitually lives without the recognition of his eternity? What nobleness, what hopefulness can there be in such a life? Philosophically considered — and setting aside entirely the Christian Revelation — life, without reference to a future beyond it, is absolutely a farce, and the world we live in a stupendous sham. If there is no God even—if chance alone produced this marvelous planet and these marvelous lives of ours upon it—then has that chance maintained, in all the process, all the details of the drama, a perfect congruity, a grand dignity even, but ends it, if there is no future life, without a *denoûment*—the solemn and high-meaning tragedy (for tragedy, alas! it is) becoming a comedy in the last sentence of the last scene. *Everything else within the cognition of the human mind has symmetrical relations, and an ultimate and befitting import, except life, if life has not continuance in another world.*

Our being is no such absurdity. Life is but in its incipience here. He that would bear within him through it a sustaining consciousness of its reality, must live for eternity. Let not the thought dismay thee, O man! It is indeed full of grandeur, but full of consolation also. Look up to the coming and sunlight ages appointed thee, O brother! toiling in the narrow workshop, delving in the mine, pining in the prison-cell, or waiting death in the sick-chamber. Cannot the prospect give strength, and nobleness, and even gladness to thy lot, however humble or weary? Let not merely thy devotions, but thy daily toils, be done for that sublime future; then shall thy daily toils be a continual hymn of thy destiny, and thy hours—more beautiful than the mythic ones of old Greece, circling about and leading forth the chariot of the sun—will joyously lead thee up brighter and brighter heights of that destiny even unto the perfect day.

And thou, truckler to evil, whose whole life is pelf and self, who can chuckle with self-gratulation over the success of thy sordid aims and circumventions of the unwary and the good, what is life to thee? Thy marble tomb, purchased with fraudulent gains, is perchance in the cemetery; glance into it as its iron door is opened. Within a score of years thou shalt lie down in its darkness and silence. What then, O fool, will this life of thine avail thee? Wilt thou chuckle then over thy victims?—then when thy history is proved to have been a farce, and all its true purposes, forgotten in health, have come in death to a grand and irremediable failure. Poor wretch! a humble life of virtue, though spent in incessant conflict with disaster, is imperial and sublime compared with the farce of thy self-deluded career. Awake, thou that sleepest—

> "For the soul is dead that slumbers,
> And things are not what they seem."

And thou, O weary and faltering seeker after a true life! lift up thy head; the heights before thee are steep, but they have been tracked by the feet of old saints and divine heroes; their summits are eternally effulgent, and when the night lowers upon thy path, angel watchers are there ascending and descending.

And thou, whose lot it is no more to act, but only to suffer—even thy life may be sublimely real. The struggle with pain, the weary days and nights of confinement and languishing, the battle with agony and death—what an occasion hast thou in these for the exercise of the noblest virtues—patience, trust, brave resolution, self-conquest, and the victory over the grave! Thou art living sublimely, even in thus dying daily. Struggle on meekly, but manfully; death is but a transient incident in thy life; the eternal future is still before thee. Lift up thy head and triumph.

* * * * * *

But this is rhapsody? No! It is the true Christian philosophy of this mortal life of ours. There is no dignity nor consolation in our existence without it.

> "Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait."

SHAKSPEARE'S MELANCHOLY.

LET it not be supposed that, in using the word melancholy, we mean anything so absurd as that the author of Falstaff was a Werther. What we mean is that there is evidence in the sonnets, corroborated by other proof on all hands, that the mind of Shakspeare, when left to itself, was apt to sink into that state in which thoughts of what is sad and mysterious in the universe most easily come and go.

At no time, except during sleep, is the mind of any human being completely idle. All men have some natural and congenial mood into which they fall when they are left to talk with themselves. One man recounts the follies of the past day, renewing the relish of them by the recollection; another uses his leisure to hate his enemy and to scheme his discomfiture; a third rehearses in imagination, in order to be prepared, the part which he is to perform on the morrow. Now, at such moments, as we believe, it was the habit of Shakspeare's mind, obliged thereto by the necessity of its structure, to ponder ceaselessly those questions relating to man, his origin, and his destiny, in familiarity with which consists what is called the spiritual element in human nature. It was Shakspeare's use, as it seems to us, to revert often, when alone, to that ultimate mood of the soul, in which one hovers wistfully on the borders of the finite, vainly pressing against the barriers that separate it from the unknown; that mood in which even what is common and under foot seems part of a vast current mystery, and in which, like Arabian Job of old, one looks by turns at the heaven above, the earth beneath, and one's own moving body between, interrogating whence it all is, why it all is, and whither it all tends? And this, we say, is melancholy. It is more. It is that mood of man which, most of all moods, is thoroughly, grandly, specifically human. That which is the essence of all worth, all beauty, all humor, all genius, is open or secret reference to the supernatural; and this is sorrow. The attitude of a finite creature, contemplating the infinite, can only be that of an exile—grief and wonder blending in a wistful longing for an unknown home.

As we consider this frame of mind to have been characteristic of Shakspeare, so we find that he has not forgotten to represent it as a poet. We have always fancied *Hamlet* to be a closer translation of Shakspeare's own character than any other of his personations. The same meditativeness, the same morbid reference at all times to the supernatural, the same inordinate development of the speculative faculty, the same intellectual melancholy, that are seen in the Prince of Denmark, seem to have distinguished Shakspeare. Nor is it possible here to forget that minor and lower form of the same fancy—the ornament of *As you like it*, the melancholy Jaques.

Jaques. More, more, I pr'ythee, more!

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more! I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more!

Amiens. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I desire you to sing.

* * * * * * *

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 't is good to be sad, and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why, then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Jaques is not Shakspeare; but in writing this description of Jaques, Shakspeare drew from his knowledge of himself. His also was a "melancholy of his own," a "humorous sadness in which his own rumination wrapt him." In that declared power of Jaques of "sucking melancholy out of a song," the reference of Shakspeare to himself seems almost direct. Nay more, as Rosalind, in rating poor Jaques, tells him, on one occasion, that he is so abject a fellow that she verily believes he is "out of love with his nativity, and almost chides God *for making him of*

that countenance that he is;" so Shakspeare's melancholy, in one of his sonnets, takes exactly the same form of self-dissatisfaction.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet, in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, &c.

Think of that, reader! Shakspeare's face Shakspeare himself did not like; and there were moments in which he was so abject as actually to wish that he had received from nature another man's physical features!

If Shakspeare's melancholy was, like that of Jaques, a complex melancholy—a melancholy "compounded of many simples," extracted perhaps at first from some root of bitter experience in his own life, and then fed, as his sonnets clearly state, by a habitual sense of his own "outcast" condition in society, and by the sight of a hundred social wrongs around him, into a kind of abject dissatisfaction with himself and his fate, yet, in the end, and in its highest form, it was rather, as we have already hinted, the melancholy of Hamlet,—a meditative, contemplative melancholy, embracing human life as a whole; the melancholy of a mind incessantly tending from the real to the metaphysical, and only brought back by external occasion from the metaphysical to the real.

Do not let us quarrel about the words, if we can agree about the thing. Let any competent person whatever read the sonnets, and then, with their impression on him, pass to the plays, and he will inevitably become aware of Shakspeare's personal fondness for certain themes or trains of thought, particularly that of the speed and destructiveness of time. Death, vicissitude, the march and tramp of generations across life's stage, the rotting of human bodies in the earth—these and all the other forms of the same thought were familiar to Shakspeare to a degree beyond what is to be seen in the case of any other poet. It seems to have been a habit of his mind, when left to its own tendency, ever to indulge by preference in that oldest of human meditations, which is not yet trite—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble; he cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." Let us cite a few examples from the sonnets:—

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.—*Sonnet* 15.

If thou survive my well-contented clay,
When that churl, Death, my bones with dust shall cover.—*Sonnet* 32.

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with viler worms to dwell.—*Sonnet* 71.

The wrinkles, which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou, by thy dial's shady stealth, may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.—*Sonnet* 77.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten."—
Sonnet 81.

These are but one or two out of many such passages, occurring in the sonnets. Indeed it may be said that, whenever Shakspeare pronounces the words time, age, death, &c., it is with a deep and almost cutting personal emphasis, quite different from the usual manner of poets in their stereotyped allusions to mortality. Time, in particular, seems to have tenanted his imagination as a kind of grim and hideous personal existence, cruel out of mere malevolence of nature. Death, too, had become to him a kind of actual being or fury, morally unamiable, and deserving of reproach—"that churl, Death."

If we turn to the plays of Shakspeare, we shall find that in them too the same morbid sensitiveness to all associations with mortality is continually breaking out. The vividness, for example, with which Juliet describes the interior of a charnel-house, partakes of a spirit of revenge, as if Shakspeare were retaliating, through her, upon an object horrible to himself.

Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow shapeless skulls."

More distinctly revengeful is Romeo's ejaculation at the tomb:—

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of Death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open!

And who does not remember the famous passage in *Measure for Measure?*—

Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isabella. And shamèd life is hateful.
Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where—
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'T is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of Death."

Again, in the grave-digging scene in *Hamlet*, we see the same fascinated familiarity of the imagination with all that pertains to churchyards, coffins, and the corruption within them.

Hamlet. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.
Horatio. What 's that, my lord?
Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?
Horatio. E'en so.
Hamlet. And smelt so? Pah! (*Throws down the skull.*)
Horatio. E'en so, my lord!
Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
Horatio. 'T were to reason too curiously to consider so.
Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus:—Alexander died; Alexander was buried; Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might we not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O that that flesh that kept the world in awe
Should stop a hole to expel the winter's flaw!

Observe how Shakspeare here defends, through Hamlet, his own tendency "too curiously" to consider death. To sum up all, however, let us turn to that unparalleled burst of language in the *Tempest*, in which the poet has defeated time itself by chivalrously proclaiming to all time what time can do:—

And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

This, we contend, is no mere poetic frenzy, inserted because it was dramatically suitable that Prospero should so express himself at that place; it is the explosion into words of a feeling during which Prospero was forgotten, and Shakspeare swooned into himself. And what is the continuation of the passage but a kind of postscript, describing under the guise of Prospero, Shakspeare's own agitation with what he had just written?

——————— Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose. *A turn or two I 'll walk,*
To still my beating mind.

To our imagination the surmise is that Shakspeare here laid down his pen, and began to pace his chamber, too agitated to write more that night.

In this extreme familiarity with the conception of mortality in general, and perhaps also in this extreme sensitiveness to the thought of death as a matter of personal import, all great poets, and possibly all great men whatever, have to some extent resembled Shakspeare. For these are the feelings of our common nature, on which religion and all solemn activity have founded and maintained themselves. Space and time are the largest and the outermost of all human conceptions; to stand, therefore, incessantly upon these extreme conceptions, as upon the perimeter of a figure, and to view all inward from them, is the highest exercise of thought to which a human being can attain. Accordingly in all great poets there may be discerned this familiarity of the imagination with the world, figured as a poor little ball pendent in space, and moving forward out of the dark past to a future of light or gloom. But in this respect Shakspeare exceeds them all; and

in this respect, therefore, no poet is more religious, more spiritual, more profoundly metaphysical than he. Into an inordinate amount of that outward pressure of the soul against the perimeter of sensible things, infuse the peculiar *moral* germ of Christianity, and you have the religion of Shakspeare.

> And our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.—*Tempest.*

Here the poetic imagination sweeps boldly round the universe, severing it as by a soft cloud-line from the Infinite Unknown.

> Poor soul! the center of my sinful earth,
> Fool'd by those rebel powers that lead thee 'stray.—*Sonnet* 146.

Here the soul, retracing its thoughts from the far and physical, dwells disgustingly on itself.

> The dread of something after death—
> The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveler returns.—*Hamlet.*

Here the soul, pierced with the new and awful thought of sin, wings out again toward the Infinite, and finds all dark.

> How would you be,
> If He which is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are?
> *Measure for Measure.*

Here the silver lamp of hope is hung up within the gloomy sphere, to burn softly and faintly forever!

And so it is throughout Shakspeare's writings. Whatever is special or doctrinal is avoided; all that intellectual tackling, so to speak, is struck away that would afford the soul any relief whatever from the whole sensation of the supernatural. Although we cannot, therefore, in honest keeping with popular language, call Shakspeare, as Ulrici does, the most Christian of poets, we believe him to have been the man in modern times who, breathing an atmosphere full of Christian conceptions, and walking amid a civilization studded with Christian institutions, had his whole being tied by the closest personal links to those highest generalities of the universe which the greatest minds in all ages have ever pondered and meditated, and round which Christianity has thrown its clasp of gold.

Shakspeare, then, we hold to have been essentially a meditative, speculative, and even, in his solitary hours, an abject and melancholy man, rather than a man of active, firm, and worldly disposition. Instead of being a calm, stony observer of life and nature, as he has been sometimes represented, we believe him to have been a man of the gentlest and most troublesome affections; of sensibility abnormally keen and deep; full of metaphysical longings; liable above most men to self-distrust, despondency, and mental agitation, from causes internal and external; and a prey to many secret and severe experiences which he did not discuss at the Mitre tavern. This, we say, is no guess; it is a thing certified under his own hand and seal. But this being allowed, we are willing to agree with all that is said of him, by way of vindicating the immense variety of faculties, dispositions, and acquirements of which his character was built up. Vast intellectual inquisitiveness, the readiest and most universal humor, the truest sagacity and knowledge of the world, the richest and deepest capacity of enjoying all that life presented—all this, as applied to Shakspeare, is a mere string of undeniable commonplaces. The man, as we fancy him, who of all others trod the oftenest the extreme metaphysic walk which bounds our universe in, he was also the man of all others who was related most keenly by every fiber of his being, to all the world of the real and the concrete. Better than any man he knew life to be a dream; with as vivid a relish as any man he did his part as one of the dreamers. If at one moment life stood before his mental gaze, an illuminated little speck or disc, softly rounded with mysterious sleep, the next moment this mere span shot out into an illimitable plain, whereon he himself stood—a plain covered with forests, parted by seas, studded with cities and huge concourses of men, mapped out into civilizations, over-canopied by stars.

Self-Knowledge.—Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it? For he who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can do, and what he cannot do; he applieth himself to the one, and gaineth what is necessary, and he is happy; he attempts not the other, and therefore incurs neither distress nor disappointment.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF INSECTS.

AT a meeting of the most influential of the insect tribes, it was proposed to open a grand Exhibition for the works of all classes. This proposition was seconded by Mr. Spinner, the spider; and Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue-bottle, and Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, having each in an eloquent speech supported the motion, it was agreed to unanimously, every insect present promising to furnish its portion in aid of the great design.

The next point to be discussed was the place most suitable for the exhibition. This gave rise to much agitation. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, wanted to erect an edifice of wax, with a distinct cell for each exhibitor; but he was opposed by Mr. Snooze, the drone, on the grounds that it would take a lifetime to accomplish the undertaking, beside requiring too much labor to please the class to which he belonged. Mr. Busy, the ant, suggested the formation of a subterranean excavation, which he said would be a plan attended with much advantage, as by it the parties could be protected from the heat of the sun and the influence of the atmosphere. This idea was received with great satisfaction by Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, and he obligingly offered his services in constructing galleries and apartments of superior size, remarking that Mr. Busy could assist in the formation of the small passages, and in the removal of the rubbish. Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue-bottle, strenuously opposed this scheme, wisely observing that, although his friends Messrs. Burrow and Busy might feel quite at home under-ground, yet he, and the class he represented, would be decidedly out of their element! If he might be allowed to make a proposition, he would say, occupy a portion of the superb Azure Palace, already in existence, and which was erected before any of the assembled party were called into being. This speech was greatly applauded, and Sir Harry Highflyer, the emperor butterfly, saying he was well acquainted with a situation every way fit for the purpose, the proposal was agreed to without any more discussion.

As soon as the arrangements for occupying the area selected by Sir Harry Highflyer were completed, each exhibitor was requested to forward his contributions to the care of Messrs. Sweet and Busy, who undertook to classify the articles, apportioning to each its allotted space.

In the locomotive department were some curious stilts, sent by the firm of Stride and Stumble, of the crane flies; also some apparatus for facilitating the game of leap-frog, by Messrs. Hop and Go-forward, of the grasshoppers. Mr. Airy, the gossamer spider, contributed a novel kind of jaunting car, formed of minute threads rolled together, and extremely buoyant, on which the luxurious possessor could float in the atmosphere, and glide joyously over the meadows and downs in the bright sunshine.

In the next compartment were the various contrivances used for habitations and shelter among the insect tribes. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, sent a magnificent palace of wax, separated into many divisions, with royal cells, fit for a queen; others of smaller dimensions, suited to the wants of royal consorts; and some still less, for the accommodation of the majority of her majesty's loyal subjects; also a proper number of apartments in which the supplies of bread and honey could be retained till required for use. Cosy and Snug, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, exhibited many tents of different shapes and various sizes, capable of withstanding the inclemency of the weather, and formed of the leaves of the hazel, oak, lilac, and nettle. Mr. Spoiler, the clothes' moth, forwarded a fine specimen of his handiwork, made from the best coat of a miser. Mr. Spinner, the spider, contributed a nest, beautifully soft and conveniently large, which, by being placed in the corner of a high cornice, had for three weeks escaped the vigilance of the housemaid. Sir Harry Highflyer, the emperor butterfly, sent the flask-shaped dormitory occupied by himself while in a state of quiescence. Messrs. Testy and Sting, of the wasp family, forwarded a domicile of large dimensions, in which were several stories, varying in size, supported one on another by pillars, and suspended to the roof by one of unusual strength; these were inclosed in a globular covering, displaying great skill and ingenuity in the execution. They also furnished some of the raw material, consisting of the stump of an old apple-tree, and a specimen of the powerful pincers used to cut it up, and, by mastication, prepare it for use. Mr. Soft, the

silkworm, contributed a habitation formed of bright yellow silk, beautifully smooth, impervious to draught, and in which he proposed to doze away no inconsiderable portion of his existence. Mr. Twine, the caddis fly, exhibited a very picturesque aquatic grotto, made of small stones and tiny shells, fastened together by silken cords.

The compartment in which the greatest ingenuity and skill were developed, and which excited the keenest emulation among the exhibitors, was that devoted to the abodes of the rising generation. This also attracted the attention of all the matronly frequenters of the exhibition. Among the most noticeable of these structures was the section of a subterraneous cave-like nest, with part of the entrance passage, forwarded by the helpmate of Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket. Mrs. Tidy, the upholsterer bee, exhibited a model nursery; in shape it resembled a Florence flask, and the interior being made perfectly smooth, was lined with a brilliant scarlet drapery procured from the flowers of the field-poppy. In this luxurious abode was room for a sufficient quantity of honey and pollen to nourish Mr. Tidy's young heir. Mrs. Hum, the gnat, sent a cluster of eggs, formed with great care and skill, in the shape of a boat, and equally buoyant, each egg being placed with the aperture downward, to enable its occupant to quit it with ease, and enter at once into the liquid element it was to inhabit during the first two stages of its existence. Mrs. Hum also exhibited some ingenious apparatus for securing the amount of atmospheric air required to sustain life while under water. These contrivances varied much in detail—being at one period attached to the tail of the insect; at another, to the head. Mr. Bright, the lantern fly, contributed a beautiful specimen of natural light in the form of a lantern, which was exhibited with almost magical effect. Mrs. Spangle, the glow-worm, forwarded a lamp which, being placed of a calm summer's evening on a mossy bank, would prove an object of great attraction to any idler in the vicinity.

Messrs. Sparkle and Sprack, the fireflies, exhibited a design for an illumination taken from the tropical forests, and composed of a number of fireflies sporting in and out between the luxuriant foliage of their native woods. Messrs. Chirrup and Hop, of the cricket family, contributed some musical instruments of curious construction, and capable of emitting a sound peculiar to the genus of which it is a distinguishing mark. Her majesty, the reigning queen of the bee tribe, exhibited the silvery pipe which conferred on her the power of quelling the most uproarious proceedings of her generally quiet and orderly subjects. Mr. Cheatum, the ant-lion, forwarded a pitfall, constructed with great labor and skill, in the form of a circular cone, and in which, by adopting the principle of the sliding scale, he proposed securing enough prey to satisfy his appetite. Catchum & Co., of the geometric spiders, contributed a beautiful net, composed of threads radiating from the centre, and crossed at regular intervals by circular lines of the same materials. In this elaborately-worked trap the wily possessor would entangle the unwary insect which, being deceived by its brilliancy on a dewy morning, and wishing to take advantage of the reflective properties of the numerous gems with which it was radiant to aid him in bedecking himself, advanced too near its treacherous precincts, and became irrecoverably entangled in its meshes.

Many other contributions were well worthy of notice, but the limit of the present paper prevents our particularizing them.

Result of Chemical Physiology.—Any substance that has to make its way from the human stomach, through the vessels which proceed to the various parts of the body, must be capable of being dissolved by the fluids of the body. Chemists are now familiar with methods by which in their laboratories many soluble poisonous substances can be united with other bodies, so as to become insoluble, and in this new state be rendered capable of being introduced into the stomach, without injurious consequences. To perform such an experiment in the stomach, is to administer an antidote, of more or less certain efficacy, against a poison which has been previously swallowed. In this way, lime and magnesia are antidotes against oxalic acid, the white of an egg against corrosive sublimate, hydrated per-oxide of iron against white arsenic, and so on. Those severally combine with the poisonous substance when brought in contact with it in the stomach, render it insoluble, and consequently inert.

[For the National Magazine.]

METE FOR METE—EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

"WHATSOEVER measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," said the infallible Teacher; and a thousand instances of this truth stand on the records of history. Indeed, there seems to be a general, if not an irresistible, law of retributive justice exemplified in the government of the world; so that those who do good to others are usually rewarded, and those who do evil punished, even in the present life. Love begets love, and hate begets hate. "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." And he that is actuated by a friendly disposition, guided in all his conduct by the principles of justice and truth, will acquire the confidence of his associates, and draw around him a circle of confiding friends, who will sympathize with him in adversity, and rejoice with him in prosperity.

But I was about to present some instances of retributive justice, which serve to verify the truth of our Saviour's words quoted at the commencement of this article. In the case of "Uriah the Hittite," whom David slew by ordering Joab to put him in the front of the battle that he might be slain by the Ammonites, that David might possess himself securely of Uriah's wife, the Prophet Nathan said unto David, "Thus saith the Lord, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and will take thy wives before thine eyes," and the "sword shall never depart from thy house." 2 Sam. xii, 10, 11. In the subsequent history of David's career, how terribly were those threatening words verified! The sword did not depart from his house all the days of his life; even his own son Absalom, whom he idolized on account of his beauty and dexterity, conspired against him, and drove him from his throne and kingdom. This sin was forgiven him on his deep repentance, so that he was not cast off forever, yet the retributive justice of God inflicted upon him and his house a vengeance which filled his heart with sorrow, and his kingdom with war and pestilence; and though he went down to his grave in peace, having obtained forgiving and sanctifying grace by an act of amazing goodness—the goodness of a God of love—yet his kingdom was convulsed during his life, and was finally rent asunder in the days of Rehoboam, his grandson. 1 Kings xii, 1–20.

Another remarkable instance of this retributive justice may be seen in the case of Ahab in his conduct toward Naboth, under the subtle advice of his wife Jezebel. Ahab had demanded of Naboth his "vineyard, that he might have it for a garden of herbs;" but Naboth refused to comply with the king's request. This much displeased Ahab, and his wife, full of "cunning craftiness," undertook to revenge the contemptuous conduct of Naboth by procuring false witnesses against him, accusing him of "blasphemy against God and the king." She succeeded in her nefarious design, and he was "stoned with stones and died." This event, brought about by the treachery of an artful woman, pacified, for the time, the disturbed temper of Ahab, and he arose and took possession of Naboth's vineyard. But mark the result! "And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Arise, go down to meet Ahab, king of Israel." "And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed and also taken possession? And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." 1 Kings xxi, 1–19. And this threatening was literally fulfilled, as may be seen in the subsequent chapter, verses thirty-seven and thirty-eight. Here was a fulfillment of the malediction of Heaven—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," Gen. ix, 6; and we see in it a just reaction of Divine Providence in inflicting upon the violators of His law the retributive punishment they deserve.

Thousands of such instances might be selected from the Bible history, as every attentive reader must know. From envy, the brethren of Joseph sold him as a slave into Egypt, and they themselves were forced to bow down to him as their master. The kings of Egypt oppressed the Israelites for four hundred years, and for this oppression God visited the sins of the fathers of Pharaoh upon his head by the overthrow of his army in the Red Sea. Judas betrayed Christ, but afterward hung himself.

Instances of this retributive justice occur on almost every page of history,

sacred and profane. Take two or three of the most notable in modern times. Louis XIV., in addition to his profligacy, ordered the massacre of the unsuspecting Protestants of France, in which five hundred noblemen, and twenty-six thousand other Protestants were butchered in Paris, and more than thirty thousand in other parts of France. His son, Louis XV., succeeded to the throne, lived a profligate life, and died a most horrid death, being so loathsome that his friends could not endure his presence. Louis XVI. was beheaded by a revolutionary mob, and none of the family of the Bourbons have been permitted, except for a very brief period, to reign in France since. It would seem as if the curse of God had blighted this regal family.

Out of the Revolution came Napoleon Bonaparte. He conquered nearly all the neighboring kingdoms, and was regardless of the rights of others so he might aggrandize himself and family; but he was finally overthrown, conquered, taken prisoner, sent to the rock of St. Helena, and died in exile and desolation.

There is one thing in the history of this extraordinary man that seems to show how futile are the efforts of man to defeat the designs of Divine Providence. Bonaparte married Josephine, who had a daughter named Hortense, and she married Napoleon's brother, Louis. By Josephine, Bonaparte had no issue, and when he came to the head of the empire he was very solicitous to have an heir that might inherit his throne. He divorced Josephine and married a princess of Austria, by whom he had a son; but his hope perished—his son and heir died in Vienna in 1834. Mark the result! After various changes in the government of France, a descendant of Josephine, the son of her daughter Hortense, who married the brother of Napoleon, was elected first to the presidency of the French Republic, and now is seated on the throne as head of the empire, with the authority to determine the line of succession, if he shall die childless, in some collateral branch of his house. The very means which Napoleon adopted to secure the throne of France to his descendants in a direct line were the very means of its defeat, and the lovely woman he divorced has become the grandparent of an emperor! So little effect have the plans of man on the designs of God; and though the "hearts of men are fully set in them to do evil," yet the "Lord that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh" at their folly, and "bring to naught" all their machinations against Him who is the supreme ruler of the universe.

Josephine appears to have been the guardian angel of Napoleon, and while he continued united to her he prospered; but from the time he put her away, and allied himself to the degenerate house of Austria, he began to decline, and the disastrous campaign in Russia prepared the way for his defeat at Waterloo, and that defeat for his capture and his banishment to the desolate rock of St. Helena, where he ended his eventful life an exile. Had he remained faithful to Josephine, and observed the rules of justice toward the surrounding nations which he had conquered and then held in check, he might have died in his palace, after a prosperous reign, and left the empire, though not to an heir direct, yet to a collateral branch of his family, and perhaps to the very Louis Napoleon whom he so tenderly loved. At any rate, this is the final issue of that convulsive struggle which for so many years shook all Europe, hurled so many kings and emperors from their thrones, and made them tremble for their fate.*

We may see this retributive justice displayed not only in these greater events of the world, among kings and emperors, nations and eminent individuals, but also in every-day life, among all classes of people who dare to trespass upon the rights of their fellow-men. "He that diggeth a pit (for his neighbor), shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone (in his neighbor's path), it shall return upon him." These sayings of Holy Writ have their truth exemplified in the conduct of individuals who manifest their envious or malicious dispositions toward their fellows, in striving to injure them in their character or property, by having their unjust and wicked machinations return upon their own heads, sooner or later—if

* The reader must not infer from the above remarks that the writer believes that Napoleon was a good man, though he thinks he was better than most of those who warred against him. He was doubtless raised up as a scourge in the hands of God to punish kings and emperors who had so long provoked Him to anger for their wickedness. Thus God uses one wicked man to chastise another, as "the rod of his indignation."

not in their own persons, yet in their posterity who walk in the footsteps of their fathers. All who violate the precept of the Saviour, "Do as you would be done by," in the like circumstances, as they transgress an immutable and infinitely just law, will assuredly find its penalty coming upon them in all its tremendous force; and it will extort from them a confession that God is just in the administration of his government.

"Whoso privately slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off," either by slaying him, by some signal display of my judgments, or separate him from the congregation of my people. What a vile character is the secret slanderer! He "speaketh proudly" with his lips against his neighbor, whispers softly in the ears of his friend respecting the real or supposed faults of his neighbor, while he flatters that neighbor himself with his professions of friendship, and thus stabs him in the dark with his forked tongue of slander, until he is caught in his own craftiness, and by a just reaction of Divine Providence he is held in that execration to which his wily conduct has justly exposed him. There is, in fact, no character except the thief, the drunkard, and the murderer—and these are generally soon detected and punished as their demerits deserve—so dangerous to the community as the secret slanderer. He will pass around in society from one neighbor to another, with the softness of the polished hypocrite, and yet with the confidence of a feigned friendship, "scattering firebrands, arrows, and death" wherever he goes; setting brother against brother, and friend against friend, until the whole neighborhood is in a flame of contention. When inquiring who reported this, it is at last traced up to its true source, and then, behold, the indignation returns with all its force upon the head of the slanderer, this vile retailer of secrets, whether true or false! He should be shunned as a pest in society. Every honest man shuns him as a dangerous character, will not speak a loud word in his ear, lest he twist it from its true meaning, and repeat it to a third person with a view to make mischief. Here again is an exemplification of retributive justice.

But of all slanders, those of the newspapers are most mischievous. These "fly as upon the wings of the wind;" and hence a report, disadvantageous to a neighbor or friend, spreads, almost with the rapidity of lightning, from one end of the continent to another, and even to the four quarters of the globe; and the man, perhaps perfectly innocent, finds himself posted before the reading public as some "pestilent fellow," as a heretic, as a leader in some contemptible intrigue. His character is blasted before tens of thousands whom he never saw, and he is reduced to the disagreeable necessity of vindicating himself through the same corrupt medium, of which privilege perhaps he is denied, or of suffering in silence the opprobrium cast upon him. A prudent man, in nine cases out of ten, would choose the latter, rather than enter the arena of controversy with a wily adversary, who is so reckless of consequences as to care but little what he says, if he can only gratify his malevolent disposition toward the person he hates. But all this nefarious conduct will, sooner or later, return upon his own head with sevenfold vengeance, and he will find, when perhaps it is too late to avert it, that he that "backbiteth with his tongue" shall be numbered with the "haters of God," and classed with the "proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful"—Rom. i, 30, 31—and of course shall share in their doom.

This reprehensible conduct may be expected among the mass of the world, though among these there are thousands whose honorable minds will not allow them to stoop to such contemptible warfare upon individual character; but that any, under the profession of Christianity, should be guilty of this trespass upon the rights of others, and more especially should indulge in slanderous representations of the principles or conduct of a fellow-Christian, can find no apology, either in the code of morals adopted in the religion which he professes, or in the relation which he sustains as a member of the Christian family. On the contrary, the precepts of his religion forbid it; they direct to a contrary course, and furnish him with weapons of a more pacific character.

Our Saviour has given us a plain rule to guide us in our intercourse one with another as fellow-Christians, which, if observed, would prevent many of the evils which

originate from publishing the faults of others, whether real or otherwise, to the world before these steps have been taken. "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." Matt. xviii, 15–17. Now if we neglect to pursue these measures toward an offending brother, before we publish his faults, even privately to a third person, much more to the world, we thereby not only "leave undone the things we ought to do," but we do that which the Saviour has prohibited, and thereby incur the guilt of slander, and shall, sooner or later, bring upon ourselves the just displeasure of God, and subject ourselves to that retributive justice invariably displayed in the government of the world. Were this Christian duty discharged with a conscientious fidelity, how much strife and contention would be avoided? How few slanders would be uttered? How would peace and unity be promoted? And of course how much reproach would be wiped off from the Church of God? And he who violates this plain precept, by circulating reports, whether true or false, either privately or publicly, whether by word of mouth or in print, against his neighbor, brother, or friend, ranks himself among backbiters or slanderers, and exposes himself to the malediction of God and the condemnation of all good men, and therefore must expect the scorn and derision of an enlightened community, and will find in the end, that "whatsoever measure he has meted to others shall be measured to him again."

THE EYE.

OF all the complicated structures in the mechanism of man, what organ is there connected with it that commands more of our wonder and admiration than the eye? I need hardly remind you of its extreme delicacy, of its exquisite beauty, or of its transcendent and wonderful powers. There is no one organ in the body which evinces more and stronger evidences of a great First Cause.

Let us examine for a moment, if you please, the various textures which enter into its composition. But first of all look at the deep bony cavern in which it is lodged; see the care with which the God of nature has protected it on all sides, like a sentinel who is shielded from danger by the impenetrable walls of his fort, on the approach of an enemy. A poet refers to these ghastly recesses when he says:—

> "Beneath this moldering canopy
> Once shone the bright and busy eye.
> But start not at the *dismal void!*
> If pious love that eye employ'd,
> If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
> But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
> That eye shall be forever bright
> When suns and stars have lost their light."

How admirably are its appendages (the lids) adjusted to defend it from injuries, extraneous bodies, and excesses of light!—so nicely and exactly are its refractive media arranged in consecutive laminæ, that it has very justly been pronounced the most perfect of all optical instruments. Who can watch the involuntary movements of the iris in the act of defending the retina from the too sudden, intense, and paralyzing influence of light, and not see the strongest evidence of design?

Owing to the numerous tissues composing the eye, there are, as a matter of course, a great variety of diseases to which it is subject, all of which should be understood by the accomplished and well-educated physician and surgeon. Both the voluntary and involuntary movements of the eye are dependent upon the healthy action and proper balance of exceedingly delicate muscles, which, in their abnormal condition, require surgical interference. Its *mucous and glandular tissues*, so well designed to lubricate the eye and facilitate its countless movements, are exceedingly prone to inflammation and functional derangements. Then, again, the *nervous fibers*, or tunics of the eye, like a harp of a thousand strings, may cease to vibrate. Its transparent window, the *cornea*—its *aqueous*, *lenticular*, and *vitreous fluids*, more pellucid than a dew-drop and more clear than a diamond, may lose their sparkling luster and their transcendent brilliance. The *iris*, like a guardian angel, may withdraw its watchful care. The *serous membranes* may forget their

individuality, and, in their amativeness, may form undue attachments for each other, resulting in annexations either in the anterior or posterior chambers. The *circulating fluids*, like so many meandering streams vivifying and invigorating everything in their onward career, are too often turned out of their legitimate channels, or are obstructed in their course.—*Dr. M. Stephenson.*

THE LOTTERY TICKET—A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT fifty years ago, there lived in a modest little house, situated on the outskirts of a large and populous city, an old man, named David Gannet. It would have been instantly evident to any one who paused to contemplate the white hair and whiskers of old David, together with the stiffness of his decayed stock, and the erect manner in which he bore himself, that the earlier portion of his checkered career had been spent in the army, or, at all events, under the influence of those martial exercises in which enterprising and enthusiastic young men are generally wont to delight. And this was indeed the case. David had in his youth been so unfortunate as to commit some indiscretion that compelled him to leave the neighborhood of his native town, and enlist in a regiment which was on the eve of embarkation for the West Indies. Here, after he had served some years, David fell ill of the yellow fever, got invalided, and was sent home. Soon afterward his regiment returned also, and, as a sudden change from one climate to another is always improving to the constitution, it was then ordered out to Canada, where poor Gannet got just as miserably nipped by the cold as he had before been scorched by the heat. But while he was on duty in Canada, he had the luck to be severely wounded in one of his legs by the explosion of a cannon; so homeward he came again, with an honorable discharge from the army, and a pension that was calculated to render him comfortable for life. So David now amused himself, and added to his quarterly pittance, by stuffing birds, mending umbrellas, grinding scissors, setting razors, and in fact turning his hand to anything that was likely to fill up a leisure moment creditably, and enable him to toss an honest penny into the apron of his poor decrepit old wife.

One day, however, as David was carrying back to its owner a corpulent blue gingham umbrella, which he had been fitting with a new spring, his eye chanced to meet a large placard upon a wall—a placard which earnestly entreated all those who had any idea of purchasing an interest in the great lottery, to go and pay in their money without delay, as the tickets were nearly all disposed of, and the books would shortly be closed. David's heart gave a throb. He read farther, and saw that, by investing the trifling sum of twenty pounds (though that was all he possessed in the world), a person would stand a chance of winning twenty thousand. He took off his spectacles instantly, put them in his pocket, delivered the blue gingham umbrella, returned as quickly as possible home, and went to hold a consultation with old Phœbe. Dame Phœbe was dreadfully deaf, so he had to bawl with all his might into her ear.

"Very wet, indeed," said Phœbe; "O, yes."

"I didn't say it was wet," cried David; "no such thing; there has not been a drop of rain all day; the stones are quite dry."

"O," said Phœbe, holding her palms to the fire; "ah, well—well!"

"There 's going to be a lottery."

Phœbe looked at the umbrella-mender. She hadn't heard one word he said, but didn't like to tell him so. She merely nodded slowly, and gazed again at the fire.

"Did you catch that?" asked David.

"Cold, is it?" replied the dame; "I thought so—ah!"

"I didn't say it was cold," screamed David; "on the contrary, it 's quite hot."

"Hot! O, see," returned Phœbe; "yes, yes, it *is* hot," and she warmed her palms once more. David drew back, and gave his wife just such a look as he once bestowed upon a Tuscarora warrior, whom he had occasion to thump upon the head with the butt-end of his musket.

"I said there was going to be a lottery," roared David. "Here, it 's no use, I see; give me the slate:" and he wrote down the words. Phœbe understood now, and her looks asked, "Well, what then?" David next wrote, "For twenty pounds one may buy a ticket that will win as many thousands."

"Ay, but you haven't *got* twenty pounds, lad," was the reply.

"No, but *you* have, and that 's the same thing, is it not?"

Phœbe returned no answer for some minutes, and then mildly remarked that it was quite another thing. David bestowed upon her a second vicious glance, and hastily scrawled, "Not if I am determined to buy this ticket, I suppose?"

"Twenty pounds are twenty pounds," said Phœbe, shaking her head; "it 's all we 've got in the world, besides the pension. Take my advice, David Gannet, and don't be a fool."

"Think of winning twenty thousand golden guineas," scribbled the umbrella-mender; "what a heap! what a hoard! we might hide in it—roll in it." Phœbe looked dubious—she was giving way.

"Go and hear what Great To has to say about it," was her reply.

David snatched the slate from her hand and replied, "Why should I consult Anthony von Pootherchick in a matter like this? He knows nothing about lotteries; he never put into one in his life."

"No, I am sure of that; you can't do better than consult him. Go at once."

"Well, as you will," said David, seizing a dilapidated old hat; "but it wont have much weight, I can tell you. An old soldier is a match for fifty Von Pootherchicks, any day."

Anthony von Pootherchick was one of those curious and clever individuals impertinently denominated "Jack-of-all-trades." The usual addendum of "Master-of-none" would not apply in his case, as he was master of anything he felt disposed to take in hand. He was a profound antiquarian, an experienced chemist, an able optician, an excellent carpenter, a skillful turner, and an accomplished engineer; but his favorite study, and private joy, and chief delight, was evidently pyrotechny. I say evidently, because the window of his little shop was filled with every description of fireworks—rockets, and Roman-candles, and Jack-in-the-boxes, and Catharine-wheels, and squibs, and crackers—the contemplation of which, upon all fifth of November nights, and indeed for many weeks previously, formed the chief attraction of the vagabond town youth. Anthony von Pootherchick, however, being a long name, and somewhat difficult of pronunciation, the neighbors soon learned to call him "Von Pootherchick," afterward "Pootherchick," then "Old Anthony," and at last "Tony," which, in course of time, got corrupted into the simple monosyllable "To." But here a confusion arose. Anthony von Pootherchick happened to have a notorious young scapegrace of a grandson, who had, in compliment to himself, been christened Anthony also. For the sake of distinction, therefore, the former was now called "Great To," and the latter "Little To," appellations which received the popular approval, and to which both grandfather and grandson had long since become perfectly reconciled.

Now, as I have made brief allusion to the tastes and avocations of Great To, it would be unfair were I to omit a few passing comments upon those of Little To likewise. While in personal appearance he was the exact counterpart—a dwarf likeness—of his grandfather, (excepting that the one wore spectacles, which the other did not; and the old man's hair was gray, while the young one's was black,) in disposition Little To did not resemble Great To at all, for there was not a more malicious young imp than this said Little To in existence. He was the very pest of the neighborhood, and continually being dragged at the hands of some incensed neighbor by the coat collar into the shop of Great To, for the old gentleman's correction. On these occasions Great To, who was an ardent lover of ingenuousness and truth, would say, flourishing a stout cudgel meanwhile, "Did you do such and such a thing, sir? and were you guilty of so and so? and is what this gentleman says correct?" and Little To would whimperingly reply, "Yes, I did, grandfather." Whereupon Great To would throw down the cudgel in rapture, and cry, "A good lad; always speak the truth; I'll forgive you because you didn't lie;" and then Anthony would clap his foot upon the treadle of his lathe again, and send the chips flying in all directions around him.

An indefatigable and inveterate enemy was Little To to the neighbors' cats. He used to bring them in secretly under his apron, charge the Leyden jar of his grandfather's great electrifying machine with its heaviest shock, and putting the persecuted animals' right fore-paws to the brass knob, and their left hind ones to the tinfoil on the bottom of the loaded receptacle, pass a huge spark completely through their afflicted bodies, and make them howl dis-

mally. He was known to every Tom and Tabby for three miles round. The moment they saw Little To turning an adjacent corner, a most hideous expression of anguish stole over their features, and they would scour suddenly away at the very top of their speed, in a precisely opposite direction. If Little To, however, did not resemble his grandfather in most things, there were two in which he copied him closely. In the first place he was amazingly fond of pyrotechny, and spent most of his leisure moments in the pursuit of this noble science. If you heard a very loud report, or a sudden roar in the yard at the back of the old optician's shop, you would know that it was Great To testing a maroon, or trying a gerb; but, if you heard a variety of small explosions, and a slight hissing sound, you might be sure it was *Little* To solacing himself with a squib in a corner, or contemplating the result of some recent discovery in the cracker department. And in the second place, Little To was strongly addicted to chemistry. If an all-pervading and mighty stench suddenly saluted your offended nostrils, that was Great To experimentalizing among the gases; but if you became suddenly conscious of a diminutive stench, which came and went at intervals, that was *Little* To again pouring diluted oil of vitriol on iron filings, and inflating a miniature paper balloon. Such was Great To the grandfather, and such was Little To the grandson—to both of whom I considered it only fitting that the reader should be introduced.

David Gannet walked straight up to the lathe at which Anthony von Pootherchick was presiding. Before the old umbrella-mender had stood near it ten seconds his hat and shoulders were covered with fine chips. He looked like a man who had just weathered a heavy snow-storm. The lathe made such a noise that Anthony did not perceive David's entrance, and the latter had to touch the old philosopher on the shoulder to engage his attention. Then he desisted from his turning, and greeted his neighbor with the air of one who wished the umbrella-mender well, and was quite at his service.

"I want your advice," roared David in his ear.

"Hush, man, I'm not deaf," mildly observed Anthony von Pootherchick; "what do you bawl at me in that way for?"

"O, I forgot," said David; "to be sure—how stupid!" Then after a momentary pause, "You have heard, I suppose, of this great lottery."

"O, yes; I have heard of it, neighbor, and what of that?"

"Would you advise me to——"

"There, you are raising your voice again," cried Anthony von Pootherchick, rather irritated, "I told you before I was not deaf."

"No, no, no! I beg your pardon," said David, scratching his ear in an embarrassed way; "I always forget—it's with talking to old Phœbe. But about this lottery."

"Well, what about the lottery?" said Great To, taking up a gauge and beginning to set it.

"You put in twenty guineas, or pounds, I don't remember which, and win twenty thousand. Wouldn't you recommend me to try it?"

"On those conditions, yes, certainly."

"Thank you, Anthony, I knew that would be what you would say, and very sensible too; but Phœbe wouldn't listen."

"Stay a bit," exclaimed Great To, examining the gauge's edge, "let me understand you rightly. By putting in twenty pounds, you cannot fail in taking out as many thousands?"

"I didn't say *can't fail*."

"O, there is a doubt existing, eh? There are chances against you then?"

"Yes, very likely; but——"

"How many, pray?"

"I don't know; I didn't inquire."

"Nor need you," gravely returned Anthony von Pootherchick, pouring a drop or two of oil upon the stone from a little tin vessel with a spout like a snipe's beak. "You are a poor man, David Gannet, like myself, and can't afford to make ducks and drakes of a sum like twenty pounds. You may win, it is true; but that you may lose is much more likely. You came to ask my advice, and you have got it."

"Thank you kindly," said David in a dogged tone.

Just as he was going to leave the shop, a neighboring green-grocer walked in. He had Little To's left ear between the forefinger and thumb of one hand, and between those of the other he held a dead cat by the hind legs. It had died in a strong convulsion; the eyes were starting from their sockets, and the tongue protruded an inch or more.

"What's this?" inquired Anthony von Pootherchick, seizing his cudgel.

"It *was* a cat," replied the greengrocer, "the nicest cat that ever breathed. Look at it *now*. I come for justice."

"And you shall have it," said Great To, grasping Little To by the wrist.

"I did it, grandfather," cried Little To, looking up mildly in the old man's face.

"I know you did, my boy," said Anthony, with much apparent calmness.

"Stop a bit," interrupted the greengrocer; "not *that*, neighbor Pootherchick; where's your electrifying machine?"

"Ah, a very good idea," said Anthony, and, dragging the alarmed youth to the implement named, he forced him into a chair, and turning the handle of the terrible apparatus fourteen times, gave Little To a shock which sent him off rubbing his elbows savagely, and vowing early revenge.

David Gannet waited to witness the administration of this piece of justice, and then, more resolved than ever to invest his twenty pounds in the great lottery that he had seen advertised, returned homeward, to combat the objections of Dame Phœbe.

David Gannet was a very long time in bringing his more cautious wife over to his own way of thinking, and inducing her to countenance his ambitious projects; but he harped so much upon the probabilities of success, and used so many skillful arguments to convince her that the step he was about to take was one of the most prudent ones he could devise, that she at length entered fully into her husband's views, and eventually became more enthusiastic in the matter than even the old umbrella-mender himself. As a convincing proof, too, of her sincerity, she went secretly up-stairs to a garret, and putting her hand up the chimney, drew out an old crumpled black stocking, from which she took upward of twenty pounds in bank notes, and then, descending again, put them cheerfully into the hand of David, who, without delay, paid the money in at the lottery-office, and received in return a ticket—the title-deed of his enormous wealth. Dame Phœbe had told him to choose something with a seven in it; so he chose the number seventy-seven, which, through some unfortunate oversight on the part of speculators in general, chanced hitherto to have remained unappropriated.

"When is the drawing to take place?" asked Phœbe.

"On Tuesday week," replied David, with the assistance of the slate.

"Tuesday week! I don't like that; it will fall on the first of April."

"That's the very reason they chose it," returned David, rubbing his hands; "don't you see how many fools they make?" And while Dame Phœbe was nearly choking with the effects of this little piece of pleasantry, David occupied himself in fixing an ivory knob upon a sturdy walking-stick, the property of an elderly gentleman, who growled terribly when he brought it, and would most probably growl terribly again when he came to take it away, if everything was not arranged to his taste, and within the limits of the half hour he had prescribed for the completion of the undertaking.

As David was thus engaged, Dame Phœbe's favorite tortoise-shell cat bounced in at the door in an intense state of palpitation and alarm. As the natural sequel to an incident of this nature, shortly afterward Little To entered also, tossing his square paper cap into the air, and catching it cleverly on his head as he walked.

"Now, then, young scapegrace," said David.

"Are you in?" asked Little To.

"Why, to be sure—don't you see I am? What do you mean by asking that?"

"Grandfather told me to——"

"Tell Anthony I'll be with him in a minute."

"Don't you go to him—he'll come to you."

"O, very well; does he want some more ivory?"

"Yes, but it's not about that; keep him a-talking as long as you can;" and darting an affectionate glance in the direction of the tortoise-shell cat, which was stealthily watching him from under a bedstead, Little To ran off in the direction of his grandfather's shop.

In a few minutes Anthony von Pootherchick arrived. The visit was purely one of kindness. He wished to prevent David from speculating in the great lottery which was occasioning so vast a sensation in the town.

"But it's already done," cried David. "See!" and he drew the ticket from his pocket.

Anthony surveyed it contemptuously.

"Do you remember the old proverb?" asked Great To.

"No; what is it, neighbor?" said David, as he clapped a brass virl upon the walking-stick of the irascible elderly gentleman.

"Fools and their money are soon parted;" and, having suffered his indignation to vent itself thus, Anthony von Pootherchick walked composedly out.

"What 's that he said?" eagerly demanded Dame Phœbe, relinquishing the bellows, and putting her hand to her ear.

"That we 're sure to win the great prize," replied David Gannet, making a hideous noise with his file, and communicating a last polish to the virl by means of a little bit of sand-paper.

"We must have a complete turn-out from top to bottom," said David, as he stirred up his tea that evening; these old tables and chairs, and that old Dutch clock wont suit our altered circumstances. I 'll have an arm-chair with a red cushion to it, and a round mahogany table with a lion's head carved on each leg, and a respectable clock with a handsome face, and the moon rising above it; and I 'll have an elegant looking-glass over the mantlepiece, and a costly carpet on the floor, and beautiful curtains round the window. No more mending umbrellas and stuffing birds after that—I shall have enough to do to stuff myself; and, as for grinding scissors——" He gave the machine a kick as he spoke, which precipitated it noisily into a corner.

A week rolled away. The important day arrived. David, under the careful inspection and superintendence of his wife, dressed himself in his very best, brushed his dingy hat, drew on a pair of discolored gloves, and stood prepared to start.

"Stay a bit," cried old Phœbe. "Take off that yellow neckerchief, and put on the one with spots."

David did as he was desired, and seizing the slate, gave Phœbe the following directions, which she promised scrupulously to observe:—

"If things go as I expect they will, I shall not walk home, mark you. I shall ride in a sedan-chair. Watch for me at a top window, and when you see the sedan-chair turning the corner you will know I am coming. Then throw up the window instantly, and bundle all our old furniture you can lay your hands on into the street; spare nothing; out with it, dame. You understand, do you? Very well, so now good-by until I return,"—and away went David Gannet, already in imagination the possessor of an amount of wealth which baffled the powers of arithmetic.

David Gannet, the old soldier, marched away at a double quick step, and walked into the town. He was in wonderful spirits; he felt like a man who had inhaled the laughing-gas. His head and thoughts were in the clouds, and as he tramped along the resounding footway, he brought the end of his iron-tipped stick down upon it with an energy that struck fire from the stones. He soon arrived at the large building in which the lottery was to take place. A dense crowd of people had collected here. Hope and eager expectation sat on every face. Mirth and laughter resounded from the walls. Nobody looked sad, for nobody was yet a loser by the great lottery.

"What are they laughing at, I wonder?" muttered David Gannet to himself; "do they *all* expect to win?" and for a moment the possibility of a failure on his own part occurred to him. He grew chill from top to toe at the bare thought of it; but roused himself, and anxiously awaited the opening of the proceedings. He did not wait long. A boy in a blue dress (David observed that he was blindfold, and had one hand tied behind him) dipped his naked arm into a revolving box, drew out a ticket, and submitted it to a clerk, who called its number; upon which a second boy on the opposite side of the room drew from *his* box a ticket also, and submitted it to another clerk, who cried, "Blank." The same ceremony was repeated twenty times, and then a prize of two hundred and fifty pounds turned up. The announcement of his success was hailed with an immediate cheer, and the hand of the fortunate individual was shaken by his friends, while those whose tickets had been pronounced blank took the opportunity of slipping quietly away, with faces as blank as their tickets.

"Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank; why, they 're nearly all blank," cried David; "it 's rather different from what I expected; and what if mine should turn out to be a blank? I had better be moving toward the door."

"Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, fifty times in succession, and then

a prize of five hundred pounds. "Come, that's worth having," said David; "five hundred pounds is a good round sum, but, after all, it's a mere trifle to what I expect to get. Ha! what did I hear? Yes," cried David aloud, "that's my number gentlemen, if you please; I am number seventy-seven."—"Blank," was the reply, and poor David Gannet fell down flat upon his face. He might have been shot. The prevailing notion was that he was dead, but this was proved to be a mistake. David had merely fainted from nervous excitement. His case provoked much commiseration; but he was rather in the way, so the chief clerk of the lottery referred to his books, and finding the umbrella-mender's name and address, issued an order for him to be conveyed safely home. David Gannet's house, however, happening to lie at some distance, and a disengaged couch not being procurable just then, they put him carefully into a sedan-chair, which some humane person proffered for the occasion, and away the two bearers trudged with their load.

Dame Phœbe, like a wary sentinel, had been looking out of the window for upward of an hour. The better to fulfill her engagement, with the assistance of a neighbor, she had collected the whole of the household effects into one room, a garret, and was now patiently awaiting the appearance of the sedan-chair. At length, as she was on the point of giving way to despair, she saw the long-looked-for sedan turn the appointed corner! In an instant up went the window, and down toppled the furniture in a perfect avalanche upon the pavement below. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, wash-hand basins, warming-pans, fire-irons, and fenders—down they went, bump, bump, bump—crash, crash, crash. The irascible elderly gentleman, who brought the walking-stick to have a knob put to it, chanced to be passing at the moment, and he looked wrathfully up to see from whence this shower of missiles came; but the nozzle of a pair of kitchen bellows hit him over the eye, and, while he lay sprawling, a piece of crockery, falling upon the center of his back, nearly broke the spine. A yellow-whiskered cheesemonger rushed from his shop at the next door, and held up his hand deprecatingly to Dame Phœbe; but the corner of a wash-hand stand took his chin, and hurled him to a distance of several yards. A corpulent chemist from the opposite side of the street rushed over, with the view of staying the havoc and stopping the outrage; but a large heap of drugget falling at the moment, like a prophet's mantle, enveloped him in its folds, and he was utterly extinguished. And all this time, and in the midst of all this confusion, there was David Gannet, who had just recovered his senses, looking out at the sedan window, and calling at the very top of his voice, and making signals to the deaf Phœbe to suspend further demonstrations of joy; but Phœbe was in too high a paroxysm of bliss to attend to anything that was transpiring below,—and it was not till David Gannet himself had rushed wildly up the stairs, and actually seized her by the two wrists, that she could be got thoroughly to comprehend the umbrella-mender's meaning, and desist from the work of destruction. Then the dismal truth flashed upon her, and together the unfortunate pair bewailed the ruin their imprudence had dragged down upon them.

While they were thus weighed to the earth, and in the very midst of their despondency and grief, that excellent man and good neighbor, Anthony von Pootherchick, having heard of this couple's misfortunes, had the philanthropy to pay them a visit. He was not one of those provoking, though perhaps well-intending people, who, when your prospects have miscarried, shrug their shoulders, and cry, "I told you so," and wonder why you didn't follow their advice. He said nothing at all; he merely looked round him, saw how matters stood, and, going quietly away, instantly set afoot a subscription, which in less than two days amounted to nearly forty pounds, and quite established David Gannet in business again. But what do you think was the result of this praiseworthy conduct on the part of Anthony von Pootherchick? The whole of the time which he spent in benevolently collecting money for David Gannet, that incorrigible imp, Little To, spent in solving the mystery of thunder-powder, and succeeded in blowing the roof quite off one of the pyrotechnist's outbuildings. Anthony was in a pretty rage when he heard of it, and hastened home with the view of inflicting proper chastisement upon the culprit; but, on arriving there, it soon became apparent that Little To, dreading the results of his indiscretion, had already privately withdrawn himself. Two whole

days did Little To remain secreted, but, toward the middle of the third, he once more presented himself in the gloomy shop of the old optician, donned his paper cap, tied on his apron in a mild and comfortable manner, and began to grind away at a mortar full of saltpeter, a task that Great To had imposed upon his grandson the morning of the day on which the latter had absconded. The gloom of his laboratory at first prevented Anthony von Poothrchick, who had just been getting his dinner, from perceiving his grandson; but the moment he had done so, he walked toward him with a deliberate sort of air, which Little To thought portended no particular amount of good to himself. So he dropped the heavy pestle into the mortar, forced a large fat tear into the corner of either eye, and cried, "I did it, grandfather." Perhaps this well-timed but artful acknowledgment acted as a sedative upon Great To's rising choler, or perhaps his dinner had put him in good humor; at all events he exhibited no anger, but on the contrary cried: "That 's a good lad, always speak the truth; I'll forgive you because you didn't lie,—and the incident of the thunder-powder passed altogether from the good old man's memory. Subsequently to this, Little To became a great chemist, and dabbled to a considerable extent in astronomy. Indeed, it is only a few years since he was supposed by philosophers to have discovered a new star; though, on further investigation, this was proved to be less a new star than an old blinking gas lamp, which occupied a conspicuous position upon a distant acclivity. Little To's abilities as a chemist, however, have never once been called into question, and he is justly looked upon as one of the greatest luminaries of the present age.

As for David Gannet and Dame Phœbe, they did not invest any more money in lotteries, but continued to live comfortably upon what little they possessed, till death gave them something better. David often afterward acknowledged that his lottery speculation was a stupid business, and, in order that the recollection of it might act as a check upon him in future, he bought a half-pint china cup, with a handsome picture of the "Dog and his shadow" emblazoned upon the front of it; and this always during the old soldier's lifetime stood upon his mantle-piece.

[For the National Magazine.]

CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI SWAMP.

IN the South-western States there were, in 1818, no public conveyances by land, and few roads of any considerable distance on which wheeled carriages could pass; consequently the transportation of almost everything was on horseback. Under these circumstances I could take with me to my distant destination only a few clothes and some choice books. A pair of saddle-bags contained my entire wardrobe and library. The latter consisted of a Bible, Methodist Discipline, Hymn-book, one volume of Wesley's Sermons, and a Greek Testament. With this outfit, for the whole year, I turned my face to the Far West.

The morning of my departure was somber, and indicative of rain. Late at night on the second day's ride, wet, weary, and faint with hunger, I reached the waters of the Mississippi at the mouth of Red River, and was obliged to pass the night at a tavern. I think I never felt before so keenly the want of something refreshing as I did at that hour, and scarcely ever had I been thrown into a place which afforded so few of the sheer necessaries of life. Of whisky only was there a profusion. All that I could procure was some corn bread, the meal of which had been probably ground in a still-mill, and baked in the ashes, a bit of damaged pork, and something which they called coffee. And these I got from the slaves, who really sympathized with me in my sufferings, and yielded me all the aid and comfort which were within their narrow means.

Weariness and partial fever prevented sleep, and the next morning the day was cold and cheerless. After waiting and pleading with my host till nearly ten o'clock, and paying him enormously, he allowed his slaves to help me across the Mississippi, and soon I entered its great swamp. This is, perhaps, the most dreary and desolate place in the world. To form an adequate conception of it, one must have been at some time in it. It overwhelms one on every side by its extent and stillness. It is formed by the melted snows which flow from the higher latitudes of the continent, and the spring rains which fall in the immense valley lying between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains. The

waters of this vast basin, pressing themselves in their southern course, and failing to empty themselves sufficiently fast into the ocean, are compelled to force their way over the banks, and thus they form an inundation or swamp more than seven hundred miles in length, and from twenty-five to sixty miles in breadth. When they begin to approach this region, the beasts, birds, and even the reptiles, retire before them, and flee to the higher and distant lands on the west. Nothing is now to be seen in it but one continuous sheet of water, extending and spreading itself over thousands of square miles, and covering almost everything from five to forty feet under its surface. The tall and shapeless cypress is nearly the only tree which peers above this mighty inundation. Formerly, in the spring season, before steam had achieved its triumphs, the mail-boats and other conveyances, in communicating with the then solitary West, were obliged to pass through this swamp; and in the autumn, when the waters had retired, one could trace their passage twenty or forty feet over his head by the limbs of the trees which the boatman had cut away in navigating his vessel through their tops.

About the first of June the overflow reaches its highest point, after which it gradually recedes until the last of August, when it falls again within the banks of the river. And now an almost vertical sun soon dries up the immense swamp, exhaling from this enormous accumulation of vegetable matter a miasma which often carries pestilence and death to the inhabitants on the higher lands.

The impressions produced on one, while in this region, are often various and opposing. That which, at the entrance, seemed vast and overwhelming, in a few hours' ride loses most of its inspiration, and soon becomes familiar and gloomy. And now there is nothing to variegate the monotonous scene. The imagination becomes depressed, and seeks in vain for something by which it can relieve itself. You are now in the empire of stillness and uniformity. There is nothing which has life to be seen or heard: no flitting bird nor moving creature to beguile the tedium of the miry way. And should the wind move the lofty cypresses, the sound in their tops seems mournful, and in dying away makes the solitude more solitary.

I had traveled but a few hours in this swamp when I was met by the chilling wintry rains peculiar to that climate, and was, shortly after, brought down with a severe ague. Soon the fever became violent, and I was obliged to dismount and screen myself under a frail umbrella at the root of the driest tree I could find. Although almost every step had been through mud, yet there was no water. At this time I would have given gold for a bowlful. As it was, I could only slake my thirst by the application of wet leaves to my feverish lips; and for this I was thankful.

I was sick, alone, without food or water, and in doubt whether I could ever find my way out of this wilderness. I had believed myself called to preach the gospel, had left all that I had ever loved before to do it, and was now on my way to make full proof of those impressions which had followed me for seven years. It was suggested to me that I had mistaken my call —that I was deluded—was foolish to relinquish a lucrative occupation for an enterprise so profitless and visionary—and, above all, that God was in this way hedging up my course.

I endeavored to review the whole of my former life. In the examination, I found that my motives had been upright; my only object had been to glorify God, and, if possible, to do good to my fellowmen; and if I were mistaken I had followed the best light I had. I did not—I could not feel condemned. After prayer, the light from above soon dispelled my doubts, and melted me down into sweet submission. I was then willing to die there, or anywhere else, or in any other way, to glorify God.

My fever was still high; but the day was passing away, and the approach of night might bring with it, I knew not what —perhaps the return of those ferocious beasts which had fled to the borders of the swamp. I arose and pushed on as fast as my half-famished horse could bear me. But soon the path, which had never been plain, became dim, and finally lost itself entirely in the leaves. Thus I was now wholly astray, and concluded that I must lay out for the night. But I was kept calm, and confided in Providence. Pressing on for some time without a path to direct me, at last I discovered something like higher ground, and soon felt that my

horse had firmer footing, and finally emerged from this miry solitude into the extended prairie of Avoyelles.

This was the first extensive prairie I had ever seen, and, under any circumstances, it would have been beautiful; but at this time it was perfectly enchanting. The sun was just now withdrawing his last rays from the bending grass, the sky was clear, calm, and purified by the rain of the day, and the entire prospect, in openness and extent of vision, far exceeded any that I had ever seen. Everything without was now changed, and the effect produced upon me within was perfectly irresistible. While in the swamp, notwithstanding my reliance on God, my natural spirits all the day had been depressed; but now, all at once, they assumed far more than their usual elasticity; and although entirely alone, I think I shouted aloud, and felt something like an involuntary upheaving of my whole person in the saddle.

Through the day the Lord had brought me low; he had tested me in regard to my call to the ministry. Grace had been given me to stand fast, and now I was brought into a large place. My fever had subsided, and all without was lovely, and all within was buoyant and joyous. My mouth was filled with laughter and my tongue with singing.

In a few days I reached Opelousas, the center of my future labors, the place of my destination, and, at that time, the South-western extremity of the Union. I had long wished to become a missionary, and now I felt as one sent out from country, kith, and kindred. But

> "For this I panted—this I prized;
> For this I gladly sacrificed
> Whate'er I loved before."

I was affectionately received into the family of the Hon. Seth Lewis, judge of the court, who, with his excellent wife and entire household, were among the first fruits of Methodism in these remote parts of Louisiana. They had heartily espoused the cause of truth at a time when Protestantism, and, much more so, Methodism, were in low repute; and like the house of Onesiphorus in Paul's day, they diligently searched out the ministers of the gospel, refreshed them, and were not ashamed of their reproach. During the two years I traveled west of the Mississippi this house was my home; and, whether sick, weary, or dispirited in any way, in this blessed family I was always sure to find repose and consolation. In the nautical language of that country, I used to put into this Fair Haven, often half-wrecked, dismantled, and sometimes without supplies; and as often I have been repaired and refitted for another cruise on my circuit of five hundred and sixty-four miles in circumference.

LAST DAYS OF HENRY HAMMOND, D. D.

DR. HENRY HAMMOND'S Commentary on the New Testament is much valued by every scholar in divinity. Dr. Hammond was also eminent for his zeal and piety. At the approach of sickness, his first consideration was, what failing had provoked the present chastisement; and to that purpose he made his earnest prayer to God (and enjoined his friends to do the like) to convince him of it; not only so, but to tear and rend away, though by the greatest violence and sharpest discipline, whatever was displeasing in his eyes, and grant not only patience, but fruitfulness, under the rod. Then, by repeated acts of submission, would he deliver himself up into God's hands to do with him as seemed him good, and saying, "God's holy will be done." And even then, when on the rack of torture, would he be observing every circumstance of allay, saying it was not so sharp as others felt, accusing his impatience that it appeared so bad to him as it did. And then, when some degree of health was given, he exerted all his strength in a return of grateful recognition to the Author of it; which he performed with a lively sense and cheerful piety, frequently reflecting on the psalmist's phrase, that it was a joyful thing to be thankful. Whoever should attentively observe this his transport would easily apprehend how possible it was for the infinite fruitions of another world to be made up by the perpetual act of grateful recognition, in giving lauds and singing praises unto God. Upon this score he was a most diligent observer of every blessing he received, and had them still in readiness to confront unto those pressures he at any time lay under. In the intermissions of his importunate maladies he would with full acknowledgment mention the great indulgence that he, who had in his consti-

tution the cause of so much pain still dwelling with him, should yet, by God's immediate interposing, be rescued from the effect.

To facilitate yet more this his serenity and calm of mind, he laid this rule before him, which proved of great use: "Never to trouble himself with the foresight of future events," being resolved of our Saviour's maxim, that "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" and that it were the greatest folly in the world to perplex one's self with that which perchance will never come to pass; but, if it should, then God who sent it will dispose it to the best —most certainly to his glory, which should satisfy us in our respects to him, and unless it should be our fault, as certainly to our good, which, if we be not strangely unreasonable, must satisfy in reference to ourselves and private interests. Besides all this, in the very dispensation, God will not fail to give such allays, which (like the cool gales under the line) will make the greatest heats of sufferance very supportable.

And, to enforce all this, he made a constant recourse to the experience of God's dealing with him in preceding accidents; which, however dreadful at a distance, at a nearer view lost much of their terror. And, for others that he saw perplexed about the management of their difficult affairs, he was wont to ask them when they would begin to trust God, or permit him to govern the world. Besides, unto himself and friends he was wont solemnly to give this mandate, "to rather nothing:" not only to be content, or acquiesce, but be resolved the present state to be the very best that could be wished or fancied.

And thus all private concernments he passed over with perfect indifference; the world and its appendages hanging so loose about him, that he never took notice when any part dropped off, or sat uneasily. Herein indeed he was concerned, and rendered thoughtful, if somewhat intervened that had a possibility of duty appended to it; in which case he would be solicitous to discern where the obligation lay; but presently rescued himself from that disquiet by his addresses unto God in prayer and fasting, which was his certain refuge in this as well as other exigents; and, if the thing in question were of moment, he called in the devotions of his friends. Besides his earnest prayers to God for his assistance, and disposal of him entirely to his glory, and a diligent survey of his inclinations, and therein those which were his more open and less defensible parts, he further called in and solemnly abjured that friend of his with whom he had then the nearest opportunity of communion, to study and examine the last ten years of his life, and, with the justice due to a Christian friendship, to observe the failures of all kinds, and show them to him. The diocese of Worcester was, by the favor of his majesty, Charles II., designed as the charge of Dr. Hammond; and he expected hourly the peremptory mandate which was to call him forth from his beloved retirements.

But, in the instant, a more importunate, though infinitely more welcome summons, engaged him on his last journey; for, on the 4th of April, he was seized with a sharp illness, which yet ceased for that time. However, on the 8th of the same month, it returned again with greater violence; when, as if he had by some instinct a certain knowledge of the issue of his sickness, he almost at its first approach conceived himself in hazard, telling his friends with whom he was, "that he should leave them in God's hands, who could supply abundantly all the assistance they could either expect or desire from him, and who would so provide, that they should not find his removal any loss." And when he observed one of them with some earnestness pray for his health and continuance, he with tender passion replied, "I observe your zeal spend itself all in that one petition for my recovery; in the interim you have no care of me in my greatest interest, which is, that I may be perfectly fitted for my change, when God shall call me: I pray, let some of your fervor be employed that way." And being pressed to make his own request to God to be continued longer in the world, to the service of the Church, he immediately began a solemn prayer, which contained first a very humble and melting acknowledgment of sin, and a most earnest intercession for mercy and forgiveness through the merits of his Saviour: next, resigning himself entirely into his Maker's hands, he begged that, if the divine wisdom intended him for death, he might have a due preparation for it; but if his life might in any degree be useful to the Church, even to one single soul, he then besought Almighty God to

continue him, and by his grace enable him to employ that life he so vouchsafed industriously and successfully.

After this he did, with great affection, intercede for this Church and nation, and with particular vigor and enforcement prayed for sincere performance of Christian duty, now so much decayed, to the equal supplanting and scandal of that holy calling; that those who professed that faith might live according to the rules of it, and to the form of godliness superadd the power. This, with some repetitions and more tears, he pursued, and at last closed all in a prayer for the several concerns of the family where he was. With this he frequently blessed God for so far indulging to his infirmity as to make his disease so painless to him; withal to send it to him before he took his journey, whereas it might have taken him in the way, or at his inn, with far greater disadvantages. He now became strangely cheerful, and overlooked the encroaching, importunate tyranny of sickness.

On the 20th of April, being Good Friday, he solemnly received the sacrament; and again on the 22d of April, which then was Easter-day. Amid his weakness and indisposition of all parts, in the act of celebration his devotion not only was not faint, but most intent and vigorous; yet was it equaled by his infinite humility, which discovered itself as in his deportment, so particularly in that his pathetical ejaculation which brake forth at the hearing of those words of the apostle, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" unto which he rejoined, in an accent that neither intended a compliment to God nor men, to either of which he was not under a temptation, "Of whom I am the chief."

When he was in pain he often prayed for patience, and, while he did so, evidenced that his prayer was heard; for he exercised not only that, but thankfulness too, in his greatest extremity crying out "Blessed be God! blessed be God!" Nor did he, according to the usual method, inflict his sickness upon those about him, by peevishness disquieting his attendants; but was pleased with everything that was done, and liked everything that was brought, condescending to all proposals, and obeying with all readiness every advice of his physicians. In his own greatest desolations he administered reliefs to those about him, mixing advices with his prayers, and twisting the tenderness of a friend to that of the Christian. He then dispensed his best of legacies, his blessings; most passionately exhorting the young growing hopes of his family, whose first innocence and bashful shame of doing ill he above all things labored to have preserved, "To be just to the advantage of their education, and maintain inviolate their first baptismal vows." Then he more generally commended unto all the great advantage of mutual friendly admonitions. On which occasion, when one asked him what more special rule he would recommend for the whole life, he briefly replied, "Uniform obedience;" whereby (if we may take a comment from himself at other times) he meant not only a sincere reception of duty as such, because commanded, and not because it is this or that, pleasant or honorable, or perchance cheap or easy duty; but withal the very condition of obeying; the lot of not being to choose for one's self; the being determined in all proposals by human or divine command, and, where those were left at large, by the guidance of God's providence, or the assistance of a friend.

But, amid these most Christian occupations, these happiest anodynes of sickness, the 25th of April, 1660, fatally drew on. About three o'clock in the afternoon, becoming very weak and dispirited, and cold in his extreme parts, he had strength only continued to persevere in his devotions, which he did unto the last moment of his life; a few minutes before his death breathing out those words which best became his Christian life: "Lord, make haste."

They that had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with this best of men, this saint, know with what thirst and eagerness of soul he sought the spiritual advantage of any single man, how humble soever, with what enjoyment he beheld the recovery of any such from an evil course and habit. And whatever apprehension other men may have, they will be easily induced to think that, if blessed spirits have commerce with earth (as surely we have reason to believe it somewhat more than possible), they, I say, will consider it a connatural and highly agreeable accession unto his fruitions, that, when there is joy in the presence of the angels of God for a sinner that repents, he may be an immediate accessory to that blessed triumph, and be concerned beyond the rate of a mere spectator.

AN ARTIST IN EARTH.

WHILE rambling on one occasion through the gorgeous courts of the Great Exhibition, bewildered by its manifold objects of beauty and utility, our wandering gaze was arrested and fixed by a sculptured form of commanding mien. It was invested with none of the insignia of royalty, rank, or riches; indeed there were legibly imprinted upon brow, and countenance, and limbs, the marks of severe thought and toil and struggle, evidently endured through a protracted period; yet, withal, it bore unmistakable indications of bold intelligence and original genius. "That statue," said a companion, who had witnessed the sudden and absorbed interest which we took in the figure before us, "is a representation of Bernard Palissy, the celebrated French potter of the sixteenth century;" and being well-versed in the history of the arts, he sketched off, in a few pregnant sentences, the leading events in the life of this truly surprising man. The name, we must confess, was at that time new to us, and perhaps may, even now, be equally unfamiliar to the ears of many of our readers. The apotheosis of Bernard's effigy in the world's temple of art has done something toward rescuing him from obscurity, and advancing him to the position of honor he so well deserves among the illustrious of mankind. Since that period, moreover, an English writer has undertaken the welcome task of recording his history, which is now before us, and which we have read with especial pleasure. Bearing in mind that the only memorials of the great mediæval "artist in earth" hitherto known have been the fossilized records of encyclopedias and dictionaries, and that the materials of the present work have had to be gathered, partly from the incidental autobiographical notices occurring in Palissy's own writings, and partly from cotemporary annalists, we cannot but be gratified with the vivid and life-like picturings which Mr. Morley has given us of the struggling and victorious potter, as also of the troublous times through which he clave his way.

The age upon which Palissy looked forth, from the very commencement to the close of his almost romantic career, was one of the most remarkable and stirring within the domains of modern history. He was the cotemporary of Luther and Calvin among the reformers. Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and other sovereigns, ascended the throne of France and died during his extended and vigorous life. Mary, Queen of Scots, was brightly shining among the beauties of the profligate court of St. Germain while he was still in the prime of manhood. Wars, civil discord, insurrections, and assassinations, made his times turbulent and dangerous. The massacre of St. Bartholomew darkened with its shadow of infamy his declining days; on which occasion, as a bold and uncompromising Huguenot, he owed his personal escape to the powerful friends whom his artistic skill and handiwork had raised up for him near the throne. The art of printing was just disclosing its mysterious facilities to the wondering world as Bernard was poring over the book of nature in quest of philosophic truth, and conducting his pertinacious experiments upon different soils and chemicals. Constable Montmorenci, long the rival of the Guises, was for many years his munificent patron, and protected him from the vindictiveness of papal vengeance. These intimations of cotemporary characters and events will suffice to convey an adequate idea of the era in which Palissy figured as "a man obscurely great among the prominently little."

The exact date of Palissy's birth is enveloped in considerable doubt. His recent biographer assigns the year 1509 as the most probable period, conceding, however, a margin of uncertainty of six years on either side. The same want of accurate knowledge extends to his birthplace, although it is pretty clearly ascertained that it was on the skirts of the province of Perigord, and in the diocese of Agen—a district diversified with mountains, barren plains, and forest scenery; and thus a fit spot to cradle and nurture those hardy, energetic, and manly qualities that distinguished our hero. The business to which Palissy was trained was that of a glass-painter and general worker in painted glass. The art of *verrerie*, comprehending all the various processes connected with the shaping and coloring of glass, was then accounted so honorable an occupation, that many of the needy noblemen of the time followed it without loss of caste in the eyes of a punctilious community. Indeed, an erroneous belief has hence arisen, that nobles only were per-

mitted to engage in this employment. By law this never was the fact, although by custom it appears to have been frequently the case. Bernard Palissy himself probably belonged to an impoverished branch of the patrician order. He is well known to have been born poor, and to have received in his childhood no more than a peasant's education.

The hamlets and furnaces of those who followed this occupation were generally to be found in the recesses of a forest; partly because the fuel, on the cheapness of which their success was so much dependent, was thus conveniently accessible, and partly to avoid the risk of conflagrations to which towns would have been exposed at a time when domestic buildings were so much more combustible than at present. "Very reasonably, therefore," says his biographer, "we may suppose, that in a hamlet of the kind thus indicated Palissy was born; that as a child he rolled upon the moss, and ripened with the chestnuts. Bits of colored glass held a high price, no doubt, among his early toys; and some of his first lessons must have been those which taught him to distinguish between certain minerals, by the burning of which, upon its surface, glass was colored." And judging from the inquisitiveness and subtilty of intellect which he displayed throughout his entire career, we shall not be indulging any vagrancy of fancy, if we picture to ourselves the boy Bernard fingering his father's drugs, and asking puzzling questions concerning them; and, failing to elicit satisfactory replies, rambling forth into the wood to think over, or ask again of nature, of whose teachings he was ever a diligent student. Among the self-acquired accomplishments of the embryo artist, was the art of drawing from the living copies that surrounded him—an attainment that exercised a considerable influence upon his subsequent career and achievements.

On reaching the age of about eighteen years, Bernard emerged from the cover of his native wood, shouldered a scanty wallet, bade farewell to friends and relations, and went forth to find his own position in the world. Ten or twelve years were spent by him in wandering to and fro throughout the various provinces of France, of which no certain records have come down to our times. His wants were simple and few, and these he sought to supply by exercising his skill, as a decorative painter, in the churches of the land and in the houses of the nobility. Being brought by his nomadic mode of life in contact with all sorts of characters, he picked up an extensive acquaintance with men and things, and came to comprehend the spirit and tendency of the degenerate days upon which he had fallen; while, at the same time, he lost no opportunity of gratifying that craving for additional insight into the works of creation which was one of the master passions of his mind. Insects, birds, trees, stones, springs, and other objects innumerable, were continually arresting his footsteps, and fixing his studious contemplation. Indeed, it must have been chiefly from the enlightened observations and experiences collected during these years of wandering, that he was able afterward to mature and develop those views on some of the most recondite points in natural philosophy with which his name is associated, and which antedated, by at least one or two centuries, many of the more recent inductions of science. His mind being of a remarkably free and fearless turn, he began about this period to study the Scriptures. Traveling from place to place, he necessarily saw and heard much of the religious scandals and corruptions of the times, which had been long engendering feelings of universal distrust, contempt, and indignation among the population, and which, not many years afterward, burst forth in sanguinary conflicts. His penetration and strong sense of justice at once detected the claims of the reformers to his sympathy and support, and he accordingly, for weal or for woe, cast in his lot among them.

Whether it was because he was becoming wearied with the restless life of a cosmopolite, or whether, which is most probable, his heart was not proof against the attractions of woman's affection, we cannot positively assert; but it is certain that, when he was about the age of twenty-nine, he laid aside his pilgrim's staff and sought repose and peace in marriage and housekeeping. The rover settled in the small town of Saintes, the capital of Saintonge, a district corresponding with the present department of Charente Intérieure. This great event in his history took place about the year 1538. Here, to discharge his new responsibilities, he undertook what-

ever employment he could get, either as a surveyor or as a glass and portrait painter. His engagements as surveyor usually sprung out of disputes concerning the boundaries of land, in which cases a plan of the contested property became necessary to the litigants. But it was scarcely to be expected that so vigorous and aspiring a mind as Palissy's could content itself with occupations that barely brought bread to himself and family—for children soon came to multiply his cares and stimulate his hopefulness. He sighed for higher and nobler labor, and longed to accomplish something for the good of his country and mankind.

While in this mood of mind, there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture; "an earthen cup," he himself tells us, "turned and enameled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels, and other things, very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing." This simple incident was the turning point in Palissy's history. The rudimental thought, thus suggested, was the solitary seed which, falling on the congenial soil of true genius, germinated and fruited into forms of the richest beauty.

To discover how to make enamels!—that was to be henceforth the aim of Palissy's labors—the prize of his ambition. It is difficult for us to conceive the condition of a great country, famed for the luxurious habits and appliances of its noblesse, three centuries ago, that should be almost destitute of those household requisites so well known, under the comprehensive names of "pottery" and "porcelain," to the humblest cottager of the present day. And yet such was indeed the fact. Tea-cups and saucers had not then been invented; yea, more, tea itself was unknown in Europe. Enameled vessels, however, did exist, for Palissy had beheld a specimen; but it was of Italian manufacture. Translucent porcelain had just begun to be imported from China in the time of our potter, though it is not at all likely that he had ever seen or heard of it up to the time when his genius was prompted to action by the sight of the "enameled cup."

Bent upon intellectual conquest, the "artist in earth" energetically entered upon his new career. "Without having heard," he says, "of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything: and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake." The preliminary cost of this experiment made of course a very serious impression upon the household purse, at no time, we fear, too richly lined. If Bernard discovered the coveted secret, however, he would have enriched himself beyond all calculation; so, with this alluring prospect before him, the enthusiastic experimentalist proceeded with his work, sinking his scanty funds, and attending to his ordinary avocations only at the bidding of stern necessity.

The first trial failed. It was a dead loss. Not one of the chemical mixtures would melt. The secret was not to be so easily and cheaply plucked from the heart of nature. Again he tried, and again he was defeated. His mistakes, however, were fruitful in useful lessons. "Having blundered," he says, "several times at great expense, and through much labor, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money and consumed my wood and time." When he had in this manner, to use his own expressive phrase, "fooled away several years," amid "sorrow and sighs," the hunger cries of his children, and the upbraidings of his wife, a new thought struck him. He resolved to send the chemicals to be tested to the kiln of some neighboring potter; for Palissy, it must be borne in mind, was not himself at that time a practical potter. Accordingly, having demolished a fresh importation of crockery, and covered three or four hundred of the fragments with his commingled powders, he sent them to a

pottery a league and a half from his dwelling, for the purpose of being submitted to a fiercer furnace. Whether the potters indulged in any good-natured jokes at Palissy's expense we are not informed, but in all probability they did. But the man that could not be conquered by defeat was not the person to be discouraged by ridicule. The result of this new and anxiously-watched experiment was like the previous ones; for "on taking out my trial-pieces," he says, sorrowfully, "I received nothing but shame and loss." The fire, it appears, was not hot enough, and the batch was not baked in a scientific manner. The decision of the indomitable worker was, accordingly—not to desist, but—to "begin afresh." All his beginnings and endings, however, were of much the same character, entailing great cost, loss of time, confusion, and sorrow. The minerals would not melt; the enamel would not be discovered! Worsted, but not subdued, the noble man, with his own charming simplicity, tells us: "When I saw that I could not at all in this way come at my intentions, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comported myself as if I were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels." A very wise resolution, our readers will think.

Just at this juncture in the affairs of Palissy, a circumstance occurred that brought a sudden influx of temporary prosperity into his desolated home. It must be understood that the district of Saintonge, in which Bernard lived, abounded with some extensive and curiously constructed salt-marshes; and it must be further remembered that, for a long series of years previous to the epoch under consideration, the obnoxious *gabelle*, or tax on salt had being levied, in spite of the deep murmurs of the oppressed people. Being so unpopular, every effort was made to evade it. Among other methods adopted was that most effectual one, of resolving not to use the article thus taxed. But this scheme of passive resistance did not at all meet the views of the absolute monarch of those days, and he accordingly resorted to a retaliatory measure for the enforcement of his arbitrary claims, which has scarcely ever been surpassed for audacity. The head of every family was informed how much salt the king wished him to use every year; and storekeepers and controllers were appointed to make domiciliary visits, to see that this mandate was complied with. Even this device failed. Fraud and evasion harassed the tax-collector, and compelled a relaxation of this stringent law. A new decree was made in May, 1543, containing the new modifications of this odious tax. And it was under this edict, for securing to the sovereign the rights of the *gabelle* in Saintonge, that a survey of that district was commanded, on which occasion Palissy, who evidently stood high as a local surveyor, received his commission to prepare a map. This engagement occupied him the greater part of a year.

Being thus reëstablished in comfort, and the exhausted purse replenished with a little store of gold, what was to be expected but that the heroic man would turn with fresh energy and hope to his suspended search for enamel. This he did accordingly, much to the grief and terror of his poor wife, who, though sharing in all the blows he suffered, was quite unable to comprehend the battle that he waged. Visions of hungry, tattered, and dying children, an empty cupboard, and a desolated, forsaken hearth, again arose before her eyes; and not without good reason. Bernard, however, was not to be deterred by any considerations of this kind, and therefore resumed his old experiments with a fiercer zeal, hurried on apparently by an irresistible instinct. After awhile he got his chemicals to melt. Thus encouraged, he pursued his experiments for two years longer without success, and equally without fatigue. At length he resolved upon one grand final effort. He broke more pots than ever, purchased a still greater variety of drugs and chemicals, and made no less than three hundred different mixtures, each of which might possibly contain the substances used in the covering of the enameled cup. These trial-pieces were put into the furnace; and by the fierce furnace-mouth sat the persevering man, in a paroxysm of intense excitement, watching the success or failure of this crowning effort. After waiting for hours, his eye runs over the regiment of potsherds—when lo! one of them has melted; and being taken out, is set aside to cool. As it hardens, it grows white! "All that was black in the thoughts of Palissy begins to whiten with it. It is cold. It is white and polished—a white

enamel, singularly beautiful." Who can tell the joy of Palissy in that hour! It must have been like the exultation of a triumphant conqueror.

The battle, however, was far from gained. Greater difficulties and disasters than any he had yet encountered still awaited him in this scientific campaign. Henceforth his labors were to be privately conducted at home; but our space would fail to follow him through all his trials and heroic sufferings. We must, however, spare room for one passage, which exhibits Palissy in a crisis of anxiety, struggle, and earnest determination, that is full of sublimity and terror:—

"Bernard lighted then his furnace-fire by two mouths, as he had seen to be the custom at the glass-houses. He put his vessels in, that the enamel might melt over them. He did not spare his wood. If his composition really did melt—if it did run over his vessels in a coat of that same white and singularly beautiful enamel which he had brought home in triumph from the glass-house—then there would be no more disappointments, no more hungry looks to fear; the prize would then be won. Palissy did not spare his wood; he diligently fed his fire all day, he diligently fed his fire all night. The enamel did not melt. The sun broke in upon his labor, his children brought him portions of the scanty household meals, the scantiness impelled him to heap on more wood; the sun set, and through the dark night, by the blaze and crackle of the furnace, Palissy worked on. The enamel did not melt. Another day broke over him: pale, haggard, half-stripped, bathed in perspiration, he still fed the furnace-fire, but the enamel had not melted. For the third night his wife went to bed alone, with terrible misgivings. A fourth day and a fourth night, and a fifth and sixth—six days and nights were spent about the glowing furnace, each day more desperately indefatigable in its labor than the last; but the enamel had not melted.

"It had not melted; that did not imply that it was not the white enamel. A little more of the flux used to aid the melting of a metal might have made the difference, thought Palissy. 'Although,' he says, 'quiet stupefied with labor, I counseled to myself that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this ——' What then? not, 'I regretted greatly the omission;' but, 'I began, once more, to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool; in this way I had double labor, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire.' He could hire no man to feed the fire while he was sleeping, and so, after six days and nights of unremitting toil, which had succeeded to a month of severe labor, for two or three weeks more Palissy still devoted himself to the all-important task. The labor of years might be now crowned with success, if he could persevere. Stupefied, therefore, with a labor under which many a weaker body would have yielded, though the spirit had maintained its unconquerable temper, Palissy did not hesitate, without an hour's delay, to begin his entire work afresh. Sleeping by minutes at a time, that he might not allow the supply to fail of fresh wood heaped into the furnace, Palissy ground and pounded, and corrected what he thought was his mistake in the proportions of the flux. There was great hope in the next trial; for the furnace, having been so long alight, would be much hotter than it was before, while at the same time the enamel would be in itself more prompt to melt. All his own vessels having been spoiled—the result of seven months' labor in molding—Palissy went out into the town, when his fresh enamel was made ready, and purchased pots on which to make proof of the corrected compound.

"For more than three weeks Palissy had been imprisoned in the out-house with his furnace, haggard, weary, unsuccessful, but not conquered yet, his position really justifying hope. But the vessels which his wife had seen him spend seven months in making, lay before her spoiled; the enamel had not melted; appearances were wholly against hope to her as an observer from without. Bernard had borrowed money for his last experiments: they were worse than moneyless, they were in debt. The wood was going, the hope of food was almost gone. Bernard was working at the furnace, desperately pouring in fresh wood; his wife sat in the house, overwhelmed with despair. Could it lessen her despair that there was no result when all the stock of wood was gone, and, wanting money to buy more, she had vainly striven to hinder Palissy from tearing up the palings of their garden, that he might go on with a work which had already ruined them?

"Bernard knew well how much depended on his perseverance then. There was distinct and fair hope that the melting of his present mixture would produce enameled vessels. If it should do this, he was safe. Though in themselves, since he had now mere jugs and pipkins to enamel, they might not repay his labor, yet it sufficed that they would prove his case, justify all his zeal before the world, and make it clear to all men that he had a secret which would earn for him an ample livelihood. Upon the credit of his great discovery from that day forward he could easily sustain his family, until he should have time to produce its next results. The furnace, at a large expense of fuel, was then fully heated; his new vessels had been long subjected to its fire: in ten minutes—twenty minutes—the enamel might melt. If it required a longer time, still it was certain that a billet in that hour was of more value than a stack of wood could be after the furnace had grown cold again.

"So Bernard felt; but any words of his, to his wife's ear, would only sound like the old phrases of fruitless hope. The labor and the money periled for the last nine months were represented by the spoiled vessels in the out-house: they were utterly lost. The palings were burnt in vain; the enamel had not melted. There was a crashing in the house; the children were in dismay; the wife, assisted doubtless by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, now became loud in her reproach. Bernard was breaking up the tables, and carry-

ing them off, legs and bodies, to the all-consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt. There was more crashing and hammering in the house; Palissy was tearing up the floors, to use the planks as firewood. Frantic with despair, the wife rushed out into the town; and the household of Palissy traversed the town of Saintes, making loud publication of the scandal."

The end of Bernard's troubles and disasters had not yet come. He gained the desired knowledge, it is true; but the practical difficulty was how, overwhelmed as he was with poverty, to make a profitable use of it. The striving man of genius, however, set earnestly to work. Deeply in debt already, he committed an act which some would pronounce one of madness, others one of great rashness. He engaged a potter to work for him in the formation of vessels and medallions, which was carried on for a period of six months, the assistant being fed all the time by a sympathizing inn-keeper; and when the potter left at the close of his engagement, in lieu of the wages due to him, Bernard was forced to pay him in his own wearing apparel. Great hopes were built upon this new batch, which, if he succeeded, was to extricate him from all embarrassment and misery. But, alas! it did not succeed. By an unforeseen circumstance—the explosion of flints which he had inadvertently mixed with the mortar wherewith he had built his furnaces—the result of six months' labor was destroyed. The enamels had melted; but, while in a glutinous state, the splintered flints had covered the surface of his wares, and utterly disfigured his exquisite handiwork. The scene of dilapidation, despondency, and anguish that ensued we cannot pause to depict. The smitten man, followed by the upbraidings of his wife and neighbors, retired to his chamber, there to commune with his own bitter thoughts. In the spirit of a true Christian philosopher, considering within himself "that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavor to get out again," he returned to the old avocation of painting, and in divers ways took pains to replenish his purse with a little money.

Palissy, we rejoice to know, was not always to be beaten. Again and again he resumed his enterprise, until at last he triumphed, as he so richly deserved to do; and, while France was being riven by religious factions and feuds, he grew extremely busy in the prosecution of his new craft. After the lapse of time, the rich and beautiful products of his genius began to attract the notice of persons of high rank and wealth, among whom were the Constable Montmorenci and Catharine de Medicis. On behalf of the former, he was engaged for the adornment of the Château d'Ecouen, about four leagues from Paris, which, taken with other influential causes, rendered it necessary for him to remove to the capital. The vicissitudes of his Parisian life cannot here be described. Several times he was seized and imprisoned for his bold enunciation of heretical sentiments; but inasmuch as the putting of Palissy to death involved the extinction of an ornamental art, powerful hands were more than once stretched forth to snatch him from the gallows.

Bernard was, as we have hinted, something more than an artist in earth; he was also a penetrating philosopher, a powerful writer, and an able lecturer. He had formed during his long life a valuable cabinet of natural history, calculated to illustrate the philosophic views of nature which he had gradually matured. And in his latter days, for the purpose of testing his notions, (which had been derived from the study of creation itself, and not from the books of the ancients,) he invited all the savans resident in Paris to attend his course of lectures, at which every encouragement was given to free discussion. Being the first lectures of the kind ever delivered in that capital, they naturally produced quite a sensation, and added much to Palissy's fame. While engaged in these and similar occupations, he was again seized, and immured in the Bastille, where he died, in 1598, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Action.—The life of man can, in its true sense, consist only in constant, active exertion, not only of the body, but also of the mental faculties. He is a stranger to happiness who passes his days in listless inactivity. That man can alone possess true joy who devotes all the energies of his soul and body to one great specific end and aim; who lives for a great object, and strives with all the powers he can command to attain to the fulfillment of his wishes.

THE DRAMA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN a recent notice on this subject, we briefly sketched the history of the drama down to the fourteenth century, illustrated by a few specimens of the religious plays, or Mysteries. In the present article, we propose to show the further changes which the drama underwent until it finally merged into the historical plays of the Elizabethan period. With the progress of language, and the spread of intelligence, the people began to grow tired of the grave and tedious Mysteries, and a new kind of dramas, called *Moralities*, made their appearance; which, although frequently of a tragic character, were generally interspersed with scenes of gallantry or satire; and, notwithstanding the decrees of the Councils forbidding the employment of any but the Latin language in dramas at all related to sacred subjects, they were written in the popular idiom, and performed on temporary stages, erected wherever an audience could be brought together. The *jongleurs* and minstrels began to take a part in the performances which became the chief attraction at the festivals, and plenary courts of the nobles; and, as the popular element increased in power, and the knowledge of Latin was lost, so did the populace at markets and fairs delight in plays written in the vulgar idiom.

The minstrels and players began to find it as profitable to amuse the rising class of artisans as to divert the nobles. They lent themselves to the growing spirit of the age, and their plays were the vehicle by means of which the lower orders vented their grievances or satirized the vices and tyranny of their superiors. The laxity of manners among the clergy was made a standard subject of reproach and ridicule: the popular eye was quick to detect any dereliction of principle, and the popular tongue to speak its rebuke. That, in many instances, the public sarcasm was not unmerited, may be inferred from a description of the ceremonial to take place on Easter Sunday, by Father Isla, one of the clerical fraternity. "The Sermon of Pleasantries," he says, "will be preached at five o'clock in the morning. In this sermon, it is necessary for the preacher to have all the merry tales, droll fancies, jests, jokes, and witticisms; all the quips, cranks, bams, banters, and buffoonery he can rake together, to divert the immense concourse who come to hear him. He has no need to be nice and squeamish, let them be of what kind they will, however filthy, beastly, or indecent; for it is well known that everything passes upon this day. . . . The Father Preachers, who have brought a droll lay-brother with them for their companion, (for some have brought such an one,) have ordered the lay-brother to get up in the pulpit and preach a burlesque sermon, with all manner of Merry-Andrew tricks. In general, these sermons end with a mock act of contrition, and, instead of a crucifix, the lay-brother brings out from under his habit a pye, an hock of bacon, or a bottle of wine, which he addresses with a thousand amorous expressions in the tone of repentant sorrow, making the audience ready to die with laughter."

From this specimen of the character of the clergy, as described by one of themselves, we may well imagine that the popular writers of the period would be unsparing in their burlesque and satire upon the priesthood. The *trouveres*, a portion of the minstrel class, who composed their poems and plays, as well as sung them, laughed at the edicts issued to prevent the degradation of the Latin language, and wrote numerous pieces, full of life and originality, abounding in bitter personalities and cutting sarcasm. Leaving grave subjects to the erudite, they threw their whole genius with singular exuberance into their plays. These plays were, in fact, what popular lectures are now, a means of communicating information to large numbers of hearers at once, but relieved and highly seasoned with the author's wit. So great was the number of saints' days and holidays in the period of which we write, that it would, perhaps, have been difficult to keep the turbulent population in good humor, without some such recreation as that afforded by the half-serious, half-comic dramas. The holidays were not unfrequently made the subject of complaint: all work being forbidden on those occasions, some of the artisans remonstrated that the loss of so many days' work was a serious injury to them. Voltaire has left on record a curious account of a gentleman-farmer, ruined by the priest for preferring to plow his fields on a saint's day to drinking in a tavern. "The prodigious number of

holidays," it was said, "is the contrivance of tavern-keepers: the religion of peasants and artisans consists in intoxicating themselves on the festival of a saint whom they know only by this means. It is on these days of idleness and debauchery that all sorts of crimes are committed: it is the holidays which fill the prisons, and support the guards, notaries, criminal officers, and executioners. Catholic fields are scarcely tilled; while those of the heretics, cultivated every day, produce abundant harvests."

Plays, of the character above described, were frequently acted at the festivals of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children and scholars. This was one of the occasions on which the Church relaxed a little of her discipline. From the sixth century downward, St. Nicholas had been celebrated by songs and games, sometimes of a dramatic character, held either within the convents to which schools were attached, or in their immediate neighborhood, by the schoolmaster and his scholars. One of these, written by Hilary, is "Concerning Saint Nicholas and a certain Jew." The latter had confided his treasure to the keeping of the statue of the saint; during the absence of the over-confident Israelite, a party of robbers found and carried off the deposit. The Jew on his return, enraged at his loss, lays violent hands on the statue, and overwhelms it with the most opprobrious insults. The saint, to avenge his compromised honor, appears to the thieves at night, and forces them to return the money.

The *Jeu de Saint Nicolas*, or Play of Saint Nicolas, is a piece full of life and movement and bacchanalian gayety. The discourse, intermingled with gibes and jests of gamblers and drunkards, now very obscure, doubtless afforded the greatest amusement to the populace of the day. The following specimen reminds us of the cries of the London apprentices in the reigns of the Edwards and Henrys. The tavern-crier Raoulet is standing at the door of his master's tap, proclaiming, as was then the custom, the goodness of the wine:—"Here," he cries, "is wine newly-tapped. Full pint, full barrel. Honest wine, drinkable, mellow, and full. Lively as a squirrel in the wood. Not rotten or sour after taste. Wine dry and light, running fair from the lees. Clear as a sinner's tear. Fit for the throat of a jolly fellow, and no other ought to drink it. See how it devours its foam; how it mounts, sparkles, and hisses. Ever so little on the tongue gives the taste of a famous wine in the heart."

Adam de la Halle, known as the hunch-back of Arras, was one of the most popular French dramatists of the fourteenth century. His works, which were written in the Norman dialect, abound in quaint fancies, and display much frankish cunning and fantastic gayety, intermingled with simple and graceful pastorals. Among these *Robin and Marion*, and the *Marriage of Adam, or, the Bower*, were the delight of the good citizens of Arras. The characters of this piece are seventeen in number: Adam de la Halle, the author, Maistre Henry, his father, a mercer, physician, inn-keeper, monk, fool, and some portly merchants of the city, with women, fairies, and the common people. It is the month of May, the season in which the fairest make their annual visit. A bower, whence the name of the play, has been built for their reception outside the gates of the town, where a knot of citizens are waiting the arrival of the sprightly visitors.* The piece opens with a malicious verbal castigation of the most notable inhabitants of Arras, by the author, who enters, dressed as a traveling student, in brown cape and cassock, and approaching the group of burgesses collected near the bower. "Do ye know, sirs," he asks, "why I have changed my garb? I took a wife; but now I return to the clergy; I am going to revive my ancient dreams; but first wish to take leave of ye all. Don't laugh: I am not so much taken with Arras and its pleasures as to desire to renounce study for them. Since heaven has given me some genius, it is time to set myself to work; I have too long emptied my purse in this place."

Here one of the bystanders inquires what is to become of his young wife Marie, and reminds him that his reflections should have been made before marriage. "By my faith," replies Adam, "that is talking like an oracle; but who can be wise in youth? Love seized me in the first heat; just in the green and ardent season, when it has the most lively sea-

* A similar custom prevailed in England: in many parishes Robin Hood's Bowers were set up on certain holidays in the spring.

son. No one, now-a-days, thinks of what is best, but of what best answers his desires. The summer was sweet and serene, green and flowery, gladdened by the song of little birds; I was seated beneath the branches of tall trees in the wood, near a fountain flowing over pearly sand, when the vision of her who is now my wife appeared to me; now she seems pale and yellow." He then gives a long and minute description of his Marie, as she first charmed him. Such was the effect of her presence that he confesses: "I lost all empire over my reason, and was happy only when, instead of clerk, I became husband." He concludes with a farewell to the city. "Arras, Arras, city of lawsuits, hatred, and treasons, farewell, a hundred thousand times and more. I go elsewhere to study the evangel."

As Adam is about to go, comes his old father, Maistre Henry, and greatly applauds his resolution: "Good son," he says, "I pity thee for having lost thy time for a wife; now be wise and depart." But the young man reminds his father that he cannot live in the metropolis unless provided with money. "One can't live at Paris for nothing." The father replies that he has no money, and is, besides, old, infirm, and full of aches and pains. A physician, who hears these complaints, exclaims, "Well know I of what you are ill; it is a disease called avarice," and goes on unsparingly to enumerate all the citizens of Arras afflicted with the same malady. Other personages enter and take part in a dispute that arises out of the physician's censorious remarks, and in the midst of it comes a priest bearing the relics of St. Acarius, on which the disputants cease their quarrel, and join in doing homage, and paying their contributions to the sacred remains. Among others, the fairies appear, followed by Hellequin, the prototype of the modern Harlequin. Riquet, a citizen, and Adam, prepare a table for the three fairy queens, Arsile, Maglore, and Morgane; but, unfortunately, no knife has been laid for Maglore, whose anger is greatly excited by the neglect. Morgane, on the contrary, well satisfied, proposes to reward the preparers of the feast: for Riquet she wishes plenty of money, and for Adam, that he may be the most amorous clerk in the world. Arsile promises that the latter shall be jovial, and a good writer of songs, and that Riquet shall buy all his merchandise cheap, and at good profit. But Maglore has not forgotten her anger; she pronounces maledictions on Riquet and Adam.

The fairies then give a specimen of their supernatural skill, and take their departure, singing a motet, and followed by Hellequin chanting "Say, fits my hat well?" A drinking scene, without which no drama at that period would have been complete, ensues — the monk, with his saintly relics, is unmercifully jeered, and the sitting terminates in a boisterous chorus, "Aia sat on a high tower." After which the crowd disperses; each one returns to his own home: and thus ends this first specimen of early French comedy.

In London, the company of parish clerks were for a long period the only performers. They acted before Richard II. and his queen in 1390; and, as recorded by Maitland, again in 1409, "with great applause, for eight days successively, at Skinner's Well, near Clerkenwell, a play concerning the creation of the world, at which were present most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom." We have already instanced some of the mutations of the dramatic art: pageants, morris-dances, mimes, mummeries, and Christmas carols, are among the more prominent changes. Of a similar character were the festivals of the Boy Bishop in England, and of the Ass in France. In 1539 Sir David Lyndsay wrote his famous play, *The Three Estates*, in which the ceremonies and superstitions of the Church are severely criticised and condemned. Religious plays, however, had not ceased to be represented in Scotland so late as 1600; in which year, by the exertions of the Presbyterians, they were forbidden at Perth as a "dishonor of the haill toun."

In the sixteenth century the dramatic art made further progress. The first regular English tragedy, Ferrex and Porrex, was written in 1561. In 1575 appeared what was long considered to be the first comedy, entitled *Gammer Gurton's Needle:* late researches, however, give the precedence, by some years, to another play, *Ralph Roister Doister.* From this we pass, by a succession of writers, to the historical plays by which Shakspeare rendered his name immortal —and bring our remarks to a close.

THE FIVE POINTS.

IN former articles the outer machinery of this mission has been dwelt upon, because, that being essential to the whole work, we wished to give it its proper place and prominence. But there is another aspect which is still more interesting to many, and we should deem our work but half accomplished did we not dwell for a little time upon the moral influences of the mission and their results. The Society entered its field of labor with just the views and feelings which would have influenced them had they selected a point on foreign heathen ground, and (excepting the fact that they were familiar with the language) found themselves beset by the same trials and difficulties.

During the first year the outward organization necessarily occupied much care and thought; but the one great object of the mission was never forgotten. Bodily necessities were supplied, education thought of, every accessory influence seized; but redemption in the glorious fullness of its meaning, including soul and body, stretching beyond time into eternity, was the high point to which every effort was steadily directed.

This was the abiding feeling of the missionaries, class-leader, and the ladies' Board, as month after month the former toiled, and the latter listened to reports of alternate discouragement and hope. Conversions were cautiously reported, because of the peculiar ignorance and degradation of the subjects. A "class" was formed. At a quarterly meeting, Mr. North, the leader, gave a most interesting account of the class, of their gradual increase in knowledge, of their advance week by week in spiritual light and experience, from the first faint conviction which led them to join, through the successive stages of penitence, faith, pardon, and the exulting joy which followed. He said it had been clear, marked, decided in every instance, and expressed his most entire confidence in their present religious experience.

The members having stood their six months' probation, the Church was organized by the Rev. Mr. Luckey, and they were received into full membership. The 23d of November, 1851, dawned clear and bright, and many friends hastened to the mission room to be partakers in a scene which fulfilled their warmest hopes. The Sabbath school was convened as usual, and was remarkably quiet and attentive. The room was soon filled by an audience of a mixed description; but the utmost solemnity and decorum prevailed. We could not restrain our emotion as the emblems of redemption's finished work were, for the first time in that region, spread before the eyes of the people — there, where sin had reigned—for years had had an unbroken triumph—had slain its thousands and its tens of thousands, as though the Saviour had not died and lived again. But now the spell was broken; redeeming grace had shown its utmost power, for here were men and women rescued from the most sottish intemperance, from the deepest moral degradation into which human beings can sink, reformed, converted, made "sons of God, and heirs of everlasting life."

Mr. Luckey preached a most appropriate and impressive sermon from "Do this in remembrance of me," after which the names of ten persons were called, who immediately surrounded the altar, and, after a suitable exhortation, received the right-hand of fellowship from their pastor. After the usual service was read, Mr. Luckey requested the new converts to surround the first table together. Together they had wept, and striven, and prayed; together they should commemorate their deliverance, and anticipate their blood-bought victory, when together they should drink new wine in their Father's kingdom. A solemn influence rested upon the congregation; the children seemed awed into perfect silence, and even at the "Five Points," we said, "Lo! God is here! let us adore," and, with feelings too deep for expression, the friends of the mission succeeded those with whom they were thus made "one in Christ" in commemorating the dying love which had rescued each and all. With a solemn, earnest benediction the scene closed, never, never to be erased from the memory of some, to whom it will ever remain an era of solemn feeling, of realized hopes, of joyous anticipations.

More than a year has passed since that first communion, and the moral progress of the mission has been slow but continuous. Twenty-two adults now attend the weekly religious meeting, either as members or as probationers for membership;

while others, by the advice of the missionary, have removed from the place to more eligible situations. We have stood by the dying beds of several of these rescued ones, and have listened to their failing accents of praise as they rose from their wretched homes on earth to the paradise of their redeeming God.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FIVE POINTS.

When the ladies commenced their mission in this miserable locality, the hope of rescuing the children from the almost certain result of corrupt parental example was perhaps the strongest feeling that influenced them.

The children! hundreds of them with drunken fathers and drunken mothers, who made no provision for their comfort, and scarce any for their physical existence, beyond the miserable dens they called their homes, and in which, after a day of begging and perhaps want, and after a day's exposure to every evil influence, they crept to sleep—greeted with oaths and curses, and ofttimes with stripes and heavy blows! Children! precocious in self-reliance, in deceit, in every evil passion, while the better nature within them slumbered or had been destroyed because no suitable means had ever been used to vivify or awaken it!

The ladies, with woman's instinct and woman's tact, recognized them not only as depraved little human beings, but as *children*; their young hearts beating with childish hopes and fears, with childish yearnings and desires; awake to every tone of kindness, and yet so unaccustomed to any government but that of hasty blows and brutal caprice, that it seemed almost impossible to subdue and restrain them by those laws of love and gentleness which yet were the only means deemed expedient or useful. There are, however, bright exceptions. We gaze on a few sweet young faces, and smoothe the silken hair of some whose appearance declares maternal care, and in the visits made we find now and then a cleaner home, and hear all a tender mother's anxiety and thankfulness for her children expressed, and listen to tales of privation and suffering which words could scarcely exaggerate. We also have occasionally touching illustrations of the finer shades of character, which awaken peculiar sympathy and hope. On one of the regular days for the distribution of clothing a lady was attracted by the countenance of a pale, weary-looking child about nine years of age. She carried with difficulty a large baby more than a year old, and, although the children all around her were full of life and hilarity, she sat listless and unamused, no smile betraying childish interest or joy. On inquiry, Mrs. Luckey remarked, "That child has a drunken father who abuses her mother dreadfully, and she lives in a constant state of terror and dread." The lady resolved to watch over that little girl, and throw some sunshine over the darkened path of the drunkard's child. Closer acquaintance revealed a maturity of thought and a strength of sympathy with her suffering mother touching in the extreme. She came regularly to Sunday-school, but always, during the session, would whisper, "Mrs. Luckey, please let me run home and see how mother does—I am afraid father will come home and hurt her," &c. Her little heart seemed never at rest, and her face had an abiding look of weary despondency. After some acts of exceeding violence, the mother was obliged to complain against her husband. Maggie loved her father; for, when sober, he was kind, and she pleaded, "O mother! do not let them take him away, for what shall I do without a father!" He was committed to the Tombs, and the next morning early Maggie took her little brother, four years of age, by the hand, went to the prison, and sat hour after hour by the window, talking to, and trying to amuse her father until his time of liberation came. Of late her countenance has brightened, and she greets the lady (who in heart adopted her) with somewhat of childish glee.

One little newsboy was found who regularly paid his drunken mother's rent out of his scanty earnings, and had remained comparatively untainted by the scenes of vice that met his every step.

The children give evidence also of bright intellect and quick perception. One afternoon a number of them had collected around the door of the "Old Brewery" waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Luckey. The rain poured in torrents, and they stood without a shelter of any kind. Mr. Luckey opened his office door, and kindly urged them to run home; that Mrs. L. was detained by the rain, and might not arrive for some time. Turning from

them, he closed the door; but, quick as the lightning's flash, his ear was greeted by the full chorus of one of their hymns:—

"We 'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We 'll anchor by-and-by;"

and they stood it until Mrs. L. appeared, and anchored them by a good fire, and applied the hymn they had so sweetly sung

The Society have endeavored to unite every moral influence in their plans respecting these children. Their object has been, by education, by kindness, and especially by religious instruction, to prepare the minds of these little sufferers for the reception of that higher influence which alone can regenerate and save. They have always remembered they were influencing *children*, and have therefore accounted innocent recreation as a valuable auxiliary in this great work.

In the summer of 1852 the Greene-street Sabbath-school invited the mission school to accompany them on a picnic excursion. The invitation was thankfully accepted. On Friday morning, June 25th, the sun rose bright and clear; the atmosphere was remarkably cool; and at seven o'clock we hastened to the "Old Brewery," where we found the friends who had labored in the preparations, clothing the children, pinning on each a badge, that we might know them, and reiterating much past instruction as to behavior, &c. Every face looked bright; the greatest excitement prevailed, and the scene was amusing and interesting to all beholders. We formed them in procession, and were surprised to find how respectable we looked. Barring some bare feet, we would scarcely have been recognized as a mission school. At eight o'clock we were seated comfortably in a commodious car, and started at a rapid pace for Hastings. We questioned the children around us whether they had ever been in a car before? No. Had they ever been in the country? No. What pleasure there was before them—what entirely new scenes would greet their vision—how would their minds receive enlargement and elevation, when they gazed upon the clear blue sky, and saw nature in her glowing beauty. We looked beyond the mere day's pleasure, fully believing that some young hearts would receive impressions never to be erased, and which would in some way affect their entire future; that a desire, an ambition would be awakened to escape the precincts of the "Five Points" with its degrading associations, which in this blessed land of light and liberty might be largely gratified. We had no trouble during the ride, and at half-past nine arrived at Hastings. We recollected that probably two-thirds of the children had not yet tasted food, so immediate preparations were made for breakfast. Mrs. Barker's kindness had provided bread and meat for all, and we expended the first hour in feeding about one hundred hungry little ones, who pressed around us wild with excitement and joy.

This task finished, they had permission to roam, under certain restrictions. Away they went with a shout, Mr. Perrigo, their indefatigable superintendent, keeping only a general supervision over their movements. After an hour or two Mr. Perrigo, with a few who had gathered around him, commenced singing a favorite hymn; in five minutes he was surrounded by scores; he led them to a beautiful hill, arranged them in a semicircle on the grass, and for an hour the grove was vocal with songs of praise to God. This was the hour of deepest gratification to those who had the charge of that happy group. Gratitude for the past and present, and hope strong and believing for the future, took possession of our hearts, and we could but weep, and pray, and trust. Again they were disbanded, to roam at pleasure until three o'clock, when they were assembled and seated in ranks upon the grass, and treated to pie and cake. This was the amusing scene, though some attempts at fibbing and cheating made us painfully remember who they were, and from whence they came; yet for the most part the antics were only those which mischievous boys of every rank generally perform.

At five we again gathered them by singing. The Greene-street friends had some instruments of music, and aided us in this effort. They had been counted when we started, and it was now quite desirable to keep them still long enough to do the same; but this required considerable ingenuity on the part of their teachers, for they had become almost uncontrollable from the excitement of their day's rambling. But by making soldiers of the boys, forming them in a line, marching and countermarching, and appealing to their military pride, Messrs. Perrigo and

Brown at last succeeded. We reëntered the car at six o'clock, and, without accident or hindrance, arrived safely in New-York at dusk. On reviewing the day, the friends unanimously concluded that they had not had any more trouble with our "Five Points" than we would have had with one hundred children from any other quarter. Some were rather unruly; there was a little quarreling; but no bad words spoken, no marked and peculiar misconduct. And thus we learned anew the moral power of kindness. There was, there could be no authority other than that which love created; and we found that sufficient to control those who came from the homes where drunken parents raved, and uncontrolled passions had full sway.

Two ladies in their round of visiting called on a drunken mother, who, a few days before, had turned her five children into the streets at nine o'clock in the night. Shivering with cold, they were admitted into the missionary's office, and made comfortable for the night. The woman was sober at the hour of the call, and while one lady kindly reasoned with her on her wicked conduct, the attention of the other was arrested by the little children, who had quite a baby-house under an old table. She gave one a penny —a look of joy, a whispered consultation, and the child darted from the room, the visitor supposed to buy something to eat. In a few minutes the child returned with a little *looking-glass*, which was placed in the baby-house with the utmost glee. Here was a fact remembered to be acted upon.

Thanksgiving day was appointed, and the ladies resolved to make the "Five Points" a scene of festivity and joy on a larger scale than had been attempted in previous years. Want of room makes it necessary to omit many interesting preliminary scenes—the gathering of the friends at the "Old Brewery," the arrival of provisions, (the gifts of various benefactors,) the washing and dressing of nearly three hundred children, and the preparation of the mammoth tent which had been pitched in the little park for the occasion. We can only describe the scene of the Thanksgiving supper at the "Five Points," November 27, 1852:—

At half-past four all was ready. On our tables were sixty turkeys, with beef, ham, and tongue in proportion, and sundry chickens, geese, &c. Sufficient pies, cakes, bread and biscuit, celery and fruit, and candy pyramids filled the slight intervals, and the whole presented an appearance inviting to the most fastidious appetites. Plates and cups were arranged around for more than three hundred; the lamps were lighted, and the signal given. Hundreds of visitors stood in silent expectation, and in a moment the sound of childish voices was heard, and they entered in regular procession, singing a hymn prepared for the occasion.

They took the circuit of the tent, and were then arranged standing around the tables. They stood with folded hands while all sang the doxology, and Mr. Luckey asked a blessing upon the occasion. Not a hand was raised, not a voice was heard, until the ladies and gentlemen who had charge of the tables supplied their hungry visitors with food. Then all was glad commotion, and then was the time for joyous tears. Three hundred and seventy poor, neglected, hapless children, placed for an hour in an atmosphere of love and gladness, practically taught the meaning of Christian kindness, wooed and won to cling to those whose inmost hearts were struggling in earnest prayer for grace and wisdom to lead them unto God.

They ate and drank without restraint until all were satisfied; then again formed, and commenced singing. In the central aisle was placed the stand containing the toys and cornucopias of candy, and another filled with oranges and apples. By these Mrs. C. R. Deuel and Mrs. William B. Skidmore were seated. The children marched by them in as much order as the dense crowd would permit, singing as they went, "We belong to this band, hallelujah," and in each hand the ladies placed a gift as they passed, until all were supplied. Then all the children left the tent.

There was now an interval of a few moments. The tables were hastily replenished, and then notice was given to the visitors that the company now about to assemble were the "outsiders," about whom we knew nothing, save that they were poor and wretched, and all were warned to take care of their watches and pocket-books.

They came in scores, nay, hundreds; they rushed in and surrounded the tables, men, women, children, ragged, dirty, forlorn. What countenances we read! And

the children who accompanied them miniature likenesses, both physically and morally. We spoke to them words of kindness and encouragement, and they partook until not a fragment was left, and then, without tumult, left the tent.

We felt, as we looked upon them:

"'Tis fearful to look round and see this waste
Of human intellect—the dark lines traced,
Where every mark of mind the withering breath
Of ignorance hath from the brow erased;
The apathy that shows a moral death,
The worse than death that lurks an eye of fire beneath."

May we not praise our "Five Pointers"—the converts of the mission, tenants of the "Brewery," who worked for us without thought of pay or reward—our children, who, in behavior, were equal to the same number of children from any district—the poor outsiders, who in that atmosphere of love seemed for the moment to be humanized and softened? Not a plate was broken, not an article was missed, and we did not hear that a stone was thrown, though a large pile of bricks by the side of the park had awakened some apprehension. Surely we thus prove the strength of moral influences, for four years ago the same thing could not have been attempted.

In conclusion, we remark, the present aspect of the mission is one of encouragement and hope from every point of view. The Sabbath-school is large and prospering, under the unwearied care of Mr. Ira Perrigo, who, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Luckey, superintends the Wednesday evening singing school. A large infant class, conducted by Misses Browne and Luckey, is interesting and improving. Also an adult Bible-class, taught by Mr. Fessenden, of the Broadway "Tabernacle." The day-school, averaging an attendance of one hundred scholars, is prospering under the tuition of Mr. Cooley and Miss Bland. The whole region is under a plan of visitation by the missionary and his wife, aided by ladies of the Society. Many families have been reclaimed from the lowest degradation possible to human beings, and are now living in comparative peace and comfort. The mission-building on the site of the "Old Brewery" is rising higher and higher, and soon the topstone will be laid with shouting.

The Society still need funds; they have no money with which to complete the building, or to carry out plans of benevolence when it is finished. We plead with all to help—the philanthropic, the patriotic, the religious. All have an interest in this great experiment, for, as Dr. Potts remarked, (in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the mission building,) this effort will arouse by its success, guide by its plans, and determine by its results, benevolent action in other cities of our Union, and perhaps even of the old world.

The Executive Committee of the Society are Messrs. Francis Hall, 46 Pine-st., William B. Skidmore, 135 Hudson-st., Daniel Drew, 37 Wall-st., Henry Shelden, 124 Broadway, Leonard Kirby, Treasurer, 47 Cedar-st. Donations can be sent to either of these gentlemen.

THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE.

WITH a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000, the annual loss by death 18,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 634,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals, and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even these unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots, and plants, and trees. * * *

It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. —*Working Man's Friend.*

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1853.

BRITISH CRITICS—AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THE London *Athenæum*, in noticing *Grace Greenwood's* "Leaves," by Trübner & Co., London, says some very ungallant things of Grace. Two close columns are devoted to a smart castigation of her vivacious genius; she is accused of "fustian;" "many of her highest flights" are said to "be but in the style of Miss Martha Rugg's elegist;" her agreeable gossip about noted characters is considered especially offensive, and a side thrust is given at her whole country for this propensity.

"What the English generally reject as fustian (says the critic) the Americans cherish as fancy,—what we consider as indiscreet personality, they give out as interesting information. They beat the world hollow as gossips and Boswells: almost every poet and poetess having his paper to which he or she is welcome in proportion as he or she contributes leaves from yesterday's visiting journal or private diary. Those who fancied that the assumed name of the author of these volumes might promise talk about flowers, forests, lakes, and rivers, such as all English lovers of rural literature might delight in, will have been amazed and astounded if they chanced to see what any reader of the American journals might see—a letter from this same *Grace Greenwood*, published the other day, and dated from London. This letter described neither bee, bird, nor brook,—but a dinner at the house of Mr. Dickens, and the singing of Mrs. Sartoris, who was one of the party. The writer, it would seem, is making the grand tour, and turning to account letters of introduction and private hospitalities for the entertainment of a home public. The child's love for Art—not always accompanied by the child's humility or teachableness—is sufficiently universal to be also noted as a feature in light American literature. *Grace Greenwood* ingenuously confesses that she knows nothing about music, but this does not prevent her from rhapsodizing concerning Herr Knoop, and Signor Sivori, and Mdlle. Jenny Lind. She dashes at pictures with a like confident eagerness—getting her lesson and making a market of it in the same breath—blushing at her own enthusiasm while she corrects the proofs of its record which is to go forth for the satisfaction and instruction of her countrymen."

That 's severely said; but the severest thing about it is, that there is an item or two of severe truth in it. This avidity for personal details respecting literary, or indeed any public characters, is becoming almost a national appetite among us. It is a sorry indecorum in our literature—one of the many grievous responsibilities of Willis. Though we wince somewhat at the *Athenæum's* lashes, it would be a relief to know that they could sober our national vivacity a little in this respect.

These animadversions have reference to Grace's "Letters." The critic is equally, but unjustly, severe on her "Sketches." If there is genuine talent to be found in any collection of American "fugitive" literature, it is in the Magazine "Sketches" of Grace Greenwood; they teem with vivid thought and good sentiment, and fairly revel in exhilarated animal spirits. The *Athenæum* admits that she is "not without quick instincts and lively descriptive powers," but pronounces her Sketches "slight annual ware—little sentimental stories, written, apparently, sometimes in imitation of Mr. N. P. Willis, sometimes in emulation of *Fanny Forrester*." She is "sentimental, audacious, and unscrupulous;" and finally, "Her books for children are better than her tales for adults, or her contributions to newspapers. When she forgets the poetics, pleasures, and passions of 'a real screamer,' (as the Kentuckians have it,) and writes simply and modestly of what she has known, seen, and felt, she writes agreeably."

A genuine specimen this of John Bull's characteristic *hauteur*—a trait which never appears worse in him, not even when turning up his nose in the French provinces or the Italian Duchies, than when it reveals itself in his literary criticism; the *Athenæum* presents frequent and amusing examples of it in notices of American works. He affords us occasionally some profitable hints, however maliciously given; for these we should be grateful, and, meanwhile, we may derive amusement from the freaks of his spleen.

—

Apropos of trans-Atlantic criticism on American works, we should make grateful mention of a generous reply by the London *Christian Spectator* to the *North British Review's* late critique on American poetry. We referred to the latter article in these columns, and should take pleasure in quoting the *Spectator's* reply *in extenso* had we sufficient room. It says of the *North British's* criticism:—"We remember nothing more disgraceful, more ungentlemanly, and more unlike the polish and refinement of a man of letters. William Cullen Bryant's poems, poor Edgar Poe's, Thomas Buchanan Read's, and Longfellow's, are passed before the reviewer in quick succession, and dealt with in a manner that equally violates the canons of criticism and the rules of good breeding." Of the "advice" which the *North British* addressed so gravely and pompously to our poets, the *Spectator* says:—"In reading this advice, running through three pages, we know not whether most to smile or to be indignant; to smile at the pert insolence and extreme Sir Oracleism of the whole, or to be indignant at the brazen hollowness of the man that could interlard such insolence with scraps from Holy Writ." The *Spectator* waxes warm in his defense of Longfellow:—

"As for Longfellow, he is 'done for,' clean and complete. Henceforth he will hide his diminished head. The reviewer has given him such a dressing, and done it with such glee, such intense satisfaction, has chuckled over his tomahawk exploits in such a fashion, that we are strongly tempted to think the whole article was written by Master Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. It is his juvenile precocity in full development. 'O my eye! won't I give it to the boys! O, father, won't I make 'em squeak again!' Those of our readers, and those who are not our readers, (for there are many sincere admirers of Longfellow out of our circle, albeit that is a widening one,) who have been accustomed to read in their families the gentle and loving poems of our best American writer, will be surprised at the grand anonymous, with a pompous 'we' for a pseudonyme, dealing with him after the following fashion:—'Evangeline' is an 'ambitious poem,' 'written in lines that are intended to pass for hexameters,' which are nothing else 'than the measured prose which was thought so much of in the days of our grandmothers,' in which said hexameters 'illustrations from the Bible make up in sacredness for any degree of inaptitude,' and in which are 'conceits of scarcely a first-rate album rank;' and in which 'the life and doctrines of Christianity are brought in for artistical effect.'"

The *North British* made egregious sport of Longfellow's glorious "Psalm of Life." The *Spectator* (which, be it remembered, is a religious journal) thus speaks of it:—

"There is a sweet poem,—the 'Psalm of Life,'—which we have seen quoted by Dr. Hamilton, in his 'Life in Earnest,' and by Dr. Campbell, in his 'Witness,' and which our eldest son repeats to us frequently on a Sabbath evening, beginning with

'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,' &c.

"On this the reviewer says, '*We, the intelligent* critics of the *North British Review*,' (sic) pronounce these verses to be '*pretentious, unprofitable, anti-Christian trash*;' and the 'young man' who said this in his heart to the Psalmist 'an unconscionable puppy!' We might go on quoting more, but the task is too sickening: it is like sipping rhubarb and magnesia at dinner. More than once have we thought of bestowing a kindly and a genial notice of Longfellow upon our readers, but this reviewer has moved us out of our place to be wroth instead of fraternal. We ought to add that the cloven foot of the *odium theologicum* is not quite concealed beneath this rabid effusion of a most dull prosaic soul, apparently without one spark of poetry or enthusiasm. 'Mr. Longfellow, we believe, makes no secret of his being a Socinian: we should have guessed him to be such.' Thus saith the reviewer, and because Mr. Longfellow is a Socinian he cannot write good verses. Burns was a sot and a villain, but he was a Scotchman, knew the Assembly's Catechism, swore by the Solemn League and Covenant, and wrote capital verses, for, thank God, *he* was not like Longfellow, a Socinian, on whom this great tower in Siloam has now fallen."

LETTER FROM REV. DR. DURBIN.

THE following letter, from a distinguished clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be interesting not only to our Methodist readers, but our readers of all denominations, as it presents facts connected with the ecclesiastical history and prospects of the country, though relating to a single denomination:—

MR. EDITOR,—In your "Religious Intelligence" you have frequently given important items of Methodist missionary data. You have correctly stated, I believe, that the contributions of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the missionary cause average only about twenty-one cents per member. In answer to the question, *Why has it not done more in the missionary cause?* I offer your readers a few remarks.

It is not yet seventy years since the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in America. Up to 1784 she had no existence as a Church; there were about thirteen thousand members of the society scattered through the length and breadth of the colonies and the Canadas, the oversight of whom was committed to about one hundred men licensed to preach the gospel, among whom scarcely a dozen were ordained to the holy ministry. These societies assembled in private rooms for worship, and there heard the word preached. They had not probably one church edifice, or (as they were usually called afterward) a meeting-house in the land. In 1784 the Church was regularly organized in Baltimore, and a ministry regularly ordained. From this time, say sixty-nine years ago, we were a Church, and began to grow and spread as such. Of necessity our growth was by accessions from without, made by enlarging ourselves in the older communities where we planted Churches, and by advancing westward with the new settlements rapidly forming beyond the Alleghanies in the great basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries. Thus our whole movement was missionary, acting upon the people without us, and with these forming the new states and territories. In this stage of our growth we could not have done anything else; it was our necessity, the law of our condition and mission. We were, successively, in our infancy and youth, and advancing to maturity. In this condition our increase was necessarily from without, not from within our own communion by the children born among us. This was our missionary work—confined within the borders of our own land it is true, but not the less a missionary work, and a very great one too.

The first thirty or forty years after our organization as a Church were passed in this work of acquiring a communion of our own—in gathering in members from the people among whom we executed our mission. Symptoms now began to appear everywhere that our Church was coming to maturity; the want of the institutions and arrangements of well-organized and established communions began to be felt and expressed. Hence, circuits began to yield up their towns as stations; city churches, which had been associated as circuits, began to separate into distinct charges; conferences began to feel the need of schools and academies for their people born within the congregations, or acquired from without. In brief process of time colleges were required, and then universities, and they were produced; for the Church in her growth had arrived at that state when they necessarily arose within her limits, if she meant to maintain herself in the execution of her mission.

As she was thus executing her divine mission, some thirty years ago she entered formally into the modern missionary enterprise by the formation of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her first formal missionary efforts were necessarily directed to her home work, and she did not enter upon the foreign work until Providence called her to establish a mission in Liberia, in Africa. Thus growing, first by spreading among the people and advancing into new countries, and then advancing to maturity by a rapid and vigorous internal growth, she, within a few years past, has become conscious of her mature and permanent existence in the land, and with this condition she is becoming conscious of her responsibilities and duties as a permanent living body as a Church, and is feeling that she is called to exercise her foresight and judgment, and to take her station and post as a mature and full-grown Church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is only within a few years that she has reached this maturity, and awoke to a consciousness of her responsibility and duty growing out of her mature and strong condition. It could not have been otherwise, as will appear from this single fact:—Taking the whole body of Methodists in the United States, they have grown in seventy years from thirteen thousand to one million two hundred thousand members, besides the many hundreds that have died during the seventy years of her growth. A body growing so rapidly and vastly in so short a time could not have attended to anything but its own interior growth, and the perfecting of its own organization.

That you may conceive of the greatness of this growth, and the extent and vigor of the organization, I will note the population it includes. The lowest rule of estimate for the population of a church is *three hearers* in the congregation (including men, women, and children) to one communicant. By this rule, the population of the Methodist Episcopal Church is one million two hundred thousand members; three hearers for one member would be three million six hundred thousand; add these two numbers together and we have four million eight hundred thousand people composing the congregations and families of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Let us make a deduction of eight hundred thousand, and then one-sixth part of the whole population of the states and territories are now settled in the bosom of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and look to us for their religious instruction and comfort.

I have made this exposition simply to show that the condition of the Church since her organization has been one of unparalleled acquisition and growth, and that her whole attention and strength were necessarily absorbed in her own development; but, having attained to maturity, she is now called to wider and more vigorous action in the missionary cause.

I cannot conclude these remarks on the progress, the present condition, and the future duties of the Methodist Episcopal Church, without referring to another product of her growth: I mean her growth in wealth.

About two months since I said, in a public missionary discourse, that the Methodist communion, taken as a whole body, was the wealthiest Church in

this country. This declaration was received with great surprise, general incredulity, and some little censure. A few weeks afterward, an abstract of the returns of the census of the United States, taken by the General Government in 1850, was published, in which my opinion was fully sustained. It was ordered that the value of the property of each church should be returned in the census: the value of the property of the several churches may be fairly taken as an index of the wealth of their respective populations. This being the rule of estimate, we find the census returns make the Methodist Church the wealthiest in the land. I will give the whole table, and ask attention to the fourth column, headed, "Total value of church property:"—

Denominations.	No. of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Average Accommodations.	Total Value of Church Property.	Average Value of Property.
Baptist	8,791	3,130,878	358	$10,931,382	$1.244
Christian...	812	266,050	365	845,810	1,041
Congregat'l	1,674	795,177	475	7,973,962	4,763
Dutch Ref'd	324	181,986	561	4,086,730	12,644
Episcopal...	1,422	625,213	440	11,261,970	7,919
Free	361	108,605	300	252,255	698
Friends.....	714	282,823	393	1,709,867	2,395
German Rf.	327	156,632	479	965,880	2,953
Jewish	31	16,575	534	371,600	11,987
Lutheran ..	1,203	531,100	441	2,867,886	2,383
Mennonite	110	29,900	272	94,245	856
Methodist..	12,467	4,209,333	337	14,636,671	1,174
Moravian ..	331	112,185	338	443,347	1,339
Presbyter'n	4,584	2,040,316	445	14,369,889	3,135
Rom. Cath.	1,112	620,950	558	8,973,838	8,069
Swedenb'g	15	5,070	338	108,100	7,206
Dunker	52	35,075	674	46,025	885
Union	619	213,552	345	690,065	1,114
Unitarian .	243	136,367	565	3,268,122	18,449
Universal't	494	205,462	415	1,767,015	3,576
Minor Sects	325	115,347	354	741,980	2,283
Total....	36,011	13,849,896	384	$86,416,639	$90,133

I am aware that the remarks and results given above will surprise almost everybody, and confound many; but a moment's reflection will explain the whole matter. The general opinion has been that the Methodist Church is not rich, nay, even is poor, because but few remarkably rich persons are found in her communion. But we do not note the vast number of her members, viz., *twelve hundred thousand*, and the vast numbers besides that compose her congregations. The wealth of the whole body distributed among so many hundreds of thousands does not attract attention in any one church, or city, or town, as is the case oftentimes in other churches. The great wealth of individuals in some other churches, and their munificent donations, together with the grandeur of their church edifices, attract public attention. In the Methodist Church this is rarely, if ever the case. Our people, considered individually as persons or churches, are not wealthy; but being sober and industrious, most of them have substance, and many of them are rich, and the aggregate wealth of so large a body is very great. This explains how we are, contrary to common opinion, the wealthiest Church in the country, as shown by the census of the United States.

I am aware that there will be some incredulity still on this subject, particularly in the Eastern States. Perhaps this may be partly removed by the following fact: our Church in the West and South is very far richer in proportion than in the East. Our people were in the West from the beginning, and grew up with the country, and increased in wealth with the wealth of the country. The greatest part of the wealth of the Methodist Church is in the West and South. She will shortly come to understand this matter, and act accordingly.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: the Church can never fulfill, as she ought, her great mission, until the contributions of her people shall be as general as the distribution of her wealth among them. Now the great mass of our people do not contribute to any of the general or extraordinary objects among us, except the penny or shilling they throw into the public collection on the occasion. The well-being of the Church, the better and more steady support of her ministry, and of all her great enterprizes, call upon her pastors and leading members to use their best and persevering endeavors to train our people to a regular and systematic support of all our Church enterprizes, according to the ability of each one. This is the secret of the great success of our Wesleyan brethren in England in their financial affairs; and will explain how the Roman Catholic Church in this country creates such splendid church edifices, schools, and colleges. Every man, woman, and child contributes systematically, according to the ability of each. They do not receive large sums of money from Europe, as is supposed by many; the money is contributed by themselves here in our midst. Let the Methodists take note and learn. Thousands of them read your pages; I present these thoughts for their reflection.

Yours, &c., J. P. DURBIN.

Our brother editor of the *Water-Cure Journal*, Dr. Trall, if an example of the effects—psychological as well as physiological—of brown bread and cold water, is certainly a "living epistle" in their favor. He "goes in" for nearly all the *antis* of the day, but does so with a degree of genial good sense and a rollicking sort of humor rarely met with among the modern spitfires of reform. His columns are well worth reading for their *jeux d'esprit*. They are full of dramatic animation and pointed sense. Some of his single paragraphs are capital hits—as good as whole ordinary chapters. Here is one of his poorest:—

"The Fashionable Lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap-dogs; lies in bed till noon, wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist, gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his 'friend;' never saw a thimble, don't know a darning-needle from a crow-bar, wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the newest fashion; dotes on Byron, adores any fool who grins behind a moustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child replies, Don't know, indeed; ask Betty. She is opposed to Woman's Rights, don't believe in Hydropathy, but thinks it genteel to be sickly, and vulgar to be in robust health. She sings, sighs, and simpers, chatters, giggles, and faints. She never enjoyed a full breath in her life, nor reads, or thinks, or cares; so long as she can spend money the objects of life are attained, and nobody regrets when it ends."

ERRATA.—In our February number the name of "M. N. Powers," as author of the poem "In Memoriam," should read "W. N. Powers." In the article on the "Christianity Required by the Times," for "state of the real question," read "state of the Peace Question." Both these errors occur in the table of contents.

"The Christian Bankrupt," an excellent article copied in our February number from the *London Wesleyan Magazine*, was from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Belcher, of Philadelphia. American products are increasingly in demand across the waters, though American "credit" is not yet much regarded.

We are in no haste to conclude our articles on the "Christianity for the Times." Though serial in form, they are distinct essays, and the opportunity they afford for the discussion of many topics, important to the general as well as the religious public, is too good to be readily abandoned. We shall continue them, then, at our leisure, omitting them occasionally for other editorials.

Book Notices.

We have received an elegant copy—in embossed Russian leather—of "Webster's Dictionary" from *Messrs. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass.* It is the entire work unabridged, in one volume, crown quarto, of one thousand four hundred and fifty-two pages, containing the last improvements of Dr. Webster and the additions of Professor Goodrich. Our readers are aware of our partiality for this work, for they must have perceived that we use its orthography without scruple. We are pledged to that both because we approve it, and, we confess, because of a little national prejudice for the work. Webster's *definitions* are unrivaled; the merit of the work in this respect is enough to settle its claims; he was the best etymologist that ever attempted to define our language. Such provincial words as are necessary to ordinary readers have been admitted into the present edition with proper discriminations. Some of Webster's more violent orthographic peculiarities have been omitted. The pronunciation is marked by a simple and excellent system of notation, and in difficult cases words are respelled. The lists of scriptural, classical, and geographical names are very full—the latter more so than we have seen in any dictionary; it comprises twelve or thirteen thousand names. Every American student, and, as far as possible, every American family, should possess this great standard of our language.

The *American Missionary Memorial* is a volume of much interest, issued by *Messrs. Harpers*, and edited by Rev. W. H. Pierson. It is a series of sketches of the most distinguished missionaries from different pens, illustrated with portraits and other engravings, and prefaced by a valuable essay on the origin of American Missions, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Worcester—the whole forming a beautiful presentation book, and a "valuable contribution to our missionary literature."

"*A Story of Life on the Isthmus*," by Joseph W. Fabens, has been added to the copy-right series of Putnam's "Semi-Monthly Library." It consists of cleverly-sketched pictures of life on the Isthmus passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific—some of them smacking strongly of the author's lively fancy, but all of them affording good after-dinner entertainment to the reader.

Messrs. Harpers have issued the first volume of Alison's "*History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in* 1815 *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852." Personally we are very obtuse in estimating the merits of Alison's historical writings. We have never been able to wade through them. They are intolerably wordy and diffuse, stiff with old Tory "fogyism," and meritorious only for their thorough research. The present volume gives the series of leading European events for the last thirty-five years, disfigured by unusually strong political prejudices, and some one-sided critical estimates. Some of the best names are omitted from its literary list, and others, (as Chalmers, for example,) but little better than caricatured. Among the omissions are Shelley in literature, and Faraday in science! The London *Literary Gazette* justly calls the work a "burlesque of Gibbon."

The third volume of Lamartine's "*Restoration of Monarchy in France*" has been published by Messrs. Harpers. It continues the history of Napoleon from his embarcation for St. Helena to his death. The tone of the volume is more sober than that of the preceding ones; it is full of incident and salient points; Lamartine can hardly fail to make any points salient; he has in this instance succeeded, partially at least, in reconciling his sentimentality with historical dignity and accuracy. He appreciates rightly his hero, and makes him out what he really was—a grand butcher.

Catharine Sinclair's "*Beatrice; or, the Unknown Relatives*," has been issued by *De Witt & Davenport, New-York*. It is one of the numerous works which the Papal controversy in England has recently called forth. It is an exposure, in the form of a fiction, of the jugglery of the Jesuits in their plans of proselytism—a book which cannot fail of a good impression.

Rev. Mr. Mattison's "*High School Astronomy*," referred to by us lately, has been issued by *Huntington*, and *Mason & Son, New-York*. We repeat what we before said of it, that it is the best text-book of the kind extant in this country. Besides preliminary observations and definitions, it treats, first, of the solar system—the sun, planets, comets, eclipses, &c.; second, the sidereal heavens—fixed stars, constellations, nebulæ, &c.; third, practical astronomy—instruments, parallax, refraction, &c. The arrangement and style of the book are succinct, comprehensive, and simple. It is a model text-book.

The Milk Trade in New-York, &c. Mr. Mullaly deserves what the English call a "testimonial" from the Gothamites for this book. It is a startling disclosure of what may be called the horrors of the New-York milk-trade. Our city pays $5,150,000 annually for milk. only $1,350,000 of this is for milk produced in the natural way. More than two millions and a half is paid for a detestable liquid called milk, but obtained from distillery swill through diseased cows, some of which are so poisoned by their food as to need to be held up while they are milked. $1,250,000 are paid for molasses, magnesia, chalk, &c., by which this swill-milk is rectified into the appearance and taste of milk. But we stop; read the book. (*Fowlers & Wells, New-York.*)

The Rev. J. M. Wythes, M. D., has prepared a very interesting volume for juvenile readers on the "*Curiosities of the Microscope*." The illustrations are excellent colored lithographs; and the text, while avoiding technicalities and other scientific peculiarities, brings out in a very entertaining style the marvels of the subject. (*Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*)

"*The Cap-Sheaf—a Fresh Bundle*," by Lewis Myrtle, is a volume of charming sketches, which, though they present nothing notably original, will be read with genuine pleasure by such as love good taste and good thoughts, though they relate to familiar scenes. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

"*The Brand of Dominic*," by Rev. Wm. Rule. A capital book is this—one of the very best yet produced by the anti-papal agitation in England. It is a record of the Inquisition—remarkably impartial, and even rigorously exact. It excludes most of the unauthenticated anecdotes of horror with which such works are usually crammed, but its well-attested data are horrible enough to make the reader's heart palpitate. Guarding against extraneous matter, the author has presented the means of a just, a sober, yet appalling estimate of the history and policy of the Inquisition. (*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*)

Guizot's "*Shakspeare and his Times*" has been issued by Messrs. Harpers. Like his "Corneille," it is a reproduction of one of his early works, much improved. It comprises a masterly, though somewhat inaccurate, sketch of Shakspeare's life and times, separate critical estimates of his tragedies, historical dramas, and comedies, and an essay by the Duke de Broglie on "Othello and Dramatic Art in France in 1850," this section being entitled "Shakspeare in France." The work is throughout characterized by the peculiar excellences and defects of Guizot, his critical acuteness, his hard and dry philosophy, and his sometimes vacant abstractions.

The *standard* Life of Wellington has yet to be written; meanwhile, many temporary and not uninteresting memoirs are appearing; the very best of them, judging from the first volume, is Stocqueller's "Life of Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington," published by *Ingraham, Cooke & Co., London*. The author was personally acquainted with the Duke, and has drawn his data from his recollections, the "Dispatches," and a great variety of other sources. He quotes too much, and has written with evident haste, but gives us a very readable book. The first volume only has yet appeared; it reaches to Napoleon's return from Elba. The engravings are numerous, and have the important merit of accuracy in "the matter of scenery, costume, and portraiture." (*Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York.*)

The "*Pretty Plate*" is the title of a juvenile story well written and well got up, but teaching the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Confessional. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Such of our readers as have examined Trench "on Words" will welcome his new work on "*Proverbs*"—a singularly interesting dissertation, in five lectures, on the formation and generation of Proverbs; the Proverbs of different nations compared; the poetry, wit, and wisdom of Proverbs; the morality of Proverbs; and the theology of Proverbs. An appendix on the metrical Latin Proverbs of the Middle Ages concludes the volume. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have issued a neat pocket-volume entitled a "*Guide to the Lord's Supper*," by Rev. Daniel Smith. It contains some very appropriate counsels to the communicant respecting the nature of the sacrament and its spiritual improvement. The theological relations of the institution are somewhat discussed; but the work is chiefly practical—a good manual for "the people."

"*The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste*," is, in its new series, a really elegant affair. Some of its engravings are unusually fine, and its contents are always varied, able, and tasteful. $2 per annum. (*Vick, Rochester.*)

"There is no book of reference more useful to all classes of readers than a good gazetteer." So says Putnam's new "Hand-Book of Geography;" and, we may add, that none is more needed just now than a good American gazetteer. Independently of the fact that old works of the kind have been recklessly negligent of American geography, (meaning by that, of course, the topography of "Uncle Sam's farm,") such has been the recent growth of our civil geography that a very large proportion of our important localities are now to be set down for the first time. Mr. Putnam's volume is a really thorough and reliable work, excepting some statistical inaccuracies; it comprises more places than even M'Culloch's. It is on the basis of Johnston's, but supplies his deficiencies. It is closely but neatly printed, and must inevitably supersede all other works of the kind among us. The public are much indebted to Mr. Callicott, its indefatigable editor. (*Putnam, New-York.*)

Messrs. Harpers have issued the third volume of *Agnes Strickland's Queens of Scotland*. It sketches, in part, the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is, of course, the most romantic in the series of her entertaining volumes. She justly remarks that "more books have been written about Mary Stuart than all the queens in the world put together." She has entered upon her task with great spirit, and a command of its best resources; but its romance has too much fascination for her. She repeats the old enthusiastic eulogies, despite the latest historical verdicts to the contrary.

The *Cabin Book* is an illustrated volume of sketches of character in the south-west—a fiction from the German of Charles Sealsfield, issued by Ingraham, Cook & Co., London, and for sale by Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York. The engravings are unusually fine for wood-cuts.

An interesting volume, entitled "*The Conversion of a Papist*," an autobiographical sketch by Rev. J. B. Cocagne, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It is introduced by a few appropriate pages from Professor Mattison, who indorses the character of the author. Its style and temper is excellent, and, unlike many late works of the kind, is well adapted to conciliate the attention of Roman Catholic readers. The incidents of the book are quite interesting, and its illustrations of Popery are of no little value—showing its popular influences and workings in a manner at once striking and evidently truthful. It is a good book to put into the hands of inquiring Roman Catholics. Several attractive engravings illustrate the volume.

Literary Record.

The Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, one of the oldest literary institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, continues to flourish finely under the care of Rev. Miner Raymond. It reports nearly five hundred students.

At a late public meeting, held at Birmingham, England, it was decided to establish a *Literary and Scientific Society* on an extensive scale. A letter from Mr. Charles Dickens was read, in which that gentleman proposed to read his Christmas Carols, the proceeds to be appropriated in aid of the proposed institution. It is designed to erect a spacious *building at a cost of* $100,000.

Professor Petermann, of the Berlin University, is at present engaged at Damascus in copying, with the aid of other learned men, a *Syriac New Testament* of the sixth century, which, it is said, there is reason to believe was itself translated verbally from one of the earliest and most authentic Greek manuscripts.

Rev. F. Hodgson, so well known in his earlier time to the readers of the Byron Memoirs, and of late years Provost of Eton College, died recently in his seventy-second year. Mr. Hodgson was not only a friend of the author of "Childe Harold," but a brother poet. His poem on Lady Jane Grey is, perhaps, the most notable of his original efforts; but his most accepted work is the translation of Juvenal.

A new edition of the *Fathers of the Church* is in course of publication in Paris, under the revision, and with the notes, of the erudite Abbé Caillau.

From the report of the *Leeds Mechanics' Institution*, it appears that this is the largest and most flourishing establishment of the kind in England. The number of members and subscribers is now upward of two thousand one hundred. Besides numerous journals and periodicals, the library contains nearly nine thousand volumes.

Dr. Max Müller has been appointed to a lectureship of modern literature at the University of Oxford.

The fifth and concluding volume of *The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, including some new letters now first published from the original manuscripts, under the editorship, as before, of Lord Mahon, are about to appear in London. Two volumes of Letters of the Poet Gray, announced by Mr. Bentley, are also to be issued during the present season. They will be edited by the Rev. J. Mitford, author of "The Life of Gray."

Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, only son of Mr. Lockhart, and only surviving male descendant of the author of "Waverley," died recently, aged twenty-seven years.

The ecclesiastical publications, to appear under the title of *The Church Historians of England from Bede to Fox*, are about to be issued from the London press. Between these two celebrated authors, in an interval of eight hundred years, there were many ecclesiastical annalists and historians in England; but their works are almost unknown, except to a few antiquaries and authors. Those parts of the histories relating only to secular affairs will be omitted, and notes, explanatory or illustrative, be appended by the editor. A new edition of *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* is to be given. The books are to appear in volumes, published occasionally, at intervals extending over five or six years, by annual subscription, as with the publications of the Parker Society, the Library of Anglo-Catholic Divinity, and similar works. It is estimated that the historians of the Pre-Reformation period will occupy eight octavo volumes, of about eight hundred pages each, and the new edition of *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* will consist of the same number of volumes.

A late number of the *Hebrew Christian Magazine*, published in England, mentions the discovery of some interesting MSS. in that language, which, it is said, are not unlikely to come into the market. The titles and contents of five works are enumerated:—1. "The Mantle of Elijah—a commentary on the Pentateuch, by Rabbi Jacob Elijah, *circa* Charles II. 2. "The Gleanings of Paradise"—a collection of Cabalistic pieces, explanations of difficult passages in the Hebrew Scriptures, moral aphorisms illustrated by allegories, and a treatise on Hebrew Grammar. A MS. of this work—but thought to be a copy—is now in the Bodleian Library. 3. Eight MS. works, by the late Rabbi Natta Ellingen, of Hamburg. 4. Three volumes of the work called "Great Understanding"—being a commentary on the obscure passages of the Medrash Rabba, with an explanation of all foreign words not in the Rabbinical Lexicon "Aaruch." 5. A book of names—written by R. Solomon Ben Aaron in 1676, being an analysis of the Cabala, with an illustration of the Cabalistic alphabet.

At *Calcutta* there are not less than forty native presses, established for the purpose of publishing *Bengali* books, which send out thirty thousand volumes annually. It is fifty-one years since the Serampore missionaries published the first book in the Bengali language. Within this period, every ancient Bengali book but one, all of which were full of idolatry, has ceased to be published, while nearly four hundred works have taken their place.

The society formed about ten years ago, to circulate the writings of *M. Victor Hugo*, has just parted with the copyrights of MM. Lebigre and Delayhays. The purchase money is said to be 82,000 francs.

The *Benedictines* of France, though much less numerous and much less wealthy than they used to be, are very creditably maintaining the long-established renown of their order for learning and literary industry. In addition to the recent publication of several works, highly appreciated by all who occupy themselves with ecclesiastical matters, they are busily engaged in completing their famous *Spicilegium Solesmense*—a vast repository of un-

published documents on the religious history of the past centuries of the Christian era. They have just deputed one of their body, Don Pitra, to visit the library at Valenciennes, that of the English Benedictine Convent at Douai, and those of the convents and other public establishments of Holland and Belgium, to look for papers.

Since the 1st of June, 1852, the *Methodist missionaries in China* have published the Gospel by Matthew, 2,000 copies; by John, 2,000; and of the Acts of the Apostles, 4,000. The Literary Examination was held in Fuh-Chau about the time these portions of Scripture were published, and from six to seven thousand graduates of the first degree were present; they came from all parts of the province, and the occasion furnished excellent facilities for circulating the Bible among them.

The last catalogue of *Dickinson College* shows that venerable institution to be flourishing under its new and able president, Dr. Collins. It reports one hundred and fifty-five students, including forty in the preparatory department.

The thirty-second annual report of the *New-York Mercantile Library Association* shows a large increase both in members and volumes in the library. It is now the fifth in the United States, and is surpassed in this city only by the Astor Library. The amount expended for books during the past year is nearly $5,000. The number of volumes added to the Library is 4,346. The whole number of volumes is 37,486. Of the number added during the past year, 1,063 are in History and Geography, 138 in Theology, 814 in Mental and Moral Science, and 1,656 in fiction. The profits derived from the lectures during the past year, amounting to $1,500, have been permanently invested for the benefit of the Institution.

The *Howard High School*, Fayette, Mo., under the care of Rev. W. T. Luckey, reports three hundred and thirty-eight students, of whom one hundred and sixty-six are females. The course of study is thorough, and the faculty efficient.

An article from the pen of Dr. Hickok, in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, states that *Union College* has about $150,000 of productive capital, besides its buildings, books, apparatus, and three hundred acres of land contiguous to the College, under cultivation as an ornamental garden, an experimental farm, &c. There has been conveyed to the College, by a deed of trust, property from which there can hardly fail to be realized $500,000—and, probably, much more—for educational purposes. At the recent sale of Major Douglas's library, in this city, many of the most important works in Civil Engineering were purchased for the library, which makes their collection of such works (in connection with the private library of Professor Gillespie) one of the best in the country.

At a recent meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, Professor Koeppen read an interesting paper on the late archæological discoveries in the Piræus, illustrating the naval supremacy and the commercial and colonial development of the Athenian republic.

There were seven daily papers in this city in 1816, whose aggregate circulation amounted to nearly nine thousand copies. In 1853 the aggregate circulation of *three* of the New-York dailies is more than *one hundred thousand*.

The Rev. Wm. Bishop, of Ohio, has published an eloquent sermon on the death of Daniel Webster, in which he asserts the religious character of the great statesman against "Rumor, which represents him otherwise."

One of the most flourishing libraries, for its size, in the State of Massachusetts, is the *Taunton Social Library*, incorporated in 1825, and ever since in active operation. It numbers about thirty-five hundred volumes, and three thousand volumes are annually taken out.

The *Oneida Conference Academy*, at Cazenovia, N. Y., reports a numerous and effective faculty, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Bannister, and nearly five hundred students.

In the United States there are 119 colleges, 989 instructors, 11,296 students, or on an average 94 students to every college; number of volumes in the different college libraries about 500,000, or on an average nearly 4,000 to each. Of these colleges 15 are under the direction of the Baptists, 8 of the Episcopalians, 14 of the Methodists, 11 of the Catholics, 7 of the Congregationalists, 8 of the Congregationalists and Presbyterians united, and about 20 under the control of the Presbyterians exclusively.

A new college, under the auspices and control of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*, in the diocese of Wisconsin, has been opened for the reception of students at Racine, Wis., from which place it takes its name. Rev. Roswell Park, D. D., a graduate of West Point, is president.

From the seventeenth annual report of the *Providence Athenæum*, we learn that its library now numbers 17,377 volumes, of which 775 volumes have been received during the last year. The Athenæum building has been recently repaired and enlarged.

Columbia College, N. Y., is to be removed from its present position in the heart of the city to a new and sightly location three or four miles up-town. This college was chartered ninety-nine years ago, and is the oldest literary institution in the United States, with the exception of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

The total number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States is 2,496, having a circulation of 3,825,647. The total number of public libraries is 1,262, containing 1,212,858 volumes. The total number of public school libraries is 10,605, containing 1,321,349 volumes.

A new institution, called the "Model School for Boys," has been started at Lima, N. Y., designed to afford a thorough "*physical*" and "moral," as well as intellectual education of the pupil. Its scheme has been fully developed in a "general circular," and is admirable. Messrs. Slaughter and Depuy are the associate principals; they are gentlemen fully competent for the experiment.

Religious Summary.

Rev. J. Mullen, of the London Missionary Society, now laboring in *Ceylon*, gives the following interesting statistics:—At the commencement of 1852 there were in India and Ceylon, under the direction of 22 missionary societies, 443 missionaries (of whom 48 were ordained natives) and 668 catechists, who were employed on 313 missionary stations. There were 331 native churches, containing 18,410 communicants, in a community of 112,191 native Christians. The missionaries maintain 1,347 day-schools in the native language, in which were 47,504 boys; and 93 boarding-schools, containing 2,414 Christian boys. They also sustain 126 superior day-schools in the English language, in which are instructed 14,562 boys and young men. They have 347 day-schools for girls, containing 11,519 scholars; and 202 female boarding-schools, containing 2,779 Christian girls. The entire Bible has been translated into ten languages, the New Testament into five others, and separate Gospels into four others. Besides numerous works for Christians, thirty, forty, and even seventy *tracts* have been prepared in some of these different languages, suitable for Hindoos and Mussulmans. Missionaries maintain in India twenty-five printing establishments. The greater part of this vast missionary agency has been brought into operation within the last twenty years. It is supported at an annual cost of $900,000, of which about one-sixth is contributed by European Christians resident in the country.

By the report of the treasurer of the *Boston City Missionary Society*, it appears that the receipts of the society for the past year were $6,329 08, and the expenditures $6,670 66.

There are 715 churches and 283,000 members of the society of *Friends* in the United States. Of these, Pennsylvania has 141, with 60,000 members; New-York 132, with 49,314. Indiana has 35 churches, with 43,000 members.

A grandson of the celebrated *William Paley* was ordained recently in England. He is going out to Africa as a missionary of the Established Church.

Under the control of the Missionary Society of the *Methodist Church, South*, at the present time, are 299 missions, 273 missionaries, 229 churches, 6,368 church-members, 136 Sabbath schools, 19,894 children under religious instruction, with eight manual-labor schools, and 189 pupils. The total missionary contributions for the past year amounted to $125,000.

The *Young Men's Christian Association of New-York* has about eight hundred members, and nearly one hundred are added at each monthly meeting. They have a library of about five hundred volumes — constantly enlarging—and their regular meetings are fully attended.

The number of *Baptist Associations* in Pennsylvania is 16; of churches, 332; of ordained ministers, 251; of licentiates, 46; of baptized within the year, 1,852. Net gain, 568. Total of membership, 30,053.

There has been a net increase of fifteen hundred persons in the *German Methodist Episcopal Church* in the United States the past year. The whole German Methodist membership is now about ten thousand.

The membership of the *South Carolina Methodist Conference* numbers 32,828 whites, and 40,358 colored; increase in the former year 435, in the latter 2,877. The amount contributed for missions is $22,320, exclusive of $1,000 and upward, given for the erection of churches on the missions for the service of the blacks. Twenty-four ministers of the conference are stationed on missions to the blacks, besides a supply of five local preachers under the supervision of the superintendents of the missions. No annual conference in the United States gives so much to the missionary cause as this conference.

In 1752 there were 53 ministers and about 96 *Protestant Episcopal* churches in America. Now the Episcopal Church in this country is divided into 20 dioceses. Two years ago, the date of its last report, it numbered 1,558 ministers, 1,500 parishes, 92,238 communicants, and 120 candidates for orders. Its present membership is estimated at 100,000.

George Hadfield, of Manchester, England, member of Parliament, has offered $25,000, to be appropriated in sums of $500 for church-extension among Congregationalists; thus giving "material" toward the erection of fifty churches.

There are 40,000 *Baptists* in Mississippi. The sum of $30,000 was subscribed by the recent Baptist Convention toward the endowment fund of $100,000, proposed to be raised for the Literary and Theological Institute, located at Clinton, besides several thousands for other interests, home and foreign, under the direction of that body.

The *Protestant Episcopal Church* have in China one bishop, three clergymen, four female missionaries, one native deacon, one American and two native teachers. In Africa they have also a bishop, six clergymen, ten American and nine native teachers.

There are fourteen *Protestant schools* in Constantinople, and twenty-six Protestant sermons are preached in or near that city every Sunday.

We learn from the annual register, recently published by the *Unitarian denomination* at Boston, that there are in the United States two hundred and twenty-two ministers belonging to that denomination, and about the same number of societies, located in twenty-one states.

The *Louisiana Methodist Conference* has 4,872 white and 4,890 colored members.

There are 19 traveling preachers in the *French Methodist Conference*, 34 local preachers, 4 catechists or evangelists, 873 Church mem-

bers, 1,582 scholars in schools receiving religious instruction.

From the late report of the *Sunday-School Union* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we learn that the receipts during the past year amounted to $7,258, being $690 in advance of the former year. The report also shows an increase in the number of schools of 368; of scholars, 31,368; of teachers, 4,470; of Bible classes, 1,179; of volumes in libraries, 141,452.

From the report of the *Baptist Mission in India*, we learn that the distribution of the Scriptures for five years ending with 1851 amounted to 222,796 copies, which, added to those previously put in circulation, make a total of 609,906 copies of the word of God or portions of it issued from their press.

About fifty *Mormon missionaries* lately embarked at San Pedro for San Francisco. They will take their departure from that place, some for the Sandwich Islands, and others for the East Indies and Australia.

Under the supervision of the *Methodist Episcopal Church* there are eight colleges, with property and funds to the amount of $494,063. The oldest of them, at Middletown, was founded in 1830. There are forty-five academies and seminaries. In twenty-nine of these there are 4,946 students, an average of 178 each.

The anniversary meeting of the *French Canadian Missionary Society* was held in Montreal a short time since. This society was organized in the year 1839, and has a number of auxiliaries in different parts of the province. Its income for all objects and from all sources, in 1852, was $12,740. The disbursements, including a debt of over $1,315 paid off, amounted to $10,670.

The total membership of the *Methodist Episcopal Church* in the United States is now one million two hundred and sixty thousand. The increase in the Methodist Church, South, is about twelve thousand yearly.

The *Reformed Dutch churches* at the Cape of Good Hope are represented as being in a very flourishing condition. The last Synod numbered sixty-six ministers and elders, and claims to be the oldest and most numerous religious body in South Africa.

The Board of Managers of the *American Bible Society* have appointed the Rev. J. H. McNeill, of North Carolina, an assistant secretary. The new Bible House is expected to be ready for occupation in May, and the prospect of raising the $60,000 sought toward paying for it is good.

In *Nova Scotia* there are belonging to the Church of England, 36,482; Roman Catholics, 69,634; Kirk of Scotland, 18,867; Presbyterian Church of the United States, 28,767; Free Church, 25,280; Baptists, 42,243; Methodists, 23,596; Congregationalists, 2,639; Lutherans, 4,087. According to the recent census, this province has a population of 276,117.

In a recent acknowledgment of a donation to the *Methodist German Mission*, it was stated that the donor twenty years ago resolved to use a certain portion of his yearly income for the spread of Christianity. In that period he has been enabled to appropriate to benevolent purposes above thirty thousand dollars! and this, too, from operating with a capital of but five thousand dollars. Another man in the Methodist denomination in Boston has been enabled, during his business life of fifteen years, to appropriate thirty-nine thousand dollars!

The *English residents* of Alexandria, in Egypt, have been making strenuous efforts of late to complete their church, the foundation of which was laid in 1839. The ground upon which it stands was the gift of Mehemet Ali to the English community.

It is stated that the *King of Prussia* is causing a residence to be erected for the Anglican Bishop at Jerusalem.

We learn from the New-York *Independent*, that there are in *Lyons, France*, six evangelical congregations, embracing about 2,000 souls, with 460 communicants, and 100 candidates for admission to Church fellowship. These Churches make evidence of regeneration a condition of membership. Nine out of ten of the members are converts from Romanism. For five years a new place of worship has been opened every year.

Thirty Jesuit priests are sustained in Oregon for the conversion of the Indians and whites, by the weekly penny contributions of the Papists of France chiefly.

The following summary exhibits the number of *Baptists* of all kinds in the world:—Churches in North America, 16,709; ministers, 13,144; members, 1,237,621; Europe, 2,052 churches, 1,700 ministers, 196,824 members; Asia, 170 ministers, 380 churches, 12,297 members; Africa, 26 ministers, 22 churches, 1,242 members. Total in the world, 18,958 ministers, 15,176 churches, 1,447,984 members.

The whole number of *Theological Seminaries* in the United States is 44. Number of professors, 125. Whole number of students, 1,341. Number of volumes in the different libraries, about 200,000.

The committee of the *Baptist Missionary Society* in England have determined on an augmentation of twenty men to their mission in British India. Half of these are to be sent from England, the other ten will be native ministers.

A society in *England*, consisting of a large number of influential clergymen and laymen, has been formed for the purpose of effecting a "thoroughly conservative reformation" in the government of the Church of England.

We learn from the London *Missionary Magazine* that the Prince of Madagascar, who professed Christianity in 1845, and has since exerted himself to the utmost for the relief and protection of his suffering brethren, is admitted to a joint share in the government with the queen, his mother. Through his influence, two important measures have been carried: 1. That the ports of Madagascar shall be opened to all nations. 2. That all the subjects of Madagascar, who have been obliged to seek refuge in other lands, shall have liberty to return to their country.

Art Intelligence.

Mr. Crawford is at work, in Rome, on the *United States national monument to Washington.* It will be the largest monument of the kind existing. Rauch's statue of Frederick the Great, at Berlin, is of considerably less proportions. The base of the Washington monument is a complete circle; on this a star, with six points, is raised, and on this rises the actual base to the equestrian figure. Six eagles surround the steps on the circle, and six colossal statues of eminent Americans surround the pedestal—Henry, Lee, Mason, Marshall, Allen, and Jefferson. The whole is on a gigantic scale, from sixty to seventy feet high. The figures of Jefferson and Henry are completed, and forwarded to Muller's foundry, at Munich, to be cast in bronze. The artist is raising the figure of Washington's horse—a mound of clay.

Gibson's statue of Sir Robert Peel, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is in course of execution. It will be finished in three months. The sculptor is likewise engaged on another work of national interest. It is to be of colossal proportions, representing Queen Victoria seated on the throne, with attendant figures at each side, the one of Clemency, the other of Justice. The statue of the Queen is at present being raised in clay.

An engraving has been made of the *Sully portrait of Jackson*, in the possession of Francis Preston Blair, taken soon after the close of the Seminole war. It is similar to the large head of Washington, from Stuart's original portrait; it is consequently more youthful than the portraits familiar to the public, taken later in life. The habitual energy and vivid qualities of Jackson are well conveyed. It is engraved in an effective mixed line and stipple, by Mr. Welch, who executed the Washington head.

At the recent sale of the gallery of the late *Duke of Orleans*, at Paris, Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini," so well known through the fine engraving executed of it, sold for nine thousand francs.

The State Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed a bill, making an appropriation to aid in the erection of a monument in Independence-square, commemorative of the original thirteen states, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The recent exhibition of photographic pictures at the Society of Arts—the first of its kind in London—has proved eminently attractive. The collection was a very large one, including seven hundred and seventy-four specimens—the results of the several processes known as Talbotype or Calotype, Waxed Paper, Albumened Paper, Albumenized Glass, and Collodion. They have been contributed by French, German, and English photographers.

An association has been formed at New-Orleans for the erection of a monument to *Henry Clay* in one of the public squares of the city. The monument is to be a colossal statue which shall cost not less than $50,000, and the association is now in correspondence with several distinguished sculptors in this country and abroad, and have offered $250 for the design which shall be adopted by them.

Professor Koeppen read lately a most interesting and instructive paper before the New-York Historical Society on the "Monuments of the Acropolis, the discoveries made during the recent excavations, and the restoration of the temples by the direction and at the expense of the government of King Otho." Professor Koeppen was for years a Professor of History, Ancient Geography, and the Languages, at the Military College at Athens.

At a recent meeting of the *United States Agricultural Society*, at Washington, the erection of a monument to the late unfortunate Mr. Downing, who perished by the burning of the Henry Clay, was determined upon by the farmers and horticulturists, to be located in the Smithsonian grounds, themselves rare memorials of his genius and taste.

The *Society of Antiquaries* of Picardy, in France, announce that, by a decree of the government, they have been authorized to erect a statue in bronze of Peter the Hermit, in one of the public places of Amiens. Their circular states, that although that great event of the Middle Ages, the "holy war," has obtained a place among the recorded "glories," the apostle of the crusades has not yet a monument in his native city. It states, however, that Peter the Hermit belongs not to France alone, but to the whole Christian world, and that all the "friends of religion" are bound to subscribe something toward the accomplishment of this object, most worthy to be recorded, as the French chroniclers word it, among the *Gesta Dei per Francos!* This is an emanation of religious madness.

A statue, by Rude, of *Joan of Arc*, or rather *Joan Darc*, has recently been erected in the garden of the Luxembourg, in Paris. The sculptor has attempted to reproduce the heroine's likeness from the sole portrait which exists of her—a pen-and-ink sketch, taken down in the margin of the record of her interrogatories by the clerk to the examiners. We also learn that more mural paintings have been discovered in the ancient church of Saint Eustache at Paris. It now appears pretty positive that the entire of the vast edifice was decorated with such paintings, and that they, a century or two after, having fallen partially into decay from damp, were, though of considerable artistic and historic value, barbarously covered with whitewash or plaster.

The *Hotel de Ville*, at Paris, in addition to its historical importance and architectural beauties, will shortly be one of the most gorgeously and at the same time most tastefully art-decorated monuments in Europe. Several distinguished artists have executed allegorical and historical paintings of great beauty on the walls and ceilings of the principal apartments.

Notices of the Press.

We have given abundant verdicts from the press respecting this monthly. They have become more and more hearty with each successive issue. The Christian Witness, of Boston, (Protestant Episcopal,) says, "We think it the best and cheapest of the monthly publications." A Rhode Island editor, (Kent County Atlas,) challenges his readers thus respecting it: "We wish all our readers would take and read it: and if they then regret the payment of their money, let them come to us and we will make it up to them." The Indian American says, "This is to be THE Magazine, and it may as well take its position at once." John G. Saxe, the poet, pronounces it, in his Burlington Sentinel, "The *best* Magazine of its class extant." The Maine Rockland Gazette says, "We value it as superior to any of the Magazines for a solid and pure literature, and with our exchanges we think it is the cheapest Magazine published." An Ohio paper (the Toledo Blade) says, "We no sooner read one number of this excellent monthly than we become impatient for the next number. It leads off with the literary monthlies." Another Ohio paper, (the Zanesville Times,) after eulogizing it highly, adds, "We give this notice unsolicited by either publishers, agents, or friends, but merely because the work has fallen under our observation, and we like it." A New-Jersey sheet (The Recorder) says, "We have before spoken of this work, and we now repeat that it is the best family Magazine with which we are acquainted." The Boston Commonwealth says, "It is one of the leading monthlies in our country. It abounds in valuable reading, which can be taken with confidence into any family. Through the whole of its literature there is a cheerful, genial spirit of Christianity, which is like the calmness of a summer's evening. It is edited by Abel Stevens, and the letter-press and engravings are in every respect equal—we had almost said superior—to Harper's Monthly."—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

This work is a rare specimen of the first class Magazines. It is edited with great care and ability. Mr. Stevens has few equals in his department in this country. Its pages are rare, beautifully printed, and beautifully embellished; and as to its matter, it must pass into other hands before it can be chargeable with deficiency in the most valuable qualities we look for in a work like this. It needs only continuance in its course and a persevering exhibition of its present qualities, and ample patronage is in store, and will of its own accord hasten to greet it. —*New American, Cleaveland, Ohio.*

The perusal of this Magazine in this age of "yellow cover" literature is truly refreshing. Every page teems with the solid gold of literature, highly polished; no grosser metals are admitted. Its editor, Abel Stevens, is one of our most talented writers, and makes a most excellent editor.—*Belmont Chronicle, Ohio.*

In the multitude of Magazines with which the country is flooded, none have risen more rapidly in the estimation of the public, or have been more deserving of popular favor, than this. It is certainly "one of the cheapest, choicest, and most beautiful periodicals of this prolific age."—*Whig and Advocate.*

The last number of this excellent periodical will add to its reputation. Mr. Stoddard continues his sketches of the poets, by an essay on the Life and Genius of Edgar Allan Poe. The Rev. Dr. Curry continues his able article on the Life and Times of Johnson. Miss Imogen Mercein's paper on the Five Points will be found interesting to philanthropists. We find, also, a well-seasoned article by the editor, on "The Christianity Required by the Times," in which he shows most conclusively that the general inculcation of religious truth, without its specific application to public evils, is not a sufficient mission for the Church. Pauperism, intemperance, and many other evils, sadly need the energetic, reforming hand of religion. The extracts from foreign journals are selected with judgment, and the numerous illustrations are exceedingly well executed.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

The editor, Mr. Stevens, of Boston, has long been known as a writer and conductor of the newspaper press, and will not fail in this new sphere. One article from his pen, on "The Christianity Required by the Times," is—the portion of it in this number—well worth the whole price of a year. We wish all our readers would take and read it; and if they then regret the payment of their money, let them come to us and we will make it up to them.—*Kent County Atlas, R. I.*

We repeat our conviction, that in editorial management, typographical appearance, and literary excellence, it is unsurpassed in this country.—*Toledo Blade, Ohio.*

It indicates that skillful hands as well as quick intelligence are employed upon its pages.—*Green County N. Y. Whig.*

This princely monthly is in the style of, and equal to the HARPER, in mechanical execution. Each possesses all the excellencies of the typographical art. For cheap popular literature, THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has no superior. Each number embraces nearly one hundred pages, at a price of eighteen and three quarter cents. The editor and publishers have succeeded in making it worthy the high expectations which arose simultaneously with its conception: and its true merits need only be known to give it an almost unbounded circulation. Either in numbers, or when bound, it forms an elegant parlor companion. It is the very book for public watering-places, steamboats, hotels, and reading-rooms. Though the selected articles, the illustrations, and the racy, catholic glow of the editorial pieces, commend it most strongly to the leisure hours of the private study, as a whole, it is a compilation by which the man of business, the scholar, or the divine, may upon any perusal have his thoughts enriched. One, and perhaps the chief excellency of this periodical, is the agency which it is destined to exert in molding the character of the youthful members of the family into which it is introduced:—early familiarizing the mind with the best models of taste; communicating a pure literature, when the understanding takes its impressions as the wax from the seal; and that which is above all praise, presenting, in attractive forms, when the subject of the writer requires it, the claims of an enlightened Christianity to the youthful heart.—*Cincinnati Christian Herald.*

It contains a rich and agreeable variety of articles, designed to benefit as well as interest the reader. The National has already become a universal favorite; and its popularity is a hopeful omen, indicating that the popular taste is not entirely vitiated by the literary poison afloat in the shape of monthlies.—*Western Recorder.*

As to appearance and typography, this publication has scarce a rival; and its articles comprise some of the choicest gems from the caskets of native and foreign literature. A better, abler, and more gifted editor than Abel Stevens can scarce be found.—*Warren Journal.*

While it excludes fictitious writings from its pages, it is not lacking in variety, and the moral and religious articles are of such a tone and character as to add to the value of the work, judged of merely by the standard of literary merit. The contents give evidence of talent, care, and taste.—*Country Gentleman, N. Y.*

This is one of the best and cheapest monthlies in the country, and contains the most spicy and chaste literature. We commend it to all who desire an interesting and valuable family literary Magazine.—*Independent Chronicle.*

This is an excellent Magazine and a miracle of cheapness. In the beauty of its mechanical execution it resembles English works of this class, and it is filled with reading matter of a choice kind. Such a periodical, properly conducted, must of necessity be a very useful one: and, judging from the number before us, its editor, Abel Stevens, is just the man for the work.—*Eastern Mail.*

Indeed it is altogether superior to any other work of the kind issued in the United States, not excepting Harper's.—*Independent Press.*

The article from the pen of Mr. Stevens, on "The Devil in Literature," is a most excellent one, and every paper in the book is worth two or three readings.—*Olive Branch.*

The National, in our estimation, is in advance of all the monthlies, both in the style of its execution and the quality of its matter.—*Mount Morris (Ill.) Gaz.*

The February number of this very interesting periodical has been laid on our table. This is better than any previous number. It deals a hearty and a very heavy blow upon our exceedingly abundant yellow-cover literature. The article entitled "The Devil in Literature," is in the best vein of the editor, who, whether he writes his own thoughts or collects those of others, does something worth reading and remembering, has done quite as well as usual in this, and amply deserves the thanks of the community.—*Kent County Atlas, N. Y.*

The March number of this excellent periodical has been received, and is far superior to its predecessors. It is the most beautiful as well as the cheapest and choicest periodical of the age.—*Monmouth Democrat, Ill.*

Notices of the Press.

The National Magazine for March is the best number yet issued of that excellent periodical. In the elegance of its typography and wood-cuts it surpasses all the other magazines, and the reading matter is of high order.—*Cumming's Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia.*

The National Magazine for March is indeed a superior publication, and as cheap as one could wish. We see no magazine which surpasses it in interesting and valuable matter; and in neatness of execution, beauty of paper, &c., it has no competitor. Its contributors are talented, and it is in all respects ably conducted.—*Grand River Record, Ohio.*

The National for March is a capital number. The leading article, by Mr. Stoddard, on Edgar A. Poe, is a just and ably-written paper. We never had much opinion either of the poetry or the character of Mr. Poe, and we have less of an opinion now than formerly. The Old School-master, by an Ex-Newspaper Editor, watered our eyes in reading. Success to you, brother Stevens.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

We are more and more pleased with this periodical: it continues to exhibit a sterling excellence in its material, and the number before us presents a rich variety of spirited and racy articles, affording equal interest with any of its predecessors.—*Independent Chronicle, N. Y.*

It has already established itself on a firm basis, and by its able original papers, its judicious selections from current foreign literature, its neat and appropriate pictorial illustrations, and, above all, by its talented and discreet editorial conduct, has won the approval of the best judges in all parts of the country. Its price (18 cents per No.) is very low, and we cordially recommend it as the best magazine of its class, extant.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

The publishers of the National Magazine will accept our thanks for the back numbers of their valuable periodical. We desired them because we deem it one of the very best serials for binding in the country; and we hope all who want a really high-toned and instructive periodical, will call and examine the National at Murray & Stock's book-store.—*Saturday Express, Pa.*

We like the National: it is far above the three-dollar monthlies of the day, not only in its moral effect, but in its literary pretensions. It is not a repertory of third-rate sentimental love tales, nor a re-publication of European novels, but a real magazine.—*Memphis Christian Advocate, Tenn.*

These elegant pages are filled with choice selections, and choice original papers. The temptation to fill up a spacious work with lengthy articles is judiciously shunned.—*The Wesleyan.*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY ABEL STEVENS.

It will be the aim of this periodical to combine, with such articles as the popular mind usually relishes with most avidity, an elevated literary tone, a critical appreciation of art, the discussion of great practical questions, and a just recognition of religion—religion without dogmatism and without sectarianism.

Besides an abundant miscellany of Essays, Sketches, Translations, Poetry, &c., original and selected, it will comprise departments of Literary News, Art Intelligence, Book Notices, Religious Information, and General News, prepared thoroughly by skillful hands.

It is embellished with numerous engravings—most of them illustrative of real scenes or facts. Every number contains ninety-six pages, making two volumes a year, of nearly six hundred pages each. It is the largest monthly of its price in the United States.

A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers. To clergymen and others who act as agents, a commission of 20 per cent. will be allowed, or a fifth copy of the work for four subscribers.

Orders for the Magazine may be directed to either Carlton and Phillips, New-York; Swormstedt and Poe, Cincinnati; W. M. Doughty, Chicago; J. L. Read, Pittsburgh; or J. P. Magee, Boston.

Terms $2 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 18¾ cents.

CARLTON & PHILLIPS.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage to any part of the United States, paid quarterly in advance, two cents per number; if not paid in advance, four cents.